THE SATURDAY EVE[illegible]OST

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Lucy Stone Terrill
Margaret Culkin Banning—Thomas McMorrow—Juan de la Cierva
Kenneth L. Roberts—Edith Fitzgerald—Lucian Cary—J. G. Cozzens

A mountain torrent . . . inside cannery doors!

Over 6 million gallons of water a day — just to make sure DEL MONTE *Spinach is clean and free from grit*

This page is not intended to tell you how *good* DEL MONTE Spinach is. You must try it yourself to find that out!

But it *can* suggest the reasons *why*—some of the unusual, even startling things DEL MONTE is willing to do to bring you this tempting green at its finest.

There's the job of washing DEL MONTE Spinach, for instance. So different, so changed, from the old and tedious job at home!

Gone are the days when spinach was washed by hand. In DEL MONTE canneries today, you see great torrents of water—swift as a mill race. Water—streaming, bubbling, moving at every inch of its surface. Water—playing in jets from every angle.

And carried in this torrent, whirled and tossed, up and down, back and forth, goes the fresh-cut spinach! Until it emerges—shiny, clean and free from grit.

Over 6 million gallons of water a day! And all to bring you a single product—a little better and finer.

Or take the job of cooking. What housewife could be more exacting—more scrupulously careful?

Gleaming, white conveyor belts take the clean spinach to the canning tables. Rubber-gloved workers put it into waiting cans with forks. Automatic machinery seals the can. Cooking is done under pressure—at a temperature far above boiling water. Fresh—cooked—at its very finest—it reaches your table just the way it should.

Nothing left for you—but to heat, season and serve. A fine dish to eat—a healthful dish—a dish you know will be good.

Why not serve it often? Give it the place it deserves in your meals! And remember—spinach is only one of many DEL MONTE Products—an outstanding group of tempting foods—at reasonable cost—whenever you want the best!

Trimming and sorting Del Monte Spinach—just part of the tiresome work of preparation which is done for you by skilled Del Monte workers.

As an added convenience, Del Monte Products are each packed in a variety of sizes and containers to meet your individual needs. Del Monte Spinach, for instance, is packed in five sizes of cans. The largest, the No. 2½ can, represents in its contents over 2 lbs. of fresh raw spinach. Other sizes are No. 2, No. 1, "picnic" (11 oz.) and buffet (8 oz.)—a size for every requirement.

DEL MONTE *Spinach*

Over a hundred Del Monte *delicious varieties*

This is the new matched Three-piece Balanced Set, including Golf and Handbag Pencil. For Men, $18.00; for Ladies, $16.50. Others lower.

It need never be replaced, this Lifetime° gift

Through this Christmas and every coming Christmas, a Lifetime° pen serves on; it is guaranteed to perform like new for the owner's lifetime. Longest-lived, most useful, is this velvet-boxed set, tapered gracefully and Balanced for swift, easy writing. Within this chest are three matched Sheaffer Balanced writing instruments, one of them the new writing companion for golf and handbag. It's a complete pencil with extra leads and eraser, fashioned for a firm grip and so compact that it clips to a watch-chain or carries unnoticed in vanity bag, knickers or dinner coat. Flanked by the pen and pencil that outsell all others in America—what a gift!

At better stores everywhere

All fountain pens are guaranteed against defects, but Sheaffer's Lifetime° is guaranteed unconditionally for your life, and other Sheaffer products are forever guaranteed against defect in materials and workmanship. Green and black Lifetime° pens, $8.75; Ladies', $7.50 and $8.25. Black and pearl De Luxe, $10.00; Ladies', $8.50 and $9.50. Pencils, $5.00.

SAFETY SKRIP, successor to ink, 50c (Refills, 3 for 25c)

Lifetime° set illustrated, with genuine Brazilian onyx base, $12—others lower.

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The only complexion soap scientifically approved by America's eminent dermatologists*

I WONDER if you realize just what it means to *you* that Camay has a scientific approval such as no other soap in all history has ever had.

It means that when you cleanse your face with Camay's soft, exquisitely fragrant lather, you are giving it the finest beauty treatment there is! More—this is just the kind of prescription you would receive if you personally consulted the eminent dermatologists in our largest American cities who are the foremost authorities on the care of the skin.

Why do you suppose these eminent physicians, who have made the skin and its care their life work, gave Camay this unique approval?

I'll tell you—simply because their careful examination of Camay's chemicals and their numerous tests on every type of skin convinced them that Camay is gentle and unusually mild, even for the most delicate complexions.

I can't tell you the names of these physicians, for they are scientists who are not interested in publicity. But I can tell you *about* them.

Fifty-six are professors of dermatology in great American medical schools. Seventeen are consultants at metropolitan hospitals and clinics. All are leading practitioners of dermatology in their communities.

Many of them sent a personal word of commendation in addition to their formal approval.

A professor emeritus of dermatology in one of the largest Southern medical schools writes: "The soap lathers beautifully and quickly, leaving the skin with no trace of harshness or dryness."

Another professor of dermatology in a large medical school in the Northwest says: "I find that Camay lathers freely and that it is remarkably unirritating to the skin."

But none of these things I've told you will surprise you, I think, after you've tried Camay for a week or two. I know that *my* complexion welcomed Camay from the very first night I used it and I'm sure yours will, too. Won't you give it a chance—now?

Helen Chase

Face Your World with Loveliness—Free

From the 73 skin specialists I consulted I learned a lot of things about complexions that there isn't room for here. So I've put everything into a little booklet called "Face Your World with Loveliness." I shall be charmed to send it to you without charge, if you'll write me. Dry skins; oily skins; care with hard water and soft, are all discussed. Also diet; sleep; exercise; the way to use cosmetics; and other things so important to beauty. I asked a physician to edit this booklet before it went to the printer's, so you can *know* the advice is sound and authoritative. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YS-119, 509 Fifth Ave., New York City.

CAMAY IS 10¢ A CAKE

★ **What is a dermatologist?**

The title of dermatologist rightfully belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the formula and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to the accuracy with which their approval has been stated in this advertisement.

M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

Camay is a Procter & Gamble soap [called Calay in Canada]

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WEST COAST, EAST COAST

By GARET GARRETT

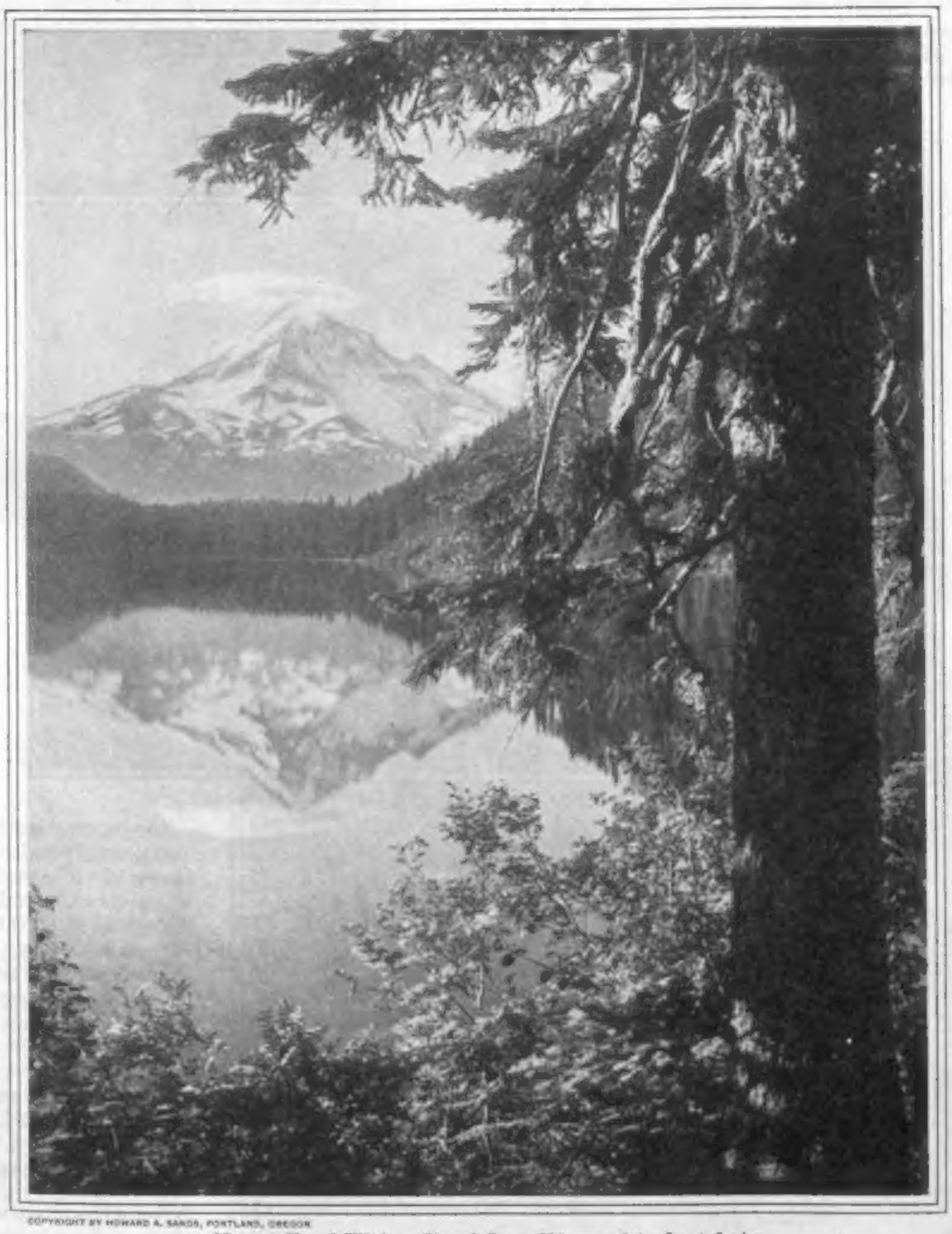
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

LIKE the sailor who goes to a hilltop and sits there gazing back at his own ship, so do the San Franciscans. Sundays and holidays they ascend the mountains and spend hours gazing at the city they live in, and at its darling position in the earth. As why not? They see a city of ancient loveliness, all new. They see the harbor prepared for it by a forethought of Nature. If you were sending up specifications for the finest harbor in this or any other world, it would be exactly in that design. Certainly. The scene intoxicates them and they return to their homes for supper in a state of bliss. They knew it was like that and they have seen it again. There may be those who do not care for it. Such is idiosyncrasy. New Yorkers sometimes stare and say: "What's this? Cable cars! How quaint!" Cable cars may be obsolete in New York. They are not quaint in San Francisco. But a New Yorker must find that out for himself. No one in San Francisco cares what he thinks.

California Notions

UNTIL a recent time the city's sense of satisfaction in itself was flawless. The one flaw in it now is Los Angeles. Any San Franciscan can tell you the story of Los Angeles. First a notion somehow got widely propagated in the East that Los Angeles was an ideal place to die in, sunny and warm, with your last sunset two hours later than the same sunset would be in, say, Des Moines, Iowa. Well, then, a lot of people went there to beat the sunset. They didn't die. Not because it was Los Angeles. That was not the reason. In spite of that, they didn't die, and what kept them alive was California. As they didn't die, they sent home for money and began to spend it in Los Angeles. This very simple transaction produced an illusion of people living without work. So a new notion spread—namely, that Los Angeles was a place where nobody could die and where people lived without exertion, in a miraculous manner. More people came, and their coming caused real estate to rise. Then the illusion that in Los Angeles life was interminable, work was abolished and everybody got rich. After that, so many people came that Los Angeles had to dig a harbor to receive the ships that brought them their supplies. You can see for yourself how preposterous the whole thing is. Los Angeles calling herself a seaport and having no harbor to begin with! Nature had not intended one there. Then the movies came to Hollywood for the light, and oil was discovered in the suburbs; and there was just one thing like that after another, until there were more people in Los Angeles than in San Francisco.

So it appears that although a city may be in every sense perfect, as San Francisco is, and sure of it, nevertheless, if another can say, "I am bigger than you," then perfection alone is not enough. The sting is harmless, but deep. Ask a San Francisco traffic cop how to make a left turn. He tells you, and then adds: "Don't worry if you get it wrong. We don't bother people with visiting licenses. But in Los Angeles, if you're going there, you better be careful. A traffic cop down there would give his grandmother a ticket."



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Mount Hood With a Cloud Cap, Mirrored in Lost Lake

Civic jealousies have made a great deal of history in this country. Before railroads, one hundred years ago, the Alleghany Mountain barrier was a nightmare to the rivalrous cities on the Atlantic seaboard, contending with one another for maritime supremacy. Commerce originating west of the barrier was slipping down the Ohio-Mississippi river system to New Orleans. Then New York State dug the Erie Canal, connecting the Great Lakes with tidewater in the Hudson River, and inland commerce turned east, for that was the shorter route. This achievement established New York City's supremacy, and at the same time altered the fortunes of St. Louis and New Orleans.

A Chinese Play

THE star of Chicago began to rise. Seeing what New York had done, other Atlantic Coast cities were stimulated. Philadelphia took a barge line across the Alleghany Mountains, hoisting the boats over. Baltimore projected the first working railroad. Boston was too sure of its historic preëminence and lost it.

CHINATOWN, SAN FRANCISCO.

The Chinese must have known everything, before machines. But much of their knowledge now is so old that they cannot remember how they got it or what it means, as, for example, to know for whom the play was originally intended. Not for the elect but for the populace, seeking escape from the heavy realities of everyday existence. What the people delighted in was to see life as it was supposed to be lived by the mandarin. Who would not be a mandarin, with slaves, high-born emotions, useless hands not hurt by toil, suitable only for delicate gesture? The professionally acted play at first was vulgar. High-caste people were disgusted at seeing themselves enacted by players, and it was of course beneath them to see the lives of the lowborn acted at all. So it must have been with the Shakspere play. How vulgar of him to put kings and queens and lords to act before the mob!

In a Chinese theater there is still nothing but the mandarin in all circumstances; and in a Chinese theater it is still true that you will see few if any high-caste people. But you will see where the Yellow Jacket came from and what a world of unexploited technic there is in making the lyric and fantasy of the piece superior to silly properties. It is not reality people have wanted; they have gone to the play in flight from reality. These Chinese plays are so old that evidently everyone knows them by heart. Nobody listens. No one is in the least disturbed when the first fiddler stops to examine the strings of his goose-shaped instrument by holding its neck up to the spotlight, nor by the impropriety, as we should think, of musicians and property men moving freely about the stage, in their shirt sleeves, in suspenders, collarless, while the gorgeous mandarins and their old and new wives enact the fantasy. The musicians smoke and talk and laugh, or come

and go through the corners of the set; the property men place the screens and thrones and gardens as the actors need them, getting there just in time to place a pillow for the prince, who is already in the act of permitting his august person to be seated, or to smooth the actor's costume. All the accessories and all business with them might be invisible, for any difference it makes. Fantasy needs no perfect vehicle.

Chinese actors, imitating the high manner, are absurd with their legs and feet. It is the elaborate, artificial absurdity of the rigid little finger of the western hand, held straight out, to advertise refinement and tactile delicacy. There is a strange gesture of the polite Chinese leg—a kick of it backward from the knee. A people who forgot how to use their feet and legs for what these members were naturally for—and this from using for so long in place of their own the feet and legs of human drudges. There is revenge. A low-caste character in a Chinese play—a coolie—walks much better than the great actors aping the mandarin caste.

Monarchs of the Vegetable Kingdom

THEIR music—it must be—is deformed. You may not be able to trust your ear at first as to whether the sounds produced by a Chinese orchestra are musical or not. But you may trust the perception that in a Chinese orchestra there is nowhere the slightest sign of virtuosity on the part of the performers. Musical instruments undoubtedly are evolved to reproduce natural sounds; particularly the sounds of the human voice. That is then why Chinese instruments are so bad. They do perfectly reproduce the shrill, infantile, minced head tones of the actors and singers, imitating the vocal manners of the old high-caste Chinese, who thought it vulgar to roar or to make natural animal sounds with the voice. The Chinese male bred away his roaring pouches.

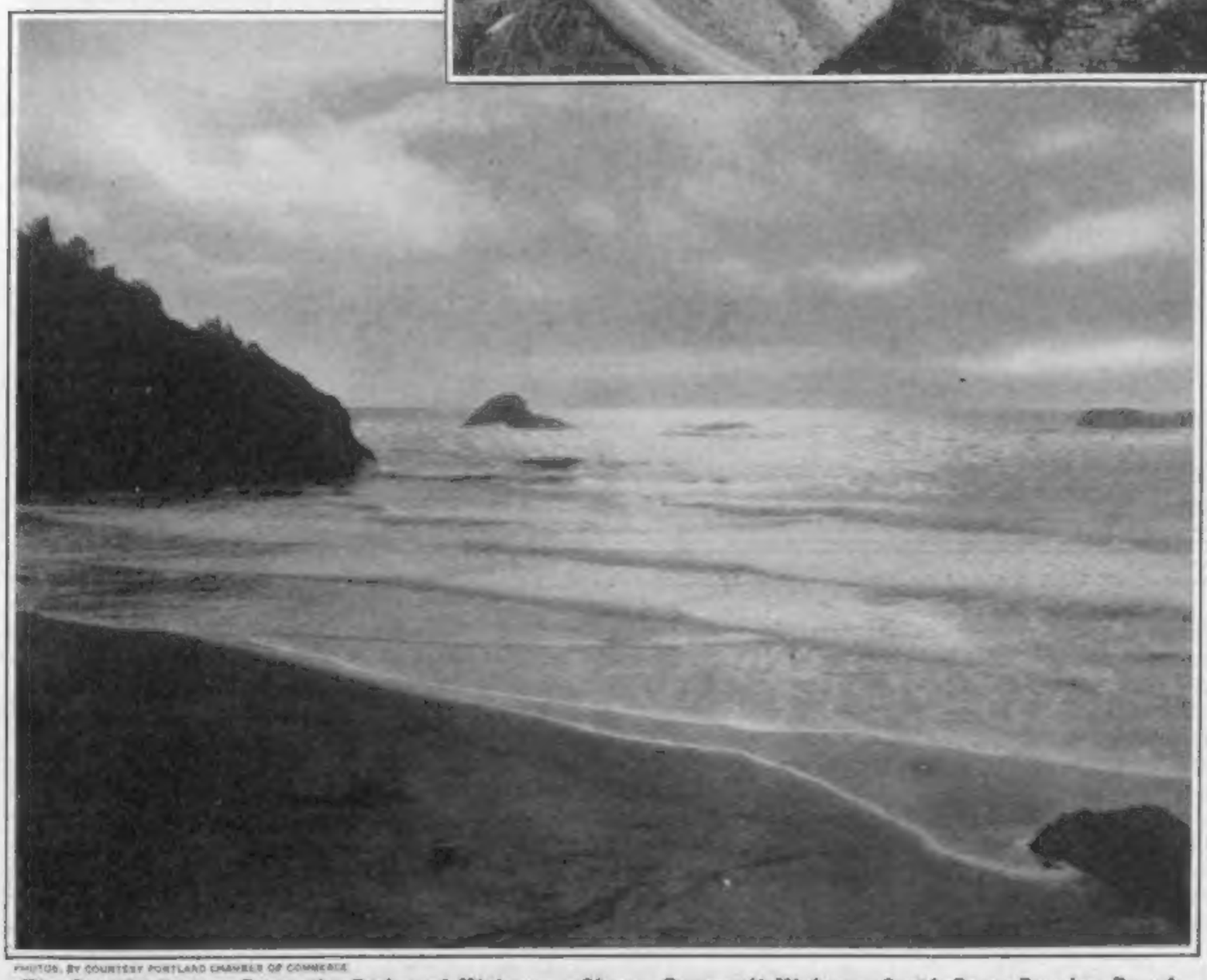
What has been happening to the play in the western world is clear enough. With the increasing distribution of wealth, the mere possession of it confers no special distinction, nor does it associate with fine manners. All kinds of people now become rich, whereas of old only those were rich and could afford fine manners and soft hands who were born to possess. In the modern scheme there is no mandarin caste. All of us are little mandarins, or may be if we like to be, merely by putting forth the effort. Familiarity with the objects and uses of wealth is universal. Therefore the life of the rich merely as that is bankrupt as a play theme. Actually we prefer to see the tragedies of the moron enacted. And this was a pleasure even the mandarin was denied, for he had his caste to support. Anything else may happen. All that has happened to the Chinese may happen to us in five thousand years, though for different reasons. If we lose the natural use of our legs and feet, it will be from having mechanical drudges to carry us about, and not from using the legs and feet of human slaves.

REDWOOD PARK, CALIFORNIA.

In the flora kingdom the redwood is elephant. Among trees it is the grand race. It comes to you, in a redwood forest, that here is the ultimate knowledge of aristocratic living in the world of vegetation. Apparently the first condition is racial solidarity. Inimical forms of life are forbidden. If migrating plants know terror, then it is terror that keeps them out. Between the individual members of the race there is competition, but from so much peace and dignity in the whole design it must be inferred that competition is governed by an ancient code. No unseemly struggle, no warfare, no private greed. The ground is somehow so allotted that each tree has enough of its own, or as much as any other, and is free to do with it what it likes—free to grow to heaven if it can. For all their enormous size they have no tap roots. You might think they would easily blow over. They seldom do, and the reason is that they support one another, not by contact but by sharing the blast. No one could stand alone,

PHOTO. BY BRUBAKER AERIAL SURVEYS, PORTLAND, OREGON

A View of the New Veterans Hospital, Erected Within the Last Two Years



PHOTOS. BY COURTESY PORTLAND CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

The Pacific Ocean, From the Redwood Highway. Above—Roosevelt Highway, South From Bandon Beach

presenting so much surface to the wind and no deep anchor in the earth. There is majestic order in their principality, and only one caste, which is regal.

If all this be true—as it seems—then why has the redwood race survived only here? It must have been at one time widely implanted in the earth. Or, supposing it was indigenous here, why, with all its knowledge and power, has it never pushed forth its kingdom? It can hardly have been that it was averse from conquest. That it has no sentimentality in these matters may be guessed from the ruthless manner in which it excludes alien forms in order to keep full possession of its own soil. One wonders if in the world of vegetation, as in the world of humans, the intolerant principle of aristocracy is breaking down.

As you stand in a redwood forest you may believe that all questions of wonder—even this one—have been sometime answered. It is the same emotion that touches you alone in a great cathedral. All doubts resolved. Perfect refuge in dogma. Everything already answered. And suppose the answers are wrong. Do we know that any answer is right? You will whisper, also as in a cathedral, and notice that little sounds are elongated, magnified, and have a distorted perspective. You will know why forest dwellers were superstitious and mystical, and what a pleasure it would be to go back to naïve superstition, if only one could. Forest dwellers were obliged to think up. Man on the seashore was the horizontal thinker.

Putting the Redwoods in Their Place

THERE is a last sensation. Driving a motor car through the redwoods, you will find yourself going faster and faster, with a strange sense of elfish delight; you yourself invisible and without substance, taunting the trees with your power of movement, because it is the only thing you can think of to taunt them with, and they have made you feel so small. The diameter of your life cycle is inferior to theirs, but you do not have to stay always in one place.

Then suddenly all nonsense is shocked out of you by a bold board sign: "Subdividing the primeval forest. An opportunity that will never occur again." Signed by the realtors. Fancy having still in this country a primeval forest to subdivide.

SALEM, OREGON.

As you put the primeval California redwoods south and work northeastward into Oregon, the country is less wild, with areas tame or taming. The words "ranch" and "farm"

are interchangeable and may mean the same thing. There is no exact line, and yet the change is definite. Why is wildness so much more thrilling than tameness? A country with no waste of wildness in it is, perhaps, too easily conquered to be fiercely loved. In that case, it is what man does to his environment that he loves. Orchards, gardens, pastures, green slopes, fields of surfing grain, luscious odors. A wild country will sustain the life upon it only.

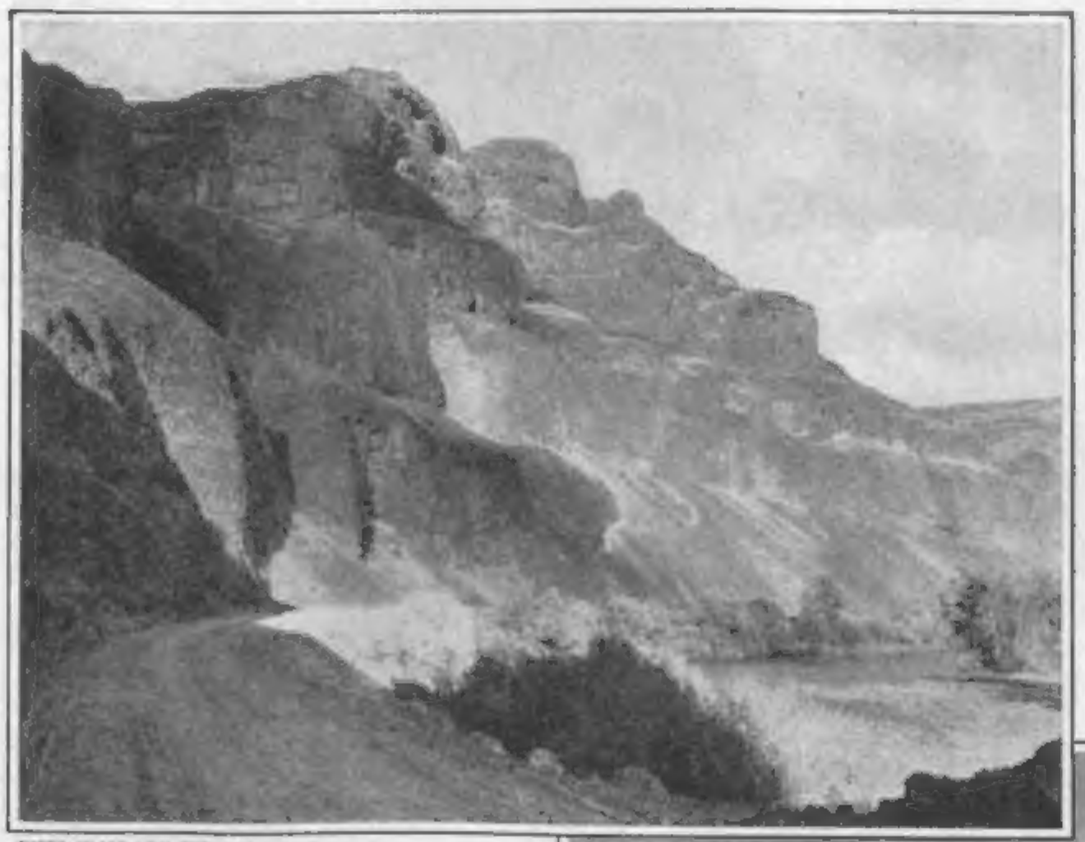


PHOTO. BY ARTHUR M. PRENTISS

On the Old Oregon Trail—Now the Columbia River Highway

It takes a tame country to support a city.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

There is a saying in the Pacific Northwest that American history is written backward. Colonial history was not American. It was European. Yet American history takes off from the Colonial epoch and is written from east to west—that is to say, from right to left. The Colonial region was not America. Geographically it was not; economically it was not. America did not exist until it had been framed on the west by the Pacific. True American history, therefore, begins with such names as Cook, Astor, Vancouver, Lewis and Clark.

Well, you know what they mean; and you see also what it means for them to be saying it. For all its self-confidence, the West has still in its emotional nature a strong trace of nostalgia. A far-away, neglected feeling. The pioneer was lonesome. That was his secret pain. His nature was solitary, and yet he never wholly preferred solitude.

And Who Was Sacajawea?

THE West knows its own history. What it minds is that Eastern people know and care so little about it. At the mouth of the Columbia River there is a monument called the Astoria Column, with five hundred and thirty-five feet of spiral frieze etched upon it. The frieze represents such historic scenes as the discovery of the Columbia by Capt. Robert Gray, in 1792; the blowing up of the Tonquin; the United States in the act of repossessing itself of Oregon; Lewis and Clark at Fort Clatsop, boiling Pacific water for salt; the Astor overland expedition, and so on. Eastern people gaze at it strangely, read out the captions, and are not ashamed to ask: "What was all that?" Or they come to the Sacajawea monument and ask: "Who was she?" They cannot pronounce her name. A Westerner would be ashamed not to know who Pocahontas was. Sacajawea, both as a person and as a historical figure, was much more important than Pocahontas, who saved only one romantic man, whereas the other saved an expedition.

THE DALLES—from French-Canadian meaning the narrows—OREGON.

It is so with rivers, that they move the feelings, and in each case as the character of that river is. One is venerated, another is loved, some inspire fear or hate. The Columbia is one of the grand rivers of the world and possesses a majestic spirit. The Colorado has a demon character and all its works are satanic. The Rio Grande has a mocking spirit. The Snake River, with its glittering, green audacity, was not accidentally so named. It has an impudent, reptile spirit, but its nature is aimless and happy, and it does more good than harm without intending to do either. The Missouri has a wild, self-tormenting spirit and cannot help what it does. The Mississippi is paternal, hence its name, the Father of Waters.

BIGGS, OREGON.

Seldom if ever has one said, "What an ugly bridge!" Generally it gives special interest to the view. Why is this so of bridges? Perhaps because they represent the visibility of imagination, skill and enterprise governed by the simplest possible idea. The idea is to get across. A bridge is for that and nothing else. That it shall be good-looking is not in the stipulation, and yet almost invariably it is; precisely, no doubt, because nobody thought of it. Naturally, that follows from the purity of the thing as a useful fact.

ANYWHERE WEST.

If you have any doubts about the future of aviation, leave them in the East. The whole West is air daft. It is easier to raise money for a municipal airport than for pavement. No town is content until it has painted its name on the roof for air traffic to see, and has a beam of light playing on the sky at night. But it is very natural that aviation should have a deep appeal to the West.

People in the East have no idea what distance means. It is west of the Mississippi River that distance begins; and it has, besides the physical dimension, one also of time. West of the Mississippi Valley train schedules call for less speed. That is owing partly to the profiles and partly to the fact that as trains are fewer they make more and longer stops. If you are going from New York to the Pacific Coast, your journey begins really at Chicago. There you change from an Eastern to a Western train. It is a curious fact that there is no transcontinental railroad. Those that are called transcontinental begin at Chicago, as if the continent began there.

Surmounting Natural Barriers

ALWAYS the Mississippi Valley has been a breaking line for transcontinental traffic, both passenger and freight. This seems at first quite arbitrary, and so it is; nevertheless, the history of it will illustrate how a sound national policy may stand in conflict with what you might call natural economic determination. The country is divided into three parts by two great mountain barriers, one between the Atlantic Coast and the Mississippi Valley, and the other between the Western plains and the Pacific Coast, both lying north and south. The grades and water courses indicate the natural ways for traffic to move. Originating east of the Alleghany Mountains, it should move toward Atlantic tidewater. Originating west of the Alleghany Mountains and east of the Rockies, it should gravitate toward the great midcountry Mississippi water system and thence south to the Gulf of Mexico. West of the continental divide traffic should move downgrade to the Pacific Coast. But if traffic did move in these natural ways the country would tend to break into three separate economic regions. It might even break apart.

Therefore, one of the early problems of American statesmanship was how to bind it together with crosswise ties of transportation. The railroads did it. That was their first function. But the stream of east-and-west

(Continued on Page 64)

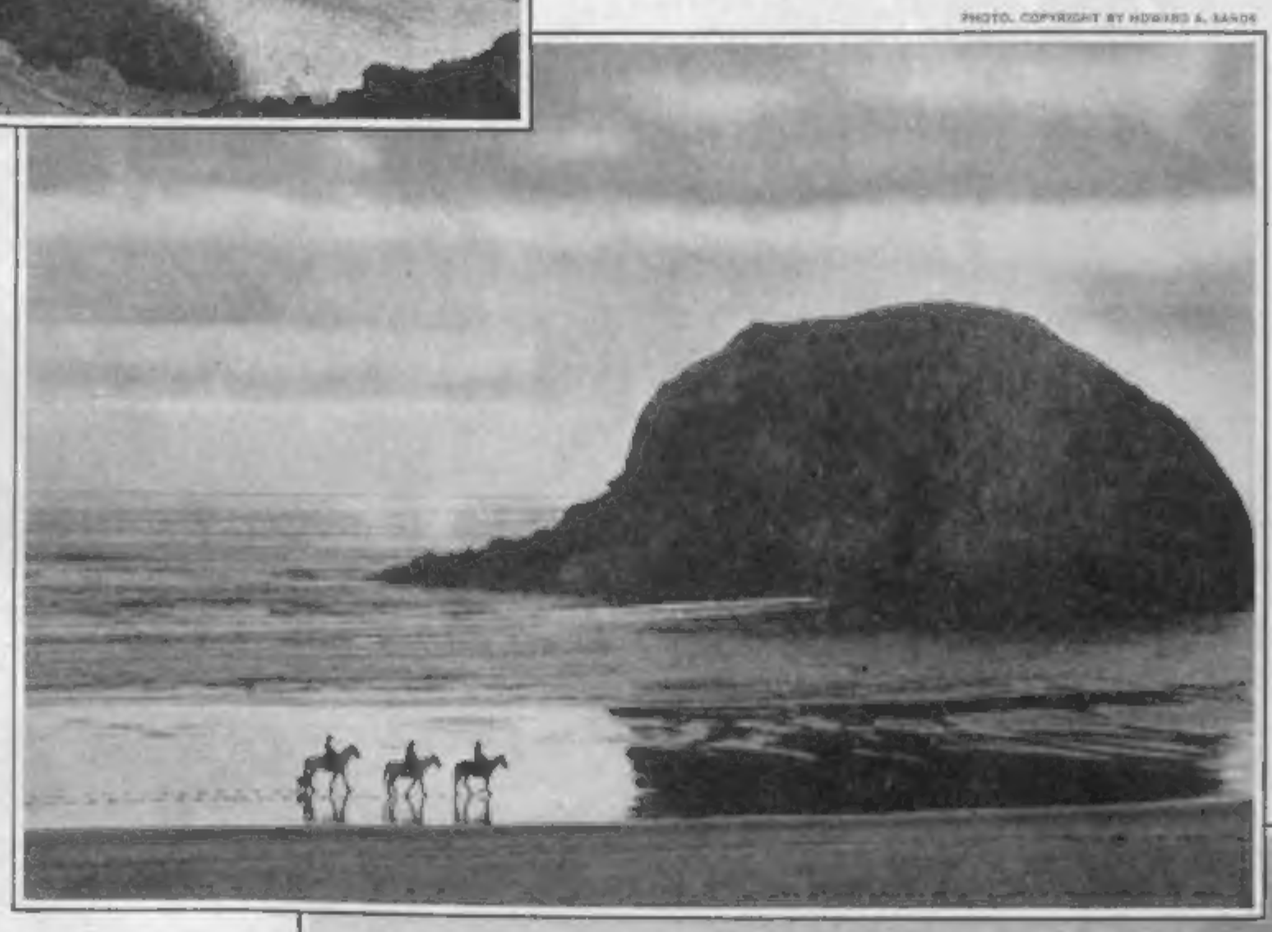


PHOTO. COPYRIGHT BY HOWARD A. SANDS

Feeding the Sea Gulls on Cannon Beach, Oregon. Above—Jockey Cap, Cannon Beach

PHOTO. COPYRIGHT BY HOWARD A. SANDS

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24TH

Phyllis Sat Up. There Was Mary in the Doorway, Dressed in the Purple Lace

By Margaret Culkin Banning

ILLUSTRATED BY AUSTIN JEWELL

TO A GREAT many people that meant Christmas Eve. But there were some, even in Christian countries, who thought of it as a date which had little relation to the carols and rejoicing of the Nativity, or to children's stockings made shapeless with oranges and trumpets, or to red tissue paper, or turkeys dangling in long rows at the markets, or the best corner in the living room for the Christmas tree. The twenty-fourth of December was to some people only a date on a calendar, important for diverse reasons of their own. There was, for example, Convict 9328 in the state prison up the river, who was to be released on that day after serving a sentence of eight years. There was Mrs. Gerald Holliday, of Park Avenue, New York City, whose debutante daughter was to be introduced that night at a dinner dance at the Mayfair. And there was Fred Merrick, out in St. Anthony, who had a note coming due on the twenty-fourth at the First National Bank, which he knew would not be again renewed unless he could pay something on it.

Mrs. Holliday, to be sure, had thought of fir trees. The florist had suggested them as decorations for the ballroom, where they were to be trimmed entirely in white and silver to avoid the conventional gaudiness. She had also been mindful of the holiday season, for with the city overflowing then with people whom she wanted to have at Connie's dance, there would be a very good chance of getting a number of them. The social exhaustion of the holidays would not have set in by that time and the days were not quite so confused as they always became between Christmas and New Year's Day. The dinner dance which the Aldringtons were giving on the same night wouldn't really interfere. That would be a somewhat heavy party and many people would come on only too gladly from it to the Mayfair. But it had been a blow when everything was all arranged past the point of cancellation to have Charley Duval pick that night for a supper dance for Joy.

She had shown no irritation. Long ago she had learned that there was no use in losing one's temper with New York cruelties, casual or intended. Fifteen years of making her way in the midst of them, of overcoming indifference, ignoring rebuffs and building up a substantial position, had made her manner beautifully reliable. But she was uneasy. For a Duval party was an event. There weren't so many of them any more. The old, weathered New York name carried authority and prestige, and Charley Duval himself, with all his money and popularity, his reputation as sportsman and host, his persistent, romantic, gossiped-about widowerhood, rarely gave invitations in vain. There was Joy, too, whose thin, mysterious face was beginning to have the kind of charm which would carry on the tradition of the women in the Duval family. Nothing much harder to compete with could have been presented to Mrs. Holliday, and she knew that, for she had learned her values carefully and well. She would have no trouble in finding plenty of guests for Connie's party. Guests were the cheapest thing to be had in New York. There were too many of them, just as there were too many things in the shops. Mrs. Holliday was no ordinary snob. But she was not quite an aristocrat, for she was still conscious of choosing her possessions and her friends with discrimination.

People liked her. That she could count on. Without taking an awkward step she had managed to become desirable, and Connie was altogether lovely. But none the less it was only fifteen years since they had left St. Anthony and come to New York, and in that length of time some things cannot be acquired—things like old loyalties and acquaintanceships and friendships which trail obligations back for several generations. Those were what the Duval name meant to many people in New York. And now Charley Duval had come back from Paris on some whim, opened his house and, when Joy had come down from college for the holidays, he announced this party with a casual air of asking the neighbors in if they cared to come. Though it was too late for inclusion on formal social calendars, his party ignored them, and it made the situation very difficult for Mrs. Holliday.

Still, she would not have spoken of that to Gerald. She would have seen it through somehow. It was the letter from Mary which was the final straw and sent her, in what had become an unaccustomed fashion, to share the problem with him. She heard him come in and felt suddenly that she wanted to talk it over. So she met him in the softly lit space where the hallway of the second floor broadened as if it had some idea of becoming a room before it was bitten off by bedrooms.

It was a little before seven o'clock, and that was the time when his wife was usually resting before she started to dress for dinner, so Gerald was surprised to see her. For a fraction of a second she wondered just what did go on in his head—that portion of it which was not entirely occupied with corporation law and finance. He was very good-looking. But then he always had been that, even in the days when he had sat in a hammock with her. He had always had those quiet, relaxed manners which had so

easily become distinguished when they were given wealth and luxury as materials to work with. Twenty years ago he had promised never to disappoint her, and without a break he had kept that promise.

"Hello, dear," he said. They had never ceased to admire and like each other, though they had long been too absorbed for passion.

She sat down on an uncushioned bench of dulled, aged wood and looked up at him, the opened letter in her hand. She was one of the women in whom youth had glazed beautifully. She was almost thirty-eight, but the difference between her twenty-eight and forty-eight would be hardly perceptible. There was neither fatigue nor strain in her face and none of the sagging that comes from indulgences. If the wear of living showed at all, it was in her eyes, back of that cool, intelligent, balancing glance. Something was gone from those depths where delight and adventure and mistakes have their sources.

"I thought you were asleep, Phyllis."

"I wish I were."

"Who's the letter from?"

"Mary."

"Oh," he said, without great interest, "what's new in St. Anthony?"

"Nothing. Fred's in some kind of financial mess, as usual."

Gerald Holliday frowned.

"Again? There's no use trying to do anything for Fred. He simply isn't competent."

"No," she agreed. "It was influenza. But if it hadn't been influenza it would have been an infected foot. It was chain stores too. But if it hadn't been chain stores it would have been a bank failure. Or a stroke of lightning."

"Poor old Fred."

"You're not to help him out again, Jerry. It just gets nowhere. I sometimes think that if years ago he'd been made to see his troubles through, it would have been better."

"He's an awfully good fellow."

"Still, we can't take on the responsibility for that whole family—even if he is my brother and Mary's."

"What did Mary suggest?"

"Nothing. You know how she is. She just cheerfully inventories the whole family, and all their troubles just as cheerfully. That was part of it."

"Don't let it bother you."

"That doesn't. But what do you suppose Mary's got in her head?"

"That's much too hard for me."

"She's coming on here for Christmas."

"To New York?"

"To visit us."

Gerald laughed.

"Well, that's fine," he said. "We'll have to turn the city inside out for her. She hasn't been here in years. What does she like? The Follies or the heavy theater? Speakeasies or the Ritz?"

"She likes everything," answered Phyllis. "But, Jerry, how can we have her just now?"

He said in surprise, "Why not?"

"There's Connie's party on the twenty-fourth."

"Mary wouldn't interfere with that."

Phyllis drew a long, involuntary sigh from the stock of her worries.

"She wouldn't interfere. But it's so hard to manage. If she's here, she ought to receive with me. She'd expect to, Jerry. And that means the purple lace dress! And all that jewelry she loves that isn't jewelry—not even costume stuff. Yards of department-store beads and gold bracelets and garnet rings that Fred gives her for presents. And she'll ask everybody what their exact names are as if she were getting up the telephone directory or taking a grocery order. And she'll ask them if they're enjoying themselves."

"And get an answer," chuckled Gerald.

"It isn't that I don't adore Mary. I do. She's always done everything for me."

"Yes. She's been a great sister."

"She's the best-hearted person in the world. And in St. Anthony, where everybody knows her and the old house and the family connection, it's one thing. But here ——"

"Oh, everybody has relatives. Look at old man Mount. Look at that cousin of Glen Fisher's. She was a disaster on land or sea."

"I know. But they could laugh it off. You can't laugh Mary off. And anyway, I'm too fond of her to see her ridiculous."

"Put her in another dress and give her some of your jewelry."

"You can't do that with Mary. You couldn't pry her loose from that purple lace. She thinks it's magnificent and that settles it. But it's too dreadful to have her coming on just now for this orgy of Christmas reunion. She'll go around putting evergreen boughs back of all the pictures and mirrors. And hanging mistletoe in the hall. And wanting everybody to overeat. She'll expect you to carve a large turkey on the table and surround it with turnips. Listen." She read from the letter in her hand: "'It seems to me that we should not be separated as we have been every Christmas for years. I was thinking the other day that in this holiday season we ought to have a real reunion. We won't be here forever. Fred has his big family to take care of Christmas in his house, although I'm afraid that this may not be such an unworried Christmas for him under the circumstances.' There's a lot more about Fred. But it doesn't matter. The thing is that she's coming."

Gerald opened his briquette, lit a cigarette and considered.

"Why don't you just write her and ask her to come a little later?" he asked at length.

"I've been trying to for an hour and a half," admitted Phyllis, "and it just can't be done. Not with Mary."

It couldn't be done. And that was why so many people on the twenty-six-hour train from Chicago to New York

(Continued on Page 140)

She Loved the Displays in the Shops and the Orgy of Last-Minute Buying

LAUGH OR LEAVE

By Lucy Stone Terrill

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

THE old Twin Creek Ranch was undergoing a revival. And Ellen Blake—granddaughter of the pioneer who had staked out its initial acres, and daughter of the man who had stretched its barbed-wire arms up into the canyons of the Big Horns for beauty's sake and good hunting, and eastward into the vast arid hills to get range for his cattle—was both anguished and elated in the process of the revival. Nine weeks before, she had done the first foolish thing of her life, after twenty-six years of being a renownedly sensible individual. Fast on the heels of her bankrupt father's death, her brother's disgrace and the humiliating desertion of her well-to-do, middle-aged fiancé, she had fallen in love with the son of the new owner of the Twin Creek Ranch—a young man whom she had seen just six days and who had never seen her at all, except as the essential human supplement to the typewriter.

Now Bob Ainslee was back again; and Ellen sat trying to burn the foolishness out of her heart with scorching self-contempt, as she waited in the old buffalo-hide chair at the end of the elder Mr. Ainslee's desk, to take his Sunday letter.

Every Sunday Mr. Ainslee sent an affectionate letter to his stately semi-invalid wife, who wisely declined to leave her Southampton veranda to participate in her husband's latest pursuit of pleasure.

Mr. Ainslee, brimming with his customary bright spirits, was yelling out the office window at yesterday's importation of cowboys. He was unirritatedly disapproving.

"Say, you two chromos! Go jump in the creek with those costumes! This is a dyed-in-the-wool ranch, I tell you, not a Broadway comedy! . . . Miss Blake, I thought you guaranteed that those two fellows were honest-to-God cowboys."

"I said they were once," said Ellen. "Of course, for several years they've been working on other dude ranches. They've probably worn the clothes they thought looked the wildest West."

"This is no dude ranch," said Mr. Ainslee. "Make them understand that. And get them out of 'em."

"You mean, get the men out of their clothes?"

"Exactly. By word of mouth, if you can. If not, order violence."

Ellen put down her pad and pencil, crossed the bare, scrubbed floor of the old log office and stuck her red head out the window through the wild-cucumber vines.

"'Morning, Wolf. Hello, Hank. Good heavens, you are dressy! Haven't you any ordinary clothing?"

"Sure, Miss Ellen. Anything you like—clean, dirty, old, new, wild, woolly or nacheral. Some likes us some way, some another. What'll you have? We aim to please."

"Well, suppose you try natural ones first. Mr. Ainslee wants everything to be just—just like it used to be."

"Pretty big order, Miss Ellen. It'll take more'n clothes to do that. But sure does look like old times to see your red head bobbin' round these parts oncet again."

"Same to you, Wolf," said Ellen gravely, returning to the buffalo-hide chair, where many a famous twister had sat in his day to be hired or fired by her kindly father.

Mr. Ainslee, bald, blond and beaming, surveyed her wonderingly.

"Doesn't anything ever amuse you, Miss Blake?"

"More than you can possibly know, Mr. Ainslee. Would I be more satisfactory if I developed a system of smiling, say at regular intervals?"

"Might be a good idea at that. Might get to be a habit. Try one."

And in the East Corral, Maggie Was Putting On One of the Wickedest and Prettiest Performances of His Career

Ellen smiled. The quick glimpse of her white uneven teeth broke her serious face into surprising pleasantness.

"Great! Makes a different girl of you! Red-headed girls ought to be full of laughter. Laughter's a wonderful weapon. Whatever your trouble is, laugh it off. I'd be a victim of melancholia today if I hadn't laughed myself lucky. Luck follows laughter. Always has. Always will. Let's see. What are we doing?"

"Wasting time," said Ellen grimly, lowering her red-brown eyes. "You were going to dictate Mrs. Ainslee's letter while your guests are still in bed."

"Oh, yes. Now, don't let me stop again till I get through with it. . . . 'My dearest Henrietta: I'm overjoyed to hear that your sciatica's better.' . . . It is sciatica that she had last, isn't it?"

"Neuritis, I believe, Mr. Ainslee."

"Well, better verify it. Henrietta's particular about her diseases. . . . 'We all wish you were with us, and we speak of you often. Pam and Carolyn came two days ago, and like it fine. Bob flew down from Canada the same day. Bob seems more like you, Henrietta, every day.' That'll please her. 'He and Pam have been very devoted since he came.' Don't you think they have, Miss Blake?"

"Wh-at? Why—why, I haven't noticed them at all."

"No, no. I suppose not. You see, both Bob's mother and myself are very anxious for this match to come off. It will, of course—in time. It's sort of a family understanding. You see, Miss Patterson's family is very prominent socially, and that makes a great hit with Bob's mother, even though there are lots of wealthier girls in the offing."

Ellen said nothing. She accepted her employer's confidences exactly as he gave them, knowing grimly that he gave them with the same unconscious superiority with which her own ancestors had familiarly chatted with their negro mammies.

"Well, now, let's see. Better not say anything about Bob's being so crazy over flying. Tell her I feel certain the engagement will be a sure thing in a couple of weeks; tell her Carolyn and Pam both miss her like everything. Make the letter affectionate; put in 'dear' whenever you can. Tell her Bob and I rode for eight hours yesterday and that I'm not half so stiff as Bob is. What else can we tell her? I never could write letters to women."

"She might be interested in our queer collection of house servants."

"Yes. What was the last count?"

"Well, there's Mrs. Lenora Patrick, whose husband used to run the famous Last Stand Roadhouse, as general supervisor. And Kwong, the Chinese cook, with Orestes, the Greek section hand for first assistant. Then there's Jumbo, our old round-up cook, mostly for local color. And Emotion, the colored boy you hired for his smile; he's supposed to carry trays, but he'll have to be supplied with baskets, Mrs. Pat says. Then yesterday Jim hired old Crow-Caws-in-the-Tree to wrangle garbage and provide more local color."

"Fine. I tell you you're a smart girl, Miss Blake. If you weren't so solemn I'd be scared to death Bob'd take you away from me. He's swiped every good secretary I've ever had. . . . But who's Jim?"

"Your foreman—Jim Reed. He's the younger brother of my father's old foreman. He's been out with the fencing gang. Those dry farms you bought for range had to be fenced before the cattle get here. He's been your foreman for nearly a month. Don't you remember?"

"No, forgot him entirely. But it's O. K. with me. . . . Anything between you and Jim, Miss Blake?"

"A great deal. His wife, who weighs nearly two hundred, and three small children. We're lucky to get Jim Reed. But he's temperamental. Your guests mustn't yell at him, as old Mr. Van Horn did yesterday. He's only taken this job because I asked him to, and he loathes dudes."

"Then he'll have to put a sign on him, 'Don't yell at me.' I can't control my guests, Miss Blake. They're not used to it. I ask 'em here to entertain them, not to control them. If Jim isn't happy, fire him. Fire everybody the minute they get a grouch. I don't want a dismal spirit on the place. Tell 'em the rule of this ranch is 'Laugh or leave.' See?"

"I might have some leather pennants made, and some hat bands," Ellen said.

This idea amused Mr. Ainslee highly; little ripples of merriment played plumply under his perfectly tailored white linens. Ellen watched him soberly.

"Think I'm nothing but a ridiculous old monster, don't you, Miss Blake?"

"I think you're a very wonderful man, Mr. Ainslee And I thank God every minute for having landed this job I want, terribly, to please you in every respect. But I can't go about grinning and giggling to save my soul. I'll have to fire myself first of all, I'm afraid."

"Perish the thought, Miss Blake. I must admit I'd like to have you smile semioccasionally, just now and then, if you can possibly manage it. The combination of red hair and melancholy really upsets me, but if it's your way of being happy, we'll do the best we can. I can't conceive of anything making anyone as solemn as you are."

"Well, Mr. Ainslee," said Ellen very steadily, "if you should suddenly find yourself bankrupt, and Mrs. Ainslee should lose her mind over it, and your son should commit murder and be sent to the electric chair, and you should go blind and have to earn a living with a tin cup and a hand organ—then you might be able to conceive of serious things."

"I might indeed," said Mr. Ainslee, his jovial face rather round eyed and questioning. The personal affairs of any of his employes were matters in which he preferred never to concern himself, and if they were unpleasant they were doubly unwelcome. "I hope you're not drawing a close analogy to your own past, Miss Blake," he said somewhat stiffly

"Purely imaginative," said Ellen shortly. "Shall I inclose some of the pictures we took this week in Mrs Ainslee's letter?"

"Yes. Write something on the back of each one. That'll make the letter long enough to pass muster, won't it?"

"It won't be very long, but I think I can get in a good many 'dears.' How shall I close it?"

"Ah. 'If you were only here, dearest, this ranch would be entirely perfect. But I realize it is not exactly the place for you until you're stronger. With my deepest affection, your loving Robert.' . . By the way, the Minturns get here this afternoon Tell her that. And, say, when do the cattle come?'"

"Tomorrow, I believe. But I turned all that over to Jim Reed That's the foreman's work. Shall I ring for Jim?"

"Good idea. Like to get acquainted with him before the gang gets going. Has it taken a month to build those fences? Funny I've never seen this Jim."

"Corrals had to be built, too; and all the ditches on the middle ranch had to have new head gates and be seen to But Jim's been back several times; only he happened to come when you were away. Some of the dry farms you bought had to be resurveyed."

Ellen's throat choked a little as she pulled the frayed old bell rope that swung the big iron bell above the office door. One tap. One tap had always told the foreman to come a-running. Through more than forty good gallant years her grandfather's hand and her father's had rung that bell. Then had come the years when it was silent; years of terrible winters, terrible tariff, dying cattle, unsold wheat, modern machinery and foreclosures. Now, this this golden, jubilant, pleasure-born desecration.

"Hold your humor, Jim; don't get funny," she warned the tall, tanned man who came at her summons.

"Mr. Ainslee, this is Jim Reed. He knows even more about the Twin Creek Ranch than I do. And he'll be able to answer all your questions."

"Well, Jim" - Mr. Ainslee's voice was plainly delighted—"I'm glad at last to set eyes on you. I'd forgotten there was any foreman except Miss Blake here. Thank God you haven't got on gold spurs and angora pants. You look exactly the way I'd begun to lose hope anybody ever would"

"I'm glad if I fill the bill," said Jim Reed. He was a thin raw-boned man with a deep, soft voice. He wore faded khaki shirt and trousers, a red string necktie, high-heeled and well-worn boots and an ordinary sweat-marked felt hat. "This is the first job I've ever tackled where the big idea's to spend money instead of save it. But so far I've done pretty fair."

They were going to like each other. Ellen, relieved, went out hastily and left them together. She was relieved, but she was also a little bitter that Jim's Western-hearted contempt should go down so easily before Mr. Ainslee's glowing amiability. She hurried across the yard, eager to get to her own room and finish Mrs. Ainslee's letter, so that she might have an hour before train time to ride away by herself, free from the sight and sound of her employer's uncontrollable guests.

But the click of her typewriter would probably wake up Mr. Robert Ainslee, Jr

"Why couldn't he have put his spoiled heir into a guest cottage?" said Ellen, and sat down on the bottom step of the outside stairway

But it softened her spirits to sit there and look out toward the big blue Big Horns. They and the brown intervening hills never, never changed.

This old ranch house, where she had been born, where her mother had died, and where her father had been denied the privilege of dying, had not changed much either. Its lower story was log; its second of wide uneven boards, newly painted a light brown. The upstairs balcony ran the full four sides of the square house, giving it a quaintly Oriental look with its two wide, outside stairways

The yard, too, was much as it had used to be, fenced with barbed wire and pine posts, with diagonally braced board gates. It pleased Mr. Ainslee to restore the place with an absurd accuracy of detail. And so the grass, just as in the days when everyone was too busy to mow it, was ragged and pleasantly unkempt. Red clover blossomed for the bumblebees; there were a few splotches of lavender

"You're Altogether Mistaken, Mr. Ainslee," Said Ellen, "About My Opinion of Your Father"

alfalfa here and there, and hundreds of spindling dandelions lifted yellow faces and round white heads. The box-elder trees and glistening cottonwoods were patriarchs now, taller than the house. Ellen was glad that the palatial little guest houses were not in the big yard, but were gathered together in a village on the creek banks with the willows, hidden from the house by a thicket of wild plum and cherry trees and gray-leafed chaparral.

In the mornings, while the guests slept, she could forget them. She had been given her own old room in the ranch house, opening, with Mrs. Lenora Patrick's, toward the western mountains.

Mr. Ainslee and his newly arrived son occupied the other two bedrooms that overlooked the guest colony and South Twin Creek, as it dwindled decreasingly between its steep sharp-cut bluffs into the arid hills.

The west side was the dearest, with its blue, snow-patched Big Horns. Ellen leaned against the stair post and eased her spirit with their far beauty, and with the songs of meadow larks and the fragrance of sun-hot alfalfa and the shadows of low lazy clouds drifting over the near brown hills.

A telephone rang upstairs; the weak jingle from one of the guest cottages. The voice that answered the ring was a pleasant one; it made it impossible for Ellen to deceive herself about her lack of indifference to it.

"Hello. Oh, hello, Pam. . . . Yes, I saw you all paddling in the old swimming hole, but my ten hours yesterday of constant motion on that horse have left me content with inactivity. . . . Yes, I tried that, but nothing less than time can assuage a grief like the one in my legs—and elsewhere. . . . Oh, I'm sitting here contemplating this playground of dad's. . . . No, can't see the mountains! The two females have that side of the house. . . . Yes, I said as much to dad, with all due humility to Labor, and so on, but it seems one of the old girls used to live here and insists on a mountain view. . . . Oh, no, I rather like looking out at this mess of hills; besides, I command a splendid view of your porch and I can shoot Ted Van Horn right off into the creek if he's there too often. . . . Really, Pam darling, I couldn't ride a swan's-down saddle this morning; you'll have to get on without me. Anyhow, I've got to work. . . . Don't you ever think it! With mother's diseases and imported doctors, and dad's little hobbies such as this half continent he's just indulged in, somebody in the family has to descend to common toil. . . . See you after lunch. Well, love and kisses. Good-by."

"'Common toil,' snorted Mrs. Nora Patrick, passing Ellen on the stairs. "Here it's 10:30 and not a pampered animal on this place has had breakfast yet. Have you seen the young man since he got back?"

"No. Sunny papa warned me not to disturb him. He's not so sunny, I guess."

"He's a most upstanding young man, Ellen Blake. If I had your smart red head on my shoulders I'd consider this one grand opportunity."

"Don't be funny, Mrs. Pat. We're not even human beings to these people—just ranch equipment. And the spoiled heir is reserved for Miss Patterson."

"Reservations," said Mrs. Patrick sagely, "are something a heap easier broken than kept these days. And you're worth a sackful of that pretty pusaycat."

"Then my bank account's multiplied like guinea pigs overnight. . . . If you see Wolf, Mrs. Pat, tell him to saddle Magpie for me and tie him in the corral."

It would only take fifteen minutes to do Mrs. Ainslee's letter. She sped to her room, closed the door from the hallway and opened the big one to the balcony. She had just written the sentence, "He and Pam seem very devoted to each other," when Mr. Robert Ainslee appeared, bowing slightly, in the doorway, a mountain peak with a fleck of snow on it backgrounding his dark head. He wore a bath robe; undoubtedly a very smart bath robe, belted, of heavy striped linen. His bare feet were thrust in leather sandals. His dark hair was thick and smooth; his dark eyes were pleasantly indifferent; his dark, miniature mustache was quite the last word in mustaches. He had a bundle of letters in one hand. He regarded Ellen exactly as he would have regarded an automatic adding machine of which he had need. He was several inches taller than his father.

"Good morning," he said. "Are you my father's perfect secretary?"

As a person, he had forgotten her. Her efficiency, he remembered.

"I am Ellen Blake," she said, and continued typing.

Mr. Ainslee, Jr., sauntered to the edge of the balcony and shouted in the direction of the log office: "Dad! I say, dad! May I borrow your secretary for a few hours?"

"If she'll be borrowed," answered his father's amiable barytone. "She takes Sunday off. . . . Had your breakfast?"

"Just going to have some coffee up here. I've got to get off some telegrams and letters. By Jove, dad, this is a great view from here. I think we'll have to move over to this side."

"Mean as dirt," said Ellen to her unhardening heart; "great spoiled thing."

"All right," agreed his father. "No difference to me. How are you after your ride—pretty stiff?"

"Worse than that. I'm painfully so. There's no bell in my room. How do I get food?"

"Yell for it. This is a ranch, not a Ritz. Isn't Miss Blake there?"

Mr. Ainslee, Jr., consulted Miss Blake: "Miss Blake, at whom and toward which does one yell for coffee?"

Ellen came out and walked briskly to the south end of the balcony. Her plain short dress of brown gingham was but slightly darker than her bare brown arms. Her shingled hair was very red in the sunshine.

"Emotion!" she called.

After three repetitions a voice answered, "Yas'm! What yuh want?"

"Tell Kwong to fix a pot of coffee, and you bring it up to Mr. Ainslee's room."

"Have him bring it right here," said Mr. Ainslee, Jr. "And add orange juice and bacon, very crisp, and eggs and muffins and marmalade. Plenty of it."

Ellen transmitted the order.

"Am dat all?" inquired Emotion with significant emphasis.

"Impudent rascal," commented Mr. Ainslee, Jr.

(Continued on Page 127)

Ellen Realized Despairingly That Her Red-Headed Temper Was Fast Biting Through its Leash of Determined Diplomacy

FEATHERHEAD

By EVERETT H. CLARK

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

SERGEANT PETERS shook a clod of French mud from his hobnails and scowled thoughtfully at the platoon. The men, resting, balanced their rifles on shoe toes in futile effort to keep the butts dry. Though he was beyond earshot, Peters sensed that they were growling about the foolishness of continued close-order drill now that they were overseas. He turned to his platoon commander as the latter ceased speaking.

"Permanent messmen an' the like is bad business, lieutenant," he objected. "I want to give turn about on all the details. Every man is supposed to be a fighter an' I got a reputation for makin' good ones outa clowns. Gimme my way, sir, an' I'll show the lieutenant "

The officer examined Peters' stolid countenance. "I know your reputation," he replied, "but when they claim you always make the round pegs fit square holes, it's my opinion you've been just plain lucky. There's bound to be a misfit sometime."

"Yes, sir. I know that. An' when the time comes I have to admit I can't get away with it, I'll say so. But right now I don't feel like blackhatin' any of them."

"What about Blaine?"

"One of the new men, sir. I haven't noticed anything unusual about him yet."

"I've known him before," answered the lieutenant meaningly. "The other men always call him Featherhead. Better get acquainted with him." The lieutenant turned and plodded off through the mud.

Peters immediately returned to the platoon and to the business that had been interrupted.

"You gotta learn," he announced, "to keep that line straight when you halt. Get your feet where they belong an' the rest will take care of itself. Now, then." He moved the platoon forward and halted it, then did the same thing over again and again, stopping only to point out errors and to criticize those who placed their feet incorrectly. "Forward, march! One, two, three!" The counting timed the separate movements in bringing the rifle to the shoulder. "Comp'ny, halt! One, two!" Each forward foot came down and the other came to rest beside it. "One, two, three!"

Right hands jerked down on rifle butts, left hands moved up to catch the falling weapons, and both hands guided the weapons to rest. But Peters' eye caught a strange movement near the left of the line. One man had halted properly, had jerked down on the butt of his rifle properly, but then seemed to lose control. The weapon described an arc and came to rest upside down, with the muzzle in the mud, the butt still tightly grasped by a spindle-shanked little man who kept his feet glued in place so properly that he had to lean forward to retain his hold on the rifle butt. Tow-colored hair, like frayed rope ends, twisted from beneath his cap and lent exaggeration to the bewilderment in his watery blue eyes as his gaze shifted from the unruly rifle to the platoon sergeant. Peters approached slowly and silently. The little man's expression changed rapidly from bewilderment to fear. He nervously recovered his weapon and put it in place. Peters looked him up and down before he spoke.

"What's the matter, Blaine?" he asked finally.

Blaine gulped. Then fear fled from his eyes and his head jerked sideways and back as words came to him. "You was talkin' so much about feet," he announced, in a high-pitched voice that refused to carry the intended burden of reproach, "that anybody's liable to forget what to do with his hands."

The Orders Had Arrived, and Now, After an Eternity of Turmoil, the Platoon Was in the Danger Area, Moving Forward

Guffaws and sniggers greeted this retort, but were instantly silenced when the sergeant's level gaze traveled calmly up and down the line.

"See me after drill," he told Blaine, and backed away to bark his next command.

Peters was stretched on his bunk when Blaine shuffled toward him in response to a gruff "Come in." He sat up and screwed his features into the analytical expression of a diagnosing physician. "Sit down." He indicated an empty packing case, on the edge of which Blaine perched himself timidly.

"So they call you Featherhead?"

Blaine twisted his cap.

"Yeah," he replied.

"Why?"

"I dunno. They're just kiddin' me, that's all."

"D'yu like it?"

"Naw. I ain't no featherhead."

"What d'yu do about it?"

Blaine looked puzzled. "What kin I do?" he complained. "I tell 'em, 'Don't call me Featherhead,' but it don't do no good."

"D'yu want to be a featherhead?"

"No. An' I ain't, either. I got more sense than them fellas. All they think about is chow an' women."

"So. An' what d'yu think about?"

"Me?" Blaine appeared to be slightly surprised by the question. Then he sat back on the packing case and crossed one skinny leg over the other. "Why, I got ideas," he announced, waving his cap vaguely. "We come in this war, I guess, an' a man ought to want somethin' besides gettin' out."

Peters looked interested. Here were indications of unexpected possibilities beneath this man's difficulty of self-expression. "Yeah? What should he want?"

"Well, I don't know, exactly." Blaine hesitated

"Never mind actin' like a blushin' bride," Peters growled "What did you come in the outfit for an' what d'yu expect out of it?"

"I—I can't just tell you, sarge."

"Why not? I'm not goin' to jump down your throat. Come, out with it."

Blaine tried to look stubborn and failed miserably. However, it was evident that he was decided as to how much he would say. He stood up.

"Naw," he refused, "I get kidded enough now. Only thing I'll say is why I come in, an' that wasn't on account of gettin' no uniform to show the girls, nor account of bein' hungry. I come in because them posters an' everything said they was a war to be won." He edged toward the door. Peters' first impulse was to stop him and wring from him whatever else weighed on his mind, but a feeling that the truth would come out unasked in due time urged him to let the man go. He had gathered enough indications to convince him that Blaine would eventually show good metal. When the proper time came even the derisive nickname could probably be shaken off.

Nearing the door, the subject of this flash of thought began to hurry and rushed precipitately into the entering bulk of one Corporal Pathe Rivers.

"Why'n't you look where you're goin'?" barked Corporal Rivers harshly. "What did you ever come in this outfit for, anyhow, you poor featherhead?"

"To get my teeth fixed free," retorted Blaine, and fled.

"That guy," said Rivers, turning to the sergeant, "is hopeless."

"Nobody is hopeless," said Peters thoughtfully. "But since that last remark of his to you I wouldn't put so much money on him."

"Well, I wouldn't bet no money on him any time. The lieutenant wants to see you, sarge, an' he's all steamed up over somethin'. I think we're movin' up."

Peters rose with alacrity and disappeared.

Rivers had been right. The orders had arrived, and now, after an eternity of turmoil, rush and bustle, after what seemed like endless boarding and leaving of trains and trucks, of getting directions wrong, and of interminable waits and delays, the platoon was in the danger area, moving forward. The night was black and the road muddy. Brooding silence was occasionally broken as the boom of a big gun spoke of the unknown that was near at hand. Signal lights, in strings of four each, floated upward continually just a few miles ahead, to remind the restless column of how soon the test would come. During five-minute rests men eased their tense nerves with cigarettes, lighting

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RACKETEER

By THOMAS McMORROW

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

IT WAS a modest and demure little speak-easy, off Manhattan Avenue, with none of the jollity, vulgarity, bellowed choruses and easy epithets of the old-time saloon. Good fellows did not fling back swinging doors here, to be hailed with loud and hopeful acclaim; drunken men did not lurch in here, looking for a place to sit down and go to sleep before a jealous bartender could head them off. The atmosphere was hushed, decorous, reverent of the neighbors. The proprietor had been a saloon keeper on Manhattan Avenue, and his speak-easy was in the basement of his own brownstone front; he maintained it, he said, merely to accommodate his old friends

He was a suspectful man, prone to think evil, but Little Joe became one of his old friends on first sight. Little Joe presented his six feet of height and one hundred and ninety lean and leathery pounds at the iron-grille door under the high stoop; his little eyes of pale blue twinkled in at the proprietor over a piratical stubble of yellow beard. The proprietor looked at the chauffeur's cap on Little Joe's cropped head and out at the taxicab in the street; he opened the door and Little Joe slouched undulatingly in.

He had his whisky and lukewarm ginger ale, and departed. He returned on the following day and every day thereafter, arriving at half-past two in the afternoon and leaving an hour later. He always took the same place—in a corner in the rear of the room, fronting a door whose glass panes looked out on the back of a building under construction. Customers were few during Little Joe's hour, and generally sober and sour. Little Joe drew his chin into his collar and pulled down his cap, so that the customers saw of his face but a beetling nose. The proprietor, observing unobtrusively and relentlessly, liked Little Joe's offishness; here was a man who minded his own business and would have others mind theirs; probably a man with a sinister reason for keeping his distance. The proprietor sat with him at times, offering his society, but not pressing for acquaintance; they would sit in silence for long spells, glum as condemned men. The proprietor's gaze would lift to Little Joe's face, falter and fall.

Into this funereal place, where each customer had to engender his own merriment and then nurse it in secret, cowering over whatever comfort the whisky gave him like a cold tramp over a fire of sticks, came one afternoon a frantic man.

There he was, pounding and driving at the door, pressing his face against the glass as if the air outside was drowning him. Little Joe and the proprietor were alone together in the speak-easy; they both made for the door, to aid or hinder.

"What in blazes!" cried the proprietor, trying to bolster his straining locks. "You'll break down the door." He opened it to save it; the man, bolting like a dog, eyes glaring and mouth agape, drove into the room.

The clew to his haste was at hand—two uniformed policemen were fast on his heels. The fugitive snatched open a door, darted past it, but shot out again when he found that he had entered a closet. The policemen were entering; he could not lose them now.

"Are you game?" growled Little Joe, shouldering forward. The proprietor found the hallway and fled down it, leaving the room behind him a whirl of fists and batons.

The fugitive, sobbing with fear and rage, snatched a bottle from a table and swung it at a police head. He saw too late that he was going to miss his mark, and cocked an eye aside, to see a balled fist approaching him with the speed and terror of a comet. He was off balance and stretched to the limit; before he could recover command of his limbs, the rushing threat met his face with a crash, flattening his nose with small loss of impetus. He went over backward and lay there inert, while heavy feet trampled him. He was supine, as relaxed as a loafer who looks up from a green bank at summer clouds, and he took damage from the pounding feet with mild surprise; his faculties were disordered and he thought that he was covering himself like a master of fence. He heard tables falling and chairs splintering, and then the flimsy wooden wall that partitioned the drinking room from the rest of the basement went down in noise and dust before three heavy and earnest men. Little Joe was holding ferociously to his contract; the battle was now out of sight, but raged as loudly as ever. Glass was crashing and woodwork splintering. The fugitive struggled to an elbow, trying to rally, pawing at his bloody face. The fumes of alcohol became acrid; the battle had reeled to the proprietor's stock and his bottles were flying.

There was a lull accompanied only by echoes; Little Joe appeared again in the drinking room. He snatched the fugitive from the floor, threw him over a shoulder and ran with him down the hallway. He kicked open the iron door, crossed the sidewalk, flung the fugitive into the taxicab and leaped to the wheel. Pistol shots sounded behind them as the cab zoomed down Manhattan Avenue.

Little Joe twitched his cab into One-hundred-and-fifth Street, to Central Park West, into the Park, and with diminishing speed to a cab stand on upper Fifth Avenue.

He halted the vehicle, threw open the door and barked "Beat it."

"I can't, fellow," mumbled the fare. "Oh, how my pan hurts!"

"Try walking on your feet if your face hurts," chuckled Little Joe. "Go on and beat it."

"I can't walk, fellow, believe me. I hurt all over. I hurt inside. Take me somewheres, will you?"

"Hurt bad, are you?"

"Oh, awful bad, fellow."

"Bad enough to die?"

"Yeah, I'm going die, fellow."

"Then you'll get the hell out of my cab," insisted Little Joe. "What do you think it is—Bellevue? Beat it!"

"Oh-h, don't pull on me. Take me somewheres, will you? Take me over to the Tub."

"Where's that?"

"A Hun'ed-'n'-thoiteen' Street." He gave a number "Ask for Wild Bill Rosher."

"You won't die on me?" bargained Little Joe, getting back behind the wheel.

"Not if you don't pull me, fellow. If you do I'll pass right out."

"What did they want you for?" queried Little Joe as he drove northward.

"For organizing."

"Organizing what?"

"The metal-fixture men."

"How were you organizing these metal-fixture men?"

"We went in there with baseball bats, and we was organizing these metal-fixture men, when in comes the cops and started off organizing us I lammed down the back stairs and ——"

"Who were you organizing for?"

"Wild Bill Rosher."

"Who's the big shot in this racket?"

"That's what they call him—the big shot."

"Call who? . . . I guess you got to get out of my cab."

"Don't pull me or I'll pass right out! . . . I'm telling you—the big shot, Frankie Shapett."

"Organizing for Frankie Shapett, were you?" said Little Joe. "Well, now we're here, and where's the Tub? The lunch room, eh?"

He went into the dingy lunch room, spoke to the still-faced counterman and returned to his cab. "No Wild Bill there," he grumbled, getting in beside his passenger and closing the door.

"What's the big idea?" complained the passenger, opening pain-racked eyes. "He saves my life and then he rolls me himself!"

When Shapett Was in His Office Little Joe Was in the Anteroom, Twinkling at the Office Girl

"What's the matter with that?" argued Little Joe, rapidly emptying the man's pockets. "Be good or I'll slap you." Having transferred to his own pockets his fare's possessions, he got back behind the wheel again and started the cab with a jump. He piloted it westward to Fifth Avenue and down that street until it became clean and fashionable where it looked on Central Park. The cab coursed past Fifty-ninth Street and through the exclusive shopping district, and halted before a thirty-story office building in the midtown business zone.

With a word of caution and of menace to his luckless passenger, Little Joe got down and stalked into the office building.

II

AT NOON of the same day Mr. Frankie Shapett awoke in his antique maple bed in his apartment on the eighth floor of the Hotel Charlemagne. He passed a testing hand over his prematurely bald head, the surviving hairs of which were still jet-black. He had gone to bed decidedly tight and had slept like a just man; an abstemious Latin ancestry, taking water with its wine and living laborious days, had given him a stomach that could laugh off a dozen old-fashioned whisky sours; the tongue with which he touched his thin red lips was as clear as the handsome black eyes that he turned to the gold-plated clock on his mantel.

He put forth a silk-clad arm and brought a telephone to his chest. He ordered breakfast, yawned, reflected and called a number. "Mrs. Leval?"

"Who is it?"

"Good morning, Laura—Frankie Shapett. Dinner tonight?"

"You should be ashamed to speak to me, Mr. Shapett."

"But I'll explain."

"You can't explain. I understood you perfectly."

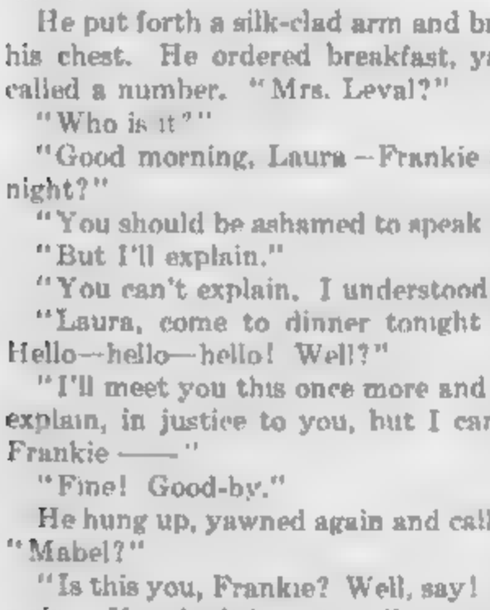
"Laura, come to dinner tonight and let me explain. Hello—hello—hello! Well?"

"I'll meet you this once more and give you a chance to explain, in justice to you, but I can tell you right now, Frankie ——"

"Fine! Good-by."

He hung up, yawned again and called another exchange. "Mabel?"

"Is this you, Frankie? Well, say! It's time you give me a ring. You don't have to call me up if you don't want to, and you don't have to see me if you don't want to, either. I was just wondering if you were going to forget that you got a dinner date with me tonight."



"My Name is Brundage"

"Certainly not, sweetheart. Can you make it?"

"No."

"Well, some other time, sweetheart. Take care of yourself."

"Frankie! What's the matter with you? Surely I can make it. Where will I meet you?"

"Not tonight, sweetheart. I'm going to Philadelphia this afternoon on a matter of business and I'll give you a ring in a day or two. I'm running for the train now. Good-by!"

There He Was, Pounding and Driving at the Door, Pressing His Face Against the Glass as if the Air Outside Was Drowning Him

He hung up, put the telephone back on the night table and got out of bed. The instrument rang again at once; he glanced at it and walked away from it, slipping off his pajamas. He lit a cigarette, inhaled the pungent smoke and blew a wisp of it toward the telephone, watching it idly, as he might have watched the last struggles of some creature to whose fate he was indifferent, until it was still

He was a man of medium height, narrow-shouldered, but sleek of body; his musculature was like a woman's and did not bulge or wrinkle; his stomach was taking on prominence. He was in perfect health and in very poor training, standing there, naked, he was an anomaly in Nature, a weak and defenseless animal with the confident and remorseless gaze of the strong beasts that prey. He had his bath and ample breakfast, and dressed himself for the street with much grave deliberating over accessories; he had learned how to live since—an alert and assimilative youth—he had been a night clerk in a shady Harlem hotel.

He went to his outer door and lifted away an iron bar of his own supplying that crossed it from side to side; the Charlemagne was a modern hotel and its interior doors were hollow steel with excellent locks, but Shapett would see to his own security.

He unlocked the door, opened it a scant half inch and peered into the corridor; his hulking bodyguard had been wont to precede him down this corridor and by the fearsome darkness of an interior fire exit, but the bodyguard had got emulatively tight the night before and had departed into the unknown. With the alertness of a cat in doubtful territory, though without that nimble brute's ability to bound sideways and to alight running at top speed, Shapett went lightly down the corridor and negotiated the ticklish turn to the elevators.

Like care shepherded his progress down Broadway and to his office; to Shapett, as to some timid and rustic soul who had never seen the topless towers of New York, the city was a jungle in which savage men lay in wait.

His name was not on the door of his office; on its ground glass was lettered a list of corporations, the last and latest being The Metal Fixture Cooperative Association, Inc.

Little Joe pushed this door open, late in the afternoon, and was nodded to by a trim office girl behind a desk in the anteroom

"I want to see my friend Frankie," said Little Joe, starting toward an open doorway beyond which Shapett was in conference with a sportively attired man who held up his end of the conversation with one corner of his mouth.

"What was it about, please?" called the girl sharply.

"It was about wanting to see my friend Frankie," explained Little Joe. Continuing, he said to the men, who were now silent and immobile, watching him with abnormal keenness, "What one of you birds is Frankie Shapett? I got a gorilla belonging to Frankie down in my cab."

"Who is he?"

"You can ask him if you know him, and he can tell you who he is," suggested Little Joe. "We gave an argument to some cops up on Manhattan Avenue, and somebody scrumbled this boy's face. But he says he knows Frankie Shapett and Wild Bill Rosher, even if they won't know him any more. Give a look, will you?"

Shapett gestured detainingly to his companion and followed Little Joe from the office and to the street. He hung in the shadow of the entrance to the building until Little Joe had opened the door of his car and displayed his passenger in good faith; Shapett crossed the sidewalk swiftly, popped into the cab, drew the shades and told Little Joe to drive slowly up Broadway.

Little Joe heard his first passenger relating, disjointedly and with appealing moans, the story of the battle in which he had taken his honorable wounds; Shapett went at once to the aspect of interest to himself.

"How long were you in the building before the cops came?"

"I'm telling you, boss. Louie and me and Stretch ride up to the top floor and pull up our bats out of our pants and bust in and begin to pound a guy in a bathroom. Well, that was all right, and we're pounding this guy, when what do we see but cops busting in after us and beginning to pound. I lam downstairs and out the back of this building, and me and this guy in front are pounding cops in a room, when somebody hauls off and lays one right on my pan. Well, that was all right and ——"

"The cops were tipped."

"Boss, they knew something, what I mean."

"Cross Fifty-ninth and down Sixth!" called Frankie Shapett to Little Joe, leaning forward and pulling shut the window to Little Joe's right. The latter, who could hear no more, drove to the barrier of Central Park as directed, turned eastward and then south, and was soon driving beneath the Sixth Avenue Elevated.

He was approaching Forty-fifth Street when he turned out to avoid a surface car. An open automobile had been tracking him for several blocks, making no attempt to pass him, despite his low speed; but now it rushed toward him. Its driver thrust it in between the taxicab and the line of

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REVOLT IN BILLBOARDIA

By Kenneth L. Roberts

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

THE main-traveled automobile highways of the Eastern United States are divided into belts, even though no record of these belts is maintained in such efficient organizations as the Bureau of Public Roads in Washington, District of Columbia, or the American Automobile Association. Some of the belts overlap or encroach on one another.

The Hot-Dog Belt, for example, is not so clearly defined as the Cave Belt or the Antique Belt or the Salt-Water-Taffy Belt or the Waffle Belt; and there are some belts, like the Knickerbockered-Lady-Tourist Belt and the Fried Clam Belt and the Trash Belt, which are badly or imperfectly controlled, and so erupt unexpectedly in hitherto unbelted sections of the country.

Small belts, like the Silver-Fox-Fur Belt, the Puppy-For-Sale Belt, and the Frog-Leg Belt, are often completely submerged in the Automobile-Yachting-Hat Belt and the Picnic-Grove Belt. It would consequently be manifestly unfair to apply any of these belt names to the heavily traveled automobile roads of the East; and yet these highways have attained a similarity of appearance, noise and smell, just as have certain parts of Europe, as a result of which it is desirable from the point of view of tourists, property owners and nerve specialists that they be grouped together under one general name.

By a fortuitous circumstance, the main-traveled roads from northern centers of population into the national capital meet in the charming city of Baltimore, home of Terrapin Maryland and daily front-step washing, and proceed to Washington through a countryside that is the very apotheosis of all the main-traveled automobile highways of the Eastern United States. It is as noisy as any of the other roads, and more ingenuity has been used in placing billboards in front of all its scenic vistas, and it is hotter, when the weather is hot, than almost any other Eastern highway; and those who travel on it appear to be even less interested in the pleasure and welfare of others and the well-being of the country through which they are passing than do the tourists that throng the other Eastern tourist lanes during the tourist season.

It also happens that more trees and rocks and hill slopes and flowery meads and lush river banks, along this road to our national capital, blazon forth the merits of various articles than do the rills and fields and woodlands along the roads of almost any other section of the United States.

Highways and Buy Ways

WHATEVER the reason, the road to Washington is apparently the center, so to speak, of Billboardia.

It seems reasonable and right that the main-traveled automobile highways of the Eastern United States should be united under the name Billboardia; for it means nothing whatever to say that one can reach Lake George by Route 9 or the Delaware Water Gap by Route 211, whereas it means a great deal to say that both Lake George and the Delaware Water Gap, like the city of Washington, are in Billboardia.

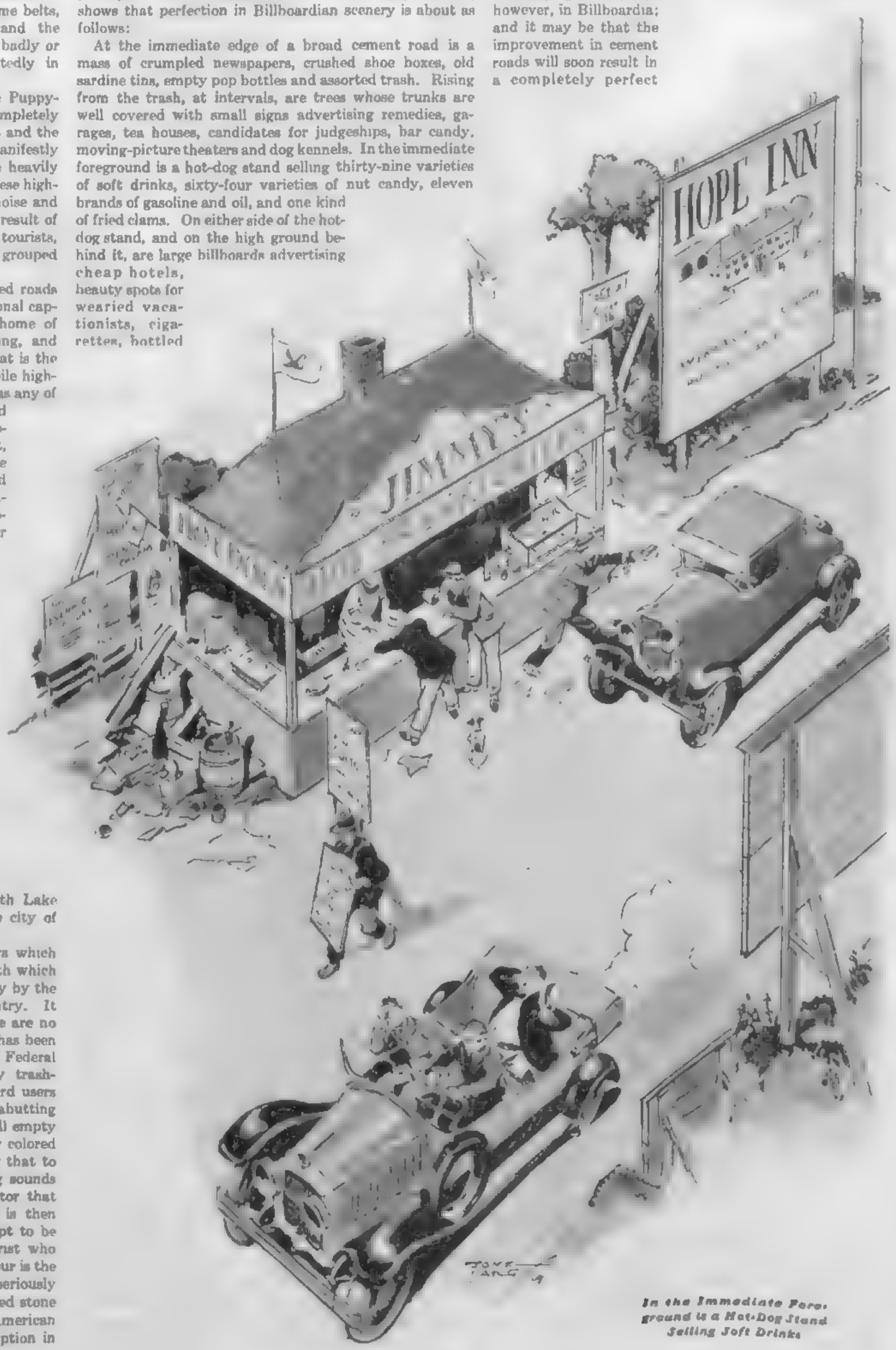
It is impossible to specify the exact highways which constitute Billboardia, because of the rapidity with which broad concrete roads—paid for almost exclusively by the taxpayers—are spreading throughout the country. It should be understood at the beginning that there are no dirt roads in Billboardia. But as soon as a road has been hard-surfaced with money taken from state or Federal taxpayers, it is at once heavily populated by trash-scattering motorists, billboard and small signboard users promptly take over the scenery, a majority of abutting homes hang out Tourists Accommodated signs, all empty barns break out in a sudden rash of brilliantly colored signlets, and motorists whiz along it so feverishly that to any stationary person the noise of their passing sounds like the explosions of a giant one-cylindered motor that is suffering from pulmonary trouble. The road is then in Billboardia, and those who travel on it are apt to be nervous and irritable in the extreme. A motorist who refuses to travel faster than thirty-five miles an hour is the recipient of looks so dirty as to make him think seriously of running his automobile into the nearest deserted stone quarry; and the constantly growing number of American divorces is thought, by many, to have their inception in the hard feelings engendered between happily married persons by automobile travel on the roads of Billboardia.

The highest ideals of Billboardian road decoration have never been clearly defined. A careful examination of the principal roads of Billboardia as it now exists, however, shows that perfection in Billboardian scenery is about as follows:

At the immediate edge of a broad cement road is a mass of crumpled newspapers, crushed shoe boxes, old sardine tins, empty pop bottles and assorted trash. Rising from the trash, at intervals, are trees whose trunks are well covered with small signs advertising remedies, garages, tea houses, candidates for judgeships, bar candy, moving-picture theaters and dog kennels. In the immediate foreground is a hot-dog stand selling thirty-nine varieties of soft drinks, sixty-four varieties of nut candy, eleven brands of gasoline and oil, and one kind of fried clams. On either side of the hot-dog stand, and on the high ground behind it, are large billboards advertising cheap hotels, beauty spots for wearied vacationists, cigarettes, bottled goods and various other products of America the Beautiful.

Absolute perfection is, of course, rarely encountered in Billboardia, any more than it is elsewhere; so even in Billboardia there are sections of highway where there is little roadside trash and few billboards—where, in short, the motorist gazes out across swelling hill slopes or scented marshlands or sun-dappled forests, and catches them in all their pristine nakedness.

Things grow rapidly, however, in Billboardia; and it may be that the improvement in cement roads will soon result in a completely perfect



In the Immediate Foreground is a Hot-Dog Stand Selling Soft Drinks

The Billboard Industry Has Used Great Ingenuity in Placing Billboards in Front of All Its Scenic Vistas

Billboardia—a Billboardia in which there will be no rolling green mountains, no lush meadowlands, no curving beaches to distract the eye.

How rapidly an infestation can grow in Billboardia may be seen by the records on that very prominent pest, the Japanese beetle. In 1920, in the state of Pennsylvania, whose roads, many of them, are included in Billboardia, there were only eleven square miles that were infested by the Japanese beetle and under regulation. The next year there were 57 square miles. In 1922 there were 217 square miles; 697 square miles were infested in 1923; 1105 square miles in 1924; 1302 square miles in 1925; 5292 square miles in 1926; 9829 square miles in 1927, and in 1928 there were just short of 10,000 square miles in course of being bedeviled and chewed and harried in the state of Pennsylvania alone by this dreadful, beauty-wrecking blight that had set its claws into a careless and helpless people before they knew what had descended on them.

No Bend Without a Billboard

THERE are no figures, unfortunately, on the increase in the amount of trash and the number of hideous hot-dog stands and billboards that destroy beauty and induce headaches along main-traveled highways, but there are some sections of Billboardia where they have increased and multiplied more noticeably than the Japanese beetle, even though the Japanese beetle still holds the official championship for fecundity.

From surface indications, in short, all of Billboardia is completely prosperous and contented, without so much as a cloud on the horizon, unless it be an artificial cloud on whose protuberant contours is painted a fascinating advertisement of the Washbucket Arms Hotel, and of the Distinctive Fish Dinner that it serves to Distinctive People at the Distinctive Price of $1.25. To the casual observer it seems obvious that in no time at all, as time is measured in this age of speed and business efficiency, all of Billboardia may adopt, as the motto for its coat of arms, the pregnant words No Bend Without a Billboard.

Under the surface, however, there are indications of a rising storm—of a revolution, in short—an American revolution against special privilege, which had a part, along with the blunders of Great Britain more than one hundred and sixty years ago, in provoking another American Revolution. This revolution that threatens to rear its head is a revolution against ugliness, a revolution against the signs which pock-mark the scenery along the great highways built with the money of all the people, so that all the people may more readily transport themselves from the congested business districts of their workaday lives to the fields and streams and forests of the unspoiled country.

Some of those who growl ominously and stir restlessly in this revolt are moved by one reason and some by another, just as in the case of the earliest American Revolution. Some are in revolt against ugliness because they do not wish to be forced to look at ugliness wherever they go, and some are in revolt because beauty pays the highest dividends and because ugliness drives away business. Some are big business men and some are architects and some are artists and some are plain tourists with an eye for beauty and a hearty dislike of traveling several thousand miles to see the same sort of hot-dog stands and billboard advertising and discarded lunch wrappers that they see at home; and some—the most numerous and the most persistent and the most determined—are women, members of the women's clubs in every state in the Union; women who live in clean homes on neat streets and are as quick to resent dirt and untidiness and ugliness on the roads they travel as they would be to resent such things in their own kitchens or in the schools to which they send their children.

Some of them, even, are the representatives of that part of the United States Government that has to do with the building and maintenance of roads, and their revolutionary utterances against the ideals of Billboardian road decoration are even franker and more freely expressed and more bitter than are the public utterances of any of the others.

All these people, then, are the prime movers in the revolutionary rumbling that may be heard in Billboardia by those who are able and willing to put their ears to the ground.

For every active revolutionist in Billboardia there are a hundred gentle souls who are restrained from becoming revolutionists by their fear of doing something that they shouldn't, by their fear of hurting the feelings of those who degrade and cheapen the highways.

"Go slowly!" say some serious-minded lawyers. "You cannot interfere with the manner in which a man uses his land, unless he transgresses against public health, public morals or public safety! When he does this, the police power can be used to put an end to his offenses, but the police power can only be invoked on behalf of public health, public morals and public safety. An eyesore on a man's land has nothing to do with public health, public morals or public safety. It's a matter of æsthetics, and courts don't recognize æsthetics. If you went to court to get protection for America's scenery, any sane judge would have you thrown downstairs. He'd jail you for contempt. To attempt to interfere with an eyesore would be unconstitutional. Nothing can be done about it unless the state's constitution is so altered as to permit interference with the eyesores that a man erects on his land. Don't get excited about these eyesores. Be calm! Let us work to get a constitutional amendment, so that we may legally put an end to them. Maybe in twenty years, or fifty years, or a hundred and thirty years or thereabouts, we can get a constitutional amendment and do something about it."

Native Sons to the Rescue

THE state of California, thanks to its excellent roads and its many fine backgrounds for advertising signs, has supported a flourishing Billboardia of its own for a number of years. In this Western Billboardia, as in the Eastern provinces of that same narrow demesne, revolution has reared its head. Californians do not seem to care to have a rival state of Billboardia set up in their midst, a Billboardia that will destroy much that California has worked so hard to build; and when a Californian revolts, he seems to revolt more ardently than an Easterner.

In the pages of the California Law Review, Chauncey Shafter Goodrich looks into the matter of Billboard Regulation and the Æsthetic Viewpoint for the California Law Review, and points out what many persons frequently overlook—that the world moves and that standards change. Thus, in 1900, the state of Illinois passed a statute prohibiting the use of the American flag for advertising purposes, but when this statute was put to the test in the courts, it was held to be unconstitutional because, although such advertising might "violate the idea which some people have of sentiment or taste," men are entitled to differ honestly on such matters, and it could not be said that the statute tended "in any way to elevate the morals or promote the welfare of the public." Today things are different, and no court would allow that men are entitled to differ on the use of the American flag for advertising purposes. Mr. Goodrich also reminds lawyers and jurists that Mr. Justice Holmes of the Supreme Court has declared: "It may be said in a general way that the police power extends to all the great public needs. It may be put forth in aid of what is sanctioned by usage, or held by the prevailing morality or strong and preponderant public opinion to be greatly and immediately necessary to the public welfare."

Mr. Goodrich then quotes a number of judicial utterances which justify his prediction that æsthetic considerations will soon be, if they are not already, sufficient reason to pass laws that will wipe out the rural billboards and the

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IF YOU ASK ME

By Edith Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY R. F. JAMES

WELL, Art, I promised to let you know how things went with the wife and I on the R. K. O., and I am taking my pen in hand to tell you that these unit bills are not what they are cracked up to be—so lay off. I am not knocking vaudeville artists, Art; they are all right when you play on the bill with them for a week or chew the rag with them for a few hours at the N. V. A.; but between you and I, it is enough to make a fellow want to give up his art when he has to work with them every week for thirty weeks. And especially when a fellow is like I, and does not like to butt in on other people's affairs—which he has to do sometimes, when he sees something going on that is not on the level, like when a cheap mammy singer like Earl Hanlon tries to come between a pal and his wife. But it is better if a fellow has no conscience at all, and lets people look after themselves, for he finds out, after he has made a Patsy of himself, that he is not appreciated, and even the wife jumps on him. Which is exactly what happened to Yours Truly, and I will take my pen in hand and tell you the dirt from the beginning, so you can be the judge of who is right or wrong—Jewell or me. And if you are a pal, Art, you will write and tell me I did the right thing to help out another pal, for Jewell is not speaking to me right now and my belly laughs are not coming. You know how it is, Art—a fellow cannot put his heart and soul into his work when the headache is off him.

Well, it was like this, Art: I guess you have played on the bill with Fanny and Jack Ford, and know their act, but in case you have forgot them, it is a mind-reading act, with Fanny on the stage, dressed up like an old gypsy, and Jack out in the audience, taking things from people, like a watch or cigarette case or letter, and Fanny calling out to him what it is and what is on them. They get off some good gags once in a while, like when he says, "What is written on this piece of paper?" and she answers, "Don't come tonight, honey; am expecting the husband." I am not sure how they work the act, but I know it is some trick, for if Fanny was a real mind reader she could of read what was in Earl Hanlon's mind and laid off. But it is easy to see it is a trick, for Fanny is not very refined and does not wait till they get to their dressing room to start the fights; and anybody that is around when they come off can get a pretty good idea how their act is done. It has something to do with signals, and if they get mixed up, the answer is wrong and they blame each other. But between you and I, Art, it is mostly Fanny's fault, for she is always dippy about some guy or other and her mind is not on her work. And if you ask me, the person that can do a mind-reading act with their mind somewheres else has not been born yet. Eh, Art?

I Can See the Old Girl is Getting Over, for She is Wiping Her Eyes and Jewell is Bending Over, Listening

You may have heard a lot about Jack Ford, but I am here to tell you there is not a word of truth in it, and he is one swell fellow and deserves the breaks as well as the next one.

He is not like most of these great guys that are always willing to have one with you when you make the sign, but manage to outfumble you when it is time to settle up. Jack is the kind of a fellow that always has his hand in his pocket, and is ready to start a fight with you if you as much as try to go fifty-fifty; and believe me, Art, that is a fellow after my own heart, for you know how it is in vaudeville—most of your pals have to answer to the headache for every penny, and cannot step down the street for a glass of beer without starting something about being down and out some day and not being able to get even a cup of coffee from the bums you are treating.

It is not like that with Yours Truly, but I can't help feeling sorry for the fellows that have to listen to it, and that is another reason I say Jack Ford is a great fellow, for he lets Fanny rave till the cows come home, and it don't mean a thing. He will go down the street just the same. Not that I think a man ought to show disrespect to the missus, Art, but you know how women are; they think a man can be bothered running to the post office right after the matinée on Saturday, and if he holds out as much as a couple of dollars for tips and things, it is money they are going to need in their old age. Of course, Jewell is more refined than Fanny Ford, and I could not treat her the way he does Fanny; but you have got to hand it to a fellow that does not care how much trouble he starts and gives the headache as good as she sends. Which is why I say Jack is one great fellow. So the first week we play in San Francisco, I and he become good pals and are still good pals, and that is why I was willing to go all the way for him and run the risk of starting trouble with Hanlon. But Jack says it will be two against one if he starts anything, so I guess there will be no trouble for Yours Truly, as even a guy that is six-foot-one is no match for two; especially when one of them used to work in a circus, which is what Jack did for ten years.

I guess you are wondering how this Hanlon heel got mixed up with Fanny and Jack, as he was not on our bill when we started; but believe me, Art, it would take all day to tell it, and I will have to save it for another time. But anyways, the trouble started when some dope booked The First of the Red-Hot Mammas and the Prima Donna Classique and Vaudeville's Sweetheart on the same bill. That ought to give you a rough idea what we was up against, Art; and I will say that as much of a lady as Jewell is, she forgot herself for once—which is another reason she is sore at me, for I say that when a girl is a wife and mother she cannot afford to make herself common. Well, the trouble ended when they canceled Bee Brady, and I am here to tell you her monniker is right and she is one red-hot mamma. So they switched this heel Hanlon over to our bill for a few weeks, and if you ask me, it will not be any longer, for what do those dopes mean, booking two male headliners on one bill?

I guess you have worked on the bill with Hanlon and know his act; but if you haven't, you know it anyways, for all he does is steal everybody else's act and call it his own. He is billed as the One and Only Earl Hanlon and between you and I, I hope it is true, for if vaudeville had more than one Earl Hanlon, I had just as soon be in another line. A fellow likes to believe his own act gets over because his audience appreciates class; and when a heel like that gets over like a million dollars, it makes him realize that his audience appreciates something else besides class, and he loses respect for them. Which is the way I felt, Art, when I had to follow Earl Hanlon. It made me so sick to my stomach when I saw the way they lapped up that mammy singer, I did not care whether I got over or not. If you ever had to follow a mammy singer, Art, you know how hard it is to get your audience going with you; especially if it is a mammy singer like Earl Hanlon, that makes them cry so hard they don't care if they ever crack another smile or not. One glimpse of their flat pans was enough to tell me it was going to be tough, but after five minutes and not a smile, I realized it would of been better if I had opened the bill or followed Ike Robbins' midgets.

I will give you an idea of the kind of act he does and you can decide if he is a heel or not. I could go on and do it blindfolded by now, for I have had to listen to it twice a day, and believe me, I would not have been able to stand it if I had not been trying to figure out some way I could bounce some laughs off him. I fell flat for a whole week before I thought of clowning his act, for believe me, it is hard going to wring laughs out of an audience that is all broken up thinking of their dear old mothers, and how they are going to die some day, and they will be sorry for not writing, and all that stuff, which is only a rough idea of all the hokum he puts over.

Well, he comes out first, following Fanny and Jack—and what a lucky break that is, if you ask me, for the audience is in the aisles when they quit, and all he has to do is open his mouth and they beat him to it. He has on a natty blue suit with a gardenia on his lapel, and a cane and felt hat, looking something like Joe Brennan, only not so classy. He stands there, careless, slipping his laughs over easy, the

way I do, with a Tom Lewis on his gags—that are mostly old-timers he lifted from other acts, and anybody that knows vaudeville can spot them right off. Well, the audience is too dumb to know they are not his own, so they go great. After he gets them going with him, he switches into a number which he says he wrote himself and, if you ask me, it sounds like it; but they eat it up, so what is the use? He calls it Lonesome Boy, and it is about the hard time performers have, traveling around from one place to another and never making real friends—the kind that help you when you are down and out—and how we are here today and gone tomorrow, and all there is in life for us is the few smiles we can give to the audience that is going to forget us the minute they leave the theater.

Now, I ask you, Art, is that begging them for it? It would slay you. His next number is about going back to the Blue Grass, and so help me, Art, these song writers would give you a pain. You would think that all they do down in Kentucky is to sit around and drink mint juleps and wait for the train that is going to bring the wandering boy home. Well, I have played all through the Blue Grass, and as far as I can see, the people down there are not nuts any more than they are anywheres, and they have plenty to do besides wait for the train that is going to bring Earl Hanlon home. If you ask me, some of the pals I met in Louisville would take one look at that mammy singer and order theirselves a good stiff drink. But anyways, he goes over like nobody's business; and I am dying, for how am I going to hand them class after the paluks he puts over?

But you have not heard anything, Art, until I give you an idea what Hanlon's last number is like. He begins serious, turning his hat in his hands and looking down at it, trying to act bashful; and between you and I, if the audience could hear the way he lays out the orchestra leader for playing too loud on his bashful patter, they would give him the raspberry, instead of falling for it the way they do. But get this, Art—the way he sells Old-Fashioned Lady for a finish. It will slay you. He starts out and does two verses and a chorus, and the audience is gaga, but he isn't satisfied with that. Instead of going into the second chorus, he goes into a patter like this. I can give it to you word for word, because I put it down when I was trying to figure out some way to gag on it.

"Now, folks," he says, "I don't want you to think I'm a regular mammy singer. I'm not. I don't believe in it. I wouldn't have the heart to sell my mother's love just to put myself across the footlights. [Get that, Art; he wouldn't have the heart!] It means too much to me, folks. Most of these mammy singers are more interested in the hand they get than they are in the mother's love they're singing about. [He's not, eh, Art?] But it's not like that with Yours Truly, folks, because—well, folks, [Get this, Art] because I haven't got a mother. [Wouldn't it slay you?] And that's the reason I'm singing a mammy song, folks—because of the mother's love I haven't got, the mother's love I had and lost, the mother's love that is the most precious thing in the world. We never realize how precious it is until it's lost, folks, and the reason I'm singing this song is to make you stop and think of the precious thing you have, before it's too late. Who is it that gets up in the morning and gets you off to work, never complaining of having a headache or being too tired, willing to slave from morning till night, day in and day out—and for what? Stop and think, folks. It's 'Ma, where's my hat?' and 'Ma, is my breakfast ready?' and 'Ma, did you mend my coat today?' That's what she's slaving for. We don't stop to thank her or kiss her cheek or bring her a rose now and then. She's just ma and she'll go on being just ma, until some day it will be too late, and you'll be without a mother, like I am. And you'll look back and think of all the things you could have said and done to make her realize you loved her. But don't wait till it's too late, folks. Go home today and tell her that you love her or take her some little something that will make her feel that it's all worth while, and that's why, folks, I'm singing to you today about that

"Old-fashioned lady,
That good old-fashioned lady,
That old-fashioned lady of mine."

Wow and finish.

Now, I ask you, Art. Is that asking them for it or not? There isn't a dry eye in the house when I walk on, and I got to lay there and crack wise with the orchestra leader, and he can't crack back at me like he's supposed to, because the sucker gets him too. I'm going some better now, since I started gagging off him, but my act will never be the same till that guy is off the bill, and that is one of the reasons I showed him up to Jack Ford. Not that you have to have a reason for showing up a guy that is trying to come between a man and his wife; but you know how it is in the profession, Art, and how performers hate to butt in other people's fights. But I would of wanted a pal to do the same thing for me, if Jewell had let a fellow like that come between us, which she never would of done, for she has more pride than to fall for an artist that does not put himself across legitimate. Not that Fanny is not a great girl and all, but a girl brought up in a circus, like she was, does not have the chance to improve herself and learn to tell the real artist from the phony—which is why she fell for Earl Hanlon. Him being easy to look at might have had something to do with it, for Jack is a great fellow, with

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The First Time I Noticed Fanny Has a Case on Him Was When I Saw Her Hanging in the Wings, Over and Over, Watching Him Do His Act

NOBLESSE OBLIGE

By Lucian Cary

ILLUSTRATED BY ORISON MACPHERSON

There Wasn't Time to Wrench His Left Arm Free. There Wasn't Time to Pick the Spot to Hit

It's aspiration that makes all the trouble. If Benny Powers had been content to be a good tough boy and not look upward to the things he wasn't born to, he wouldn't have found that week in Paris so expensive. But Benny would aspire. It wasn't enough for him to know that if he got the breaks he was going to be the champion. He had to know about the gentler side of life.

That was why he listened to the old maid on the boat. She was a nice old maid. Her name was Harriet Fordham. She was fifty and fat, but she still believed. She said Paris was the one romantic city left in all the world. Vienna had been romantic once, and St. Petersburg. But not any more. All the other young men made some excuse when Miss Fordham talked about the city of light, where love was still a thing of gayety and laughter. They made some excuse and went to the smoke room and had a drink, and took pains not to be caught again near Miss Fordham's deck chair. But Benny listened to her and learned about Paris and where you ought to go and what you ought to see

He listened also to the proud old duffer with the mustaches and the monocle. He wasn't an Englishman, after all. He was an American. He said that aristocracy had practically gone out of the world. He said that aristocrats were so few, you hardly ever met one. On this boat, for instance, there was none. He said there was none, but he had a nice way of making you feel he meant there was none except you and himself.

What did the rest have besides, of course, their money? They didn't know manners; they didn't know food or wine or clothes; and as for the spirit of *noblesse oblige*, they'd never even heard of it. Benny had never heard the phrase either. But he did not have to say so. The old duffer explained it at length. He said the true idea of *noblesse oblige* was never counting the cost. If you were a real aristocrat and there was something you felt you had to do for your inferiors, just because you were better than they, you did it, even if it cost you your life. These people all around you on the boat had money—more money than the world had ever seen before—but they didn't know what to buy with it.

The old duffer said he had actually seen a man put ice in his red wine and then drink it with the fish course. He was a multimillionaire, but he drank red wine with his fish. The old duffer shuddered. And these young men one was always stumbling over. They were rotten with money. But they came to dinner in knickerbockers. And those who did dress wore silk waistcoats with their dinner jackets, as if they didn't know a proper waistcoat was made of the same material as the dinner jacket and the trousers.

Benny listened, and when they parted at Southampton he loaned the old duffer a couple of hundred dollars and the old duffer loaned him a couple of addresses. That was how Benny came to walk out of Conduit Street and under an arch and through a narrow alley into Savile Row. He had a hard time finding the place, because he did not know the British way of pronouncing Conduit. But he got to Savile Row and to the address the old duffer had so specifically recommended.

It wasn't a place that put up any front. It was positively dingy. Benny figured that out. Benny saw that the last word in putting up a front was not to put up any front at all. Benny went in hoping they wouldn't ask him by what right he entered. They didn't. They weren't enthusiastic, even when Benny ordered eight suits. But they were polite. They called the cutter in to measure him.

The cutter measured Benny's chest. He measured Benny's waist. Then he raised his eyebrows and pursed his lips and took the measurements again. He nodded. It was true. Benny's chest was a fraction under forty and his waist was twenty-eight. There was almost twelve inches difference. When you're above the average height and have to make a hundred and thirty-five pounds the afternoon before the fight, you have no stomach at all. Your stomach is flat as a board, except for the corrugations of the muscles.

"We can make you a very good coat, sir," the cutter said respectfully.

Later, when Benny went in for his final fittings and he tried on the dinner suit, with a waistcoat of the same material as the rest of it, the cutter said, "It's a pleasure, sir, to have you wear those trousers, sir."

So the day he went to see Joe Brady off at the Gare du Nord, Benny would have been taken by almost anybody for one of those aristocrats the old duffer had said were so few nowadays. Joe Brady noticed it and remarked on it again. He was a fat man himself, and given to sartorial crimes, and it worried him to see Benny so soberly dressed.

"All for the quiet stuff, ain't you, kid?" Joe Brady said.

Benny smiled. He had long since learned that when you smiled you could often avoid saying anything at all, and he did not want to start an argument with Joe. It had been hard enough to persuade Joe to leave him in Paris. Now that he had Joe at the train gate with only a few minutes to go, he wasn't running any risk of giving Joe a chance to change his mind.

"Let's see your hand," Joe said.

Benny held out his right hand, which was bandaged. Joe took his hand in his plump palm. He studied the hand from several angles.

"Still swollen," he said.

"A little," Benny admitted.

Joe pushed back the soft bandage and manipulated the knuckles gently.

"Hurt?" he asked.

"It's a little tender," Benny said.

Joe Brady looked at his watch. It was five minutes to train time. People were hurrying through the gate and climbing aboard the little French train.

"Kid," Joe Brady said, "c'mon, go with me. You got time to buy a ticket. An' if you're with me I'll know you're all right."

"Now, Joe," Benny said, "you know I won't go out and make whoopee."

Joe Brady shook his head sadly. He had no taste in clothes. He didn't know the gentler side of life. He hadn't heard the things that Harriet Fordham had told Benny about the true charm of Paris. But he had insight.

"I know you won't, kid," he said. "An' mebbe that's what worries me. If you was any other boy I ever managed, I'd know the minute my back was turned you'd beat it out to Zelli's and get drunk. An' Joe Zelli'd see that you didn't get into any jam. Joe Zelli'd put you to bed. Getting drunk once in a while is all right when you ain't in training. You can always cure it with a Turkish bath. But you got notions. You can't cure notions so easy."

Benny gently pushed Joe Brady toward the train gate. Joe walked two steps and paused. He was in a bad spot. He had promised the boy he would leave him in Paris while he went on a week's trip, scouting for future matches.

"Listen, kid," Joe Brady said. "You got sumpin on your mind. You got some notion. What are you goin' to do while I'm gone?"

Benny smiled. "Nothing much, Joe. I only want to go places and see things."

"Go places and see things," Joe repeated bitterly. "That don't mean a thing. Not a thing. You ain't tellin' me nothin'. 'Course you wanna go places an' see things. Everybody wants to go places and see things in Paris. The question is, what places and what things?"

"I just want to walk around the town," Benny said.

"If you'd stick around where they know you it'd be all right," Joe said. "But you got some notion of goin' places they never hearda you."

"It's only for a week, Joe," Benny reminded him.

"Anything can happen in a week," Joe Brady said.

Benny saw it was a case of now or never.

"Joe," he said sharply, "you'll miss your train." He pushed Joe at the guard.

Joe Brady handed his ticket to the guard at the gate. The guard motioned him on through. But Joe paused, his large bulk blocking the gate.

"You keep on soaking that hand, kid," he said. "An' remember, we lose ten grand if that hand don't heal right in the next coupla weeks. You can't train as long as it's tender."

"No," Benny said, "I can't." He was worried about the hand himself. He had never had any trouble with a hand before, and it worried him. You can't be a champion if your hands are bad.

Joe looked at him, and Benny saw how much he objected to leaving him in Paris. It was against all his principles.

"You won't drink any Paris water, will ya?" Joe said.

Benny shook his head and smiled. He always drank the same brand of mineral water wherever they went.

"Well, so long," Joe said, and walked past the fuming guard and toward the train.

Benny watched him climb aboard the train. He waited until the brakeman blew his little whistle and the train began to move. Joe had actually gone. Benny turned and walked happily out of the Gare du Nord. He was alone in Paris. He was alone in Paris, and in his breast pocket was a great sheaf of those large pastel-colored notes that call for a thousand francs each. He was alone in Paris and he was going to do things he couldn't explain to Joe Brady.

II

BENNY POWERS went back to the excellent modern hotel in the Rue Scribe, where Joe Brady had taken rooms for them both, and packed a suitcase and a small trunk. He couldn't pronounce the name of the hotel on the Left Bank that Harriet Fordham had recommended as truly French, but it was a simple matter to write the address on a slip of paper and hand it to the taxi driver. The driver nodded. He drove across the Seine and through narrow streets to the Rue des Saints-Pères and drew up in front of an ancient doorway of stone.

Benny got out and went into the hotel and endeavored to explain to a Frenchman who knew no English that he wanted a room. After ten unhappy minutes Benny resorted to the language of signs. It was accomplished. He walked up a flight of worn stone steps to a truly French hotel room—a room with an enormous *armoire*, a tiny fireplace, a comfortable bed and a wall paper of a hideousness known only to France.

The long French window opened on a narrow balcony. Benny opened the window and sat on the balcony, watching the life of the street below. He could see three of the corners where the next street crossed. There was a branch post office on one corner, a restaurant on the second corner, and a little café on the third corner. Busses stopped every two or three minutes to pick up passengers and charged noisily on. Taxicabs bleated. People were going home from work.

Benny was disappointed in himself. He couldn't get the feeling Harriet Fordham had told him he would have. It was different from, say, the corner of University Place and East Eleventh Street in New York. But it was not enough different.

He walked down to the river and along the quays as far as Notre Dame. He stood leaning on the parapet and looking at the gray bulk of Notre Dame, anchored amidstream. It was September. The leaves of the horse-chestnut trees had fallen. The leaves of the plane trees were beginning to fall. It was not gay. It was sad. Paris was not young. Paris was an old, old city. It made Benny feel that he was old. He was twenty-three and Paris made him feel that life was almost over.

He took a cab to Montmartre. He went clear to the top of the butte and dismissed the cab at the steps of Sacré-Cœur. He climbed the steps to the door of the cathedral without looking back, exactly as Harriet Fordham had told him to do. At the top he turned and looked at all Paris spread before him in the gathering dusk. It was charming. It was so old and worn it brought the tears to your eyes. It was so old and worn that Benny Powers longed for something bright and clear and sharp and startling -like the sky line of New York as you come up the harbor.

For four days Benny Powers explored Miss Fordham's Paris. He breakfasted on chocolate and croissants at the Deux Magots. He stood in the Louvre, gazing at the Winged Victory. He drove out the Bois to Armenonville and dined in solitary state outdoors under the trees, with four waiters to serve him, and watched two happy couples dancing, and knew that one should go to Armenonville only to dance. He visited the Cluny Museum and the tomb of

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He Sat Under the Awning of the Café de la Paix for Two Days. And Then, After Dinner, on His Last Evening, He Heard a Voice He Knew

A NEW WAY TO FLY

By Juan de la Cierva

Mr. Cierva, in the Cockpit of His Machine, Talking With Harold Pitcairn

AN OLD Spanish general paid a visit to the Getafe army air field at Madrid one day in 1921. He was such a general as perhaps all armies know—a brisk, hearty, no-nonsense old soldier who believed only what he saw with his own eyes, and not always that. Except at a distance, he never had seen an airplane, and he was not wholly persuaded that there was any such bird. But when he had watched a while, he believed. Whereupon he must ride. His inferiors deferentially strapped him into the observer's seat of a fast army ship. As the pilot revved up his motor for a take-off the general held a hand aloft in signal.

"Captain," he shouted, "I command you to fly low and slowly!"

Everyone laughed—discreetly, of course, the general being serious, and a general. I laughed, too, but when I thought it over I concluded that the general was right. He was voicing the great common sense of the people. The ideal way to fly, unless you are in a great hurry, is low and slow, but I need not tell even the layman in this air-minded age that low and slow is no way to fly an airplane; the lower and the more slowly the greater the hazard. In that case, as the general might have said, there is something wrong with your machine.

After some ten years in experimentation, study and the building of airplanes, I was in 1920 working on the idea of the autogiro, a new form of flight. It is not an airplane, neither is it a helicopter. It can fly low and slowly as commanded by the general.

It can land vertically and stop in its tracks, or it will glide into a landing, hover a moment and sit down, as one reporter has described it, "like a tired hen." It will take off in half the space necessary to any airplane, and will climb with much less forward speed. With the motor dead or idling, it will drift down to earth more slowly than a man falling in a parachute. It will fly at twenty-five to thirty miles an hour, and in perfect safety, at just enough height to clear the telephone wires, trees and housetops.

On the other hand, it has a top speed of only a few miles an hour less than that of an airplane of like weight and horse power, and that differential probably will be wiped out as design is refined. Present models will fly better than one hundred miles an hour and above ten thousand feet, if desired. On take-off, it will climb at angles 50 to 90 per cent steeper than possible to an airplane, permitting take-off from a space nearly as constricted as that in which it can land.

No Plane for Stunts

IT IS simple in its mechanism; the rotor, its distinctive feature, being automatic and foolproof in its action. It can be skidded around turns near the ground without risk; it cannot be stalled, spun or stunted; can calmly sit down if it meets an obstacle on take-off; can grope its way through fogs or fly over the ceiling without worry about getting down.

The parallel between the airplane and the motor car regularly is drawn. For example, in 1909 there were so many thousand automobiles in the United States; in 1929 there are twenty millions. The inference is that the skies will be as crowded with airplanes in 1949 as your streets are congested today with cars.

But only a few enthusiasts will deny that the airplane never can be operated as casually as you, your wife and your older children drive the family car. It is not a matter of price. It is that a high order of skill and physique, together with much and continuous experience, is necessary to the safe flying of a plane. In addition, the plane demands such large and improved areas for landing and take-off that you commonly must travel miles from your home to a field and more miles from another field to your destination, sometimes losing more time than you have saved in flight. It is conceivable that American cities might raze all the buildings on four or six square blocks downtown at tremendous cost to provide a convenient airport, but no one talks of designing an airplane that will alight on and fly from the roof of a building.

I do not predict that the autogiro will be flown as matter-of-factly as we now drive our cars; probably not in our time, and after our time we may expect still better flying machines. Yet the autogiro does approach the automobile in safety and general utility.

An Earlier Autogiro, Without Fixed Wings, in Flight, a Mechanical Devil's Darning Needle

The Windmill

IF THESE claims sound fantastic, as they must to many who scarcely have heard of the autogiro, no matter. I leave the proof to the pudding. In the United States the machine already is familiar to Philadelphians, where it has been undergoing experimentation and tests for a year. It has been seen in flight at Langley Field and at the recent Cleveland Air Show. In Europe it has flown the circuit of England and from London across the Channel to Paris and on to Brussels, Rotterdam, Berlin and back.

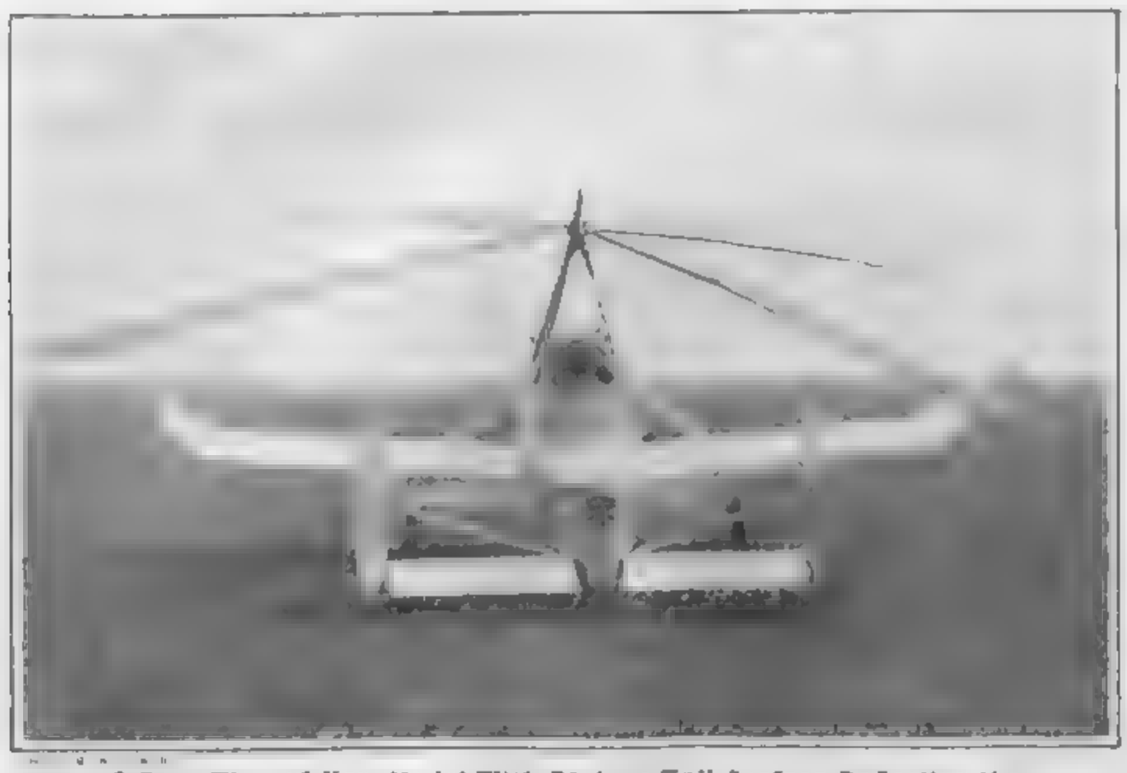
At first sight the autogiro commonly is mistaken either for a helicopter or for an airplane with a windmill atop it. A helicopter is a flying machine in which the propeller is located above the ship and horizontal to it, pulling it vertically into the air and holding it back in vertical descent. Because the rotor of the autogiro looks like an overhead propeller, it suggests a helicopter.

The autogiro is not an airplane, because it has no planes—that is, wings. True, present models have a small fixed wing surface for minor utility, but I have built and flown them without fixed wing surfaces, even without lateral ailerons. Wings are the fundamentals of an airplane of any type. They, in connection either with the forward thrust of the propeller or the gravity force of descent, permit it to fly.

Instead, the autogiro is supported in the air almost entirely by its rotor, or windmill. These four flexible, revolving blades are operated wholly by air currents. They are automatic in their action and independent of the power plant. Revolving slowly, they adjust themselves to the air currents at whatever force and from whatever direction the latter strike the blades. In climbing or in level flight they buoy the ship up; in descent they hold it back.

They supply no forward speed, do not drive the ship in any way. If the motor fails, the autogiro must descend, but it descends gently and in full control. At the present time the autogiro will not glide quite so far as an airplane, but it has no need to do so. The pilot may descend vertically at the gentle rate of thirteen to sixteen feet a second, setting down on shock absorbers, or he may glide in at any speed, stop in the air a moment, and settle with no forward speed.

These rotor blades, then, really are revolving wings, though they look nothing like airplane wings. Probably the first flying machine ever attempted by man, beginning with Leonardo da Vinci, had flapping wings in imitation of the birds. Except that they are rigid, an airplane's wings function as do those of a bird. The autogiro wings ignore the birds; they do what no wings in Nature do—they rotate and are passive.



A Rear View of New Model With Biplane Tail Surface Deflecting the Slip Stream Into the Rotor Blades

Except for its rotor and the smallness of its fixed wings, with their curiously tilted edges, an autogiro looks very much like an airplane. The controls are the same, the instrument boards alike, and the fuselages nearly identical. It has an airplane motor and propeller to drive it forward—though I cannot emphasize too often the fact that the motor has absolutely nothing to do with the rotor.

The rotor, or windmill, as you Americans call it correctly enough, gives the autogiro an awkward look. That may be due to the fact that we haven't bothered as yet about its appearance; more likely, it merely is because it is strange to the eye. At any rate, it appears that those who come to laugh at its looks remain to cheer its performance.

Its performance is unquestioned in so far as it goes. I suppose that some inevitably wonder if it will do tomorrow and every day under service conditions what it does today on parade, and if it will behave as docilely for others as it does for Mr. Harold Pitcairn and myself. It will. The chief doubt, however, left in the minds of professional observers seems to arise from what they call the flimsiness of the rotor blades. Surely, it is argued, four long thin blades that bend under their own weight when idle are not to be depended upon to support a burden of, say, three thousand pounds in flight; at least, under service conditions.

No one told me so to my face, but I understand that a not infrequent verdict at the Cleveland Air Show was expressed: "He undoubtedly has something important there, but it has a long way to go yet. That rotor will have to be a lot stronger." Let me say here, as emphatically as I can, that if the autogiro has any practical value at all, it has not a long way or yet a little way to go. Every fundamental problem has been solved; only refinement remains. The flimsiness charge is a complete misapprehension, growing out of failure to understand the theory and performance of autogyrated flight. It is much as if a sailor were to complain of a railroad train that it carried no lifeboats.

Perhaps I can explain it in simple language. We have a fable in Spain of the proud and mighty oak and the little willow, which grew side by side. A great wind blew. The oak breasted the gale, disdaining to bow to it, but the willow bent almost double, groveling its branches in the mud. Then a tremendous gust came. The oak shivered and crashed, uprooted. When the wind died and the sun came out the oak lay prostrate, a fallen giant, while the willow was doing business as usual, erect and waving its branches.

Flimsiness the Secret of Strength

THE oak of the fable is the airplane, the willow the autogiro, though actually there is no such disparity in their structural strengths. But flexibility—the "flimsiness" of the critics—is the autogiro's secret. It is not a liability but rather its chiefest asset. The autogiro does not fight the air as does the airplane; it humors it. Were this not so, we should build rotor blades as strong as bridge members. There is no reason why we should not, except that it would be all wrong both in theory and practice. Only once has a rotor blade broken. That was on the first British machine, where, unwisely, I deferred to the insistence of English engineers that the blades were not strong enough. They built them stronger and more rigid, and that rigidity caused one to snap. This is a mistake I shall not repeat.

The advantages—the necessities, in fact—of flexibility are a commonplace in engineering. A good example is the propeller of the airplane itself. You can bend a steel airplane prop farther with your hand when it is idle than three hundred horse power will flex it in turning it two thousand times a minute. Centrifugal force again.

Why, one of the early German dirigibles, the Parseval, had a cloth propeller—just that. There were weights in the end of each cloth blade. Idle, they hung as limply as so many stockings. Revolving, centrifugal force transformed them into fairly effective propeller blades. They were replaced by a better propeller, but you see the principle.

Feathers are flimsy, yet remove them from a bird's wings and observe the effect on the bird's attempts to fly. See how the infinitely delicate gauze wings of the butterfly serve it. Ask a bridge engineer if he builds a great bridge

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Wherever man has tried to copy Nature slavishly he has failed. He has succeeded best where he has struck out on his own. The wheel is a far superior means of locomotion to the leg, even though the automobile cannot follow the horse over the hedge.

The diameter of the rotor blades varies, of course, according to the size of the machine. Those on the autogiro flown at Cleveland were thirty feet. Each blade is a steel tube covered with laminated wood to produce the proper air-cutting surface and angle. The four are attached by universal joints to a vertical shaft supported above the fuselage by a quadripod built integrally into the body of the ship. Remember the universal joint; it is important. It means that each blade may move up, down and horizontally independently of the others.

Coming Into a Landing

When the autogiro stands idle the rotor blades hang limply. As they commence to revolve, centrifugal force begins to operate. All of you have known, though some may have forgotten, that centrifugal force pulls a revolving object outward to a horizontal plane and tends to hold it there. At a sufficient speed of rotation this force, then, balances the action of the air on the blades. That is, if the autogiro is descending, the upward rush of the air tends to pull the blades up to a vertical position, where they would cease to support the ship, but centrifugal force holds them approximately horizontal. However they actually deviate from the horizontal to meet the changing air pressures, centrifugal force dampers and checks this straying. And only less important to an engineer, this force transmits all stress from the blades to the body of the autogiro. Such stresses as are exerted on the blades and the universal joint are practically in tension only. An airplane wing has the benefit of no such intercession from a natural force. It must meet all stresses directly and unaided, bending according to its strength and the force exerted against it.

Riding on Air Currents

TO EXPRESS it in engineering terms, the stability is perfect, since the resultant of the air reactions on the rotor passes always through a point, the center of the articulations, which is, in consequence, the metacenter, situated above the baricenter, the condition for stability. This and the flexibility of the blades give a smoothness and comfort in the air in bumpy weather. Centrifugal force, of course, is a constant of Nature. So, too, is the rotation of the blades, one might say; for as long as the autogiro is moving in any direction, the air currents must turn the blades. Hence the autogiro cannot possibly be put into a position in flight where the rotor will cease to function fully.

The Autogiro Settling to Earth "Like a Tired Hen"

FUTURE ASSURED

By J. G. Cozzens

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

WHAT can I do, Richard?" asked Jameson James, 2d. He leaned back from his heavy mahogany desk, tossing a sheath of papers aside. "Got a job yet?"

It seemed to Richard Clayton unnecessarily offensive. Or at least unnecessarily cautious. There was no real reason for Jimmy James to sit so smugly on the battlements of Burke, Heighlone & Co., looking down on all comers.

"I haven't," said Richard. "And you know very well I haven't," he allowed himself to add.

Jimmy James smoothed his nicely brushed blond hair and made a little sympathetic, clicking sound with his tongue.

"I suppose," he said, "what you really want to do is get a job from the old man."

His trace of patronage was probably justified, and this wasn't exactly the moment to take Jimmy down a peg; so Richard said, "Yes, I do. As a matter of fact, Mr. Burke told me at graduation ——"

Jimmy James waved it away as though it were the funniest thing in the world. "Richard," he said indulgently, "you must know that he tells all Sibling Club men that. It doesn't mean a thing. At the moment, I'm quite sure there isn't anything."

"Maybe," said Richard, "you wouldn't know about it."

Jimmy pushed such an absurd notion lightly aside. "As a matter of fact," he said, with apparent consternation, "there is a vacancy, or there's going to be. In the Philadelphia office, Richard. I hope he's not going to offer you that."

"Why?" asked Richard. "Are you afraid he probably is?"

"Philadelphia!" said Jimmy hopelessly. "It's the standing joke. No future. You have to be in New York, Richard. Any man who gets sent to Philadelphia is finished. Absolutely."

"It seems pretty hard on Philadelphia," Richard said. "I'm surprised there aren't more suicides."

"We do very little business there," Jimmy explained, dismissing it. "My dear fellow, I know what you think. You think just what I thought ——"

"I do, like the devil," Richard told himself. "If I couldn't think any better than that I'd jump in the river."

"You think," repeated Jimmy James, "that because you were president of Sib, a job's just waiting for you to fall into it." That was a good joke. Jimmy chuckled. "Well, it's not," he said, and pretty pleased he was. "You've got to show what's in you. The best way to get a job with the old man is to start somewhere else, and then"—Jimmy gave advice magnificently, if there was anything in the adage that you gave twice when you gave quickly—"see that the old man knows how you're getting on!"

"And how," asked Richard, controlling himself, "do you think I'd better do that? Send him flowers or ring him up every day?"

Jimmy laughed with the best will in the world. "Just don't let Mr. Burke forget you're in town. Now, if I were you, I'd pay a little attention to Mrs. Burke. She's always liked you more than any of Arthur's friends. Arthur told me so himself, before he left for Oxford."

"I should think," Richard said with careful calm, "that I'd better pay attention to Molly. Wouldn't it look better? After all, Molly has been up at college often enough to make it seem almost natural. Nearer my age too."

"Oh," Said Molly Burke, "I Think Mother Was Going With Me"

Jimmy James paused. He seemed to be giving it his closest consideration. "On the whole, no," he pronounced. "In the first place," he pointed out, suddenly practical, "you have to think about the cost. It's easy enough to drop in and have tea with Mrs. Burke. She'd like it. But Molly," he said, energetically shaking his head in frank disapproval—"you'd have to take her around, and that costs money, Richard. You won't be making much, you know."

Richard knew. He also had time to wonder how Jimmy knew, as apparently he must, that Richard's uncle had unceremoniously withdrawn his support.

"You didn't do any work that I ever heard of, my boy," Richard heard the old man saying. "In fact, though your career reads pretty well in the Senior Album, it hasn't impressed me a great deal. Glad you had a good time. But until I die, when I'll be happy to leave you what I have—well, meantime, you seem to have done a lot for your club friends. Maybe they can help you out." Richard looked at the "club friend" in front of him and the remark took on a certain grimness he hadn't noticed at the time.

"Another thing," said Jimmy James, leaning forward. "It's none of my business, Richard, but that suit you have on isn't quite what it was. I wouldn't wear it any more. Little things like that sometimes make a difference. You're coming to the Burkes' for dinner tomorrow, I heard. Well, don't forget what I said about Mrs. Burke. See you then. Good luck."

"You'd wear this suit if you were I," said Richard, "and you're right, it's none of your business. Good-by."

In the elevator he reflected that perhaps it hadn't been altogether discreet to tell Jimmy where to get off. He hadn't, he knew, a chance of getting through to Mr. Burke on business, however often he might be invited to dinner. He'd have to depend on Jimmy a good deal. Just the same, he was appalled to discover what was plainly and obviously a bounder carrying the Sib watch charm. He was even, as president of the club, thinking of a tactful and dignified method of obtaining a resignation so obviously required when, coming onto the street, he realized that hypothetical Sibling Club affairs were no longer his first concern. His first concern was a cheap place to eat. The place finally selected had nothing to recommend it, except, he thought, perching on a stool, that suits not what they were wouldn't be conspicuous enough to cause any embarrassment.

Mrs. Gonzales was the handsomest woman Richard ever remembered seeing. She was large—large in a tall, foreign manner—with striking carriage of the head, a deep-bosomed poise—a *grande dame* of not too subtle fiction. It was astonishing to find her in the flesh, as real as her remarkable emeralds. Richard was flattered in spite of himself, for Mrs. Gonzales regarded him with a close, reserved attention. He could not tell whether she knew anything about music or not, whether she cared; but he was safely in a field of his own, and he maintained it; certain, at least, that he wouldn't give Jameson James, across the table, the satisfaction of seeing him pay a jot more attention to Mrs. Burke than civility demanded.

"Do you see what I mean?" he asked Mrs. Gonzales.

She moved her head slightly. "Inspiration?" she said. "Yes, I am sure it is of importance. Let me ask you, Mr. Clayton, do you speak so well and so fluently through inspiration, or is it maybe hard study, or are you perhaps a musician?"

Richard smiled. "I'm not a musician," he admitted, "and I don't study hard because I haven't time. Convictions are anybody's property; at least, aesthetic convictions."

"I do not quite understand that," protested Mrs. Gonzales.

"I mean that art is a thing aside from personality. You see that best in some of the greatest opera singers. Their art—that is, their voices—is one thing; their personalities, as seen in their usually execrable acting, quite another. Now take Lola Pani, whom you've probably heard, for instance ——"

Mrs. Gonzales' Latin voice, quietly vibrant, cut in on him. "Young man," she said, "it may be you do not know, but I am Lola Pani."

Richard supposed two seconds passed before he said anything, but he might easily have lived a year, with reeling sense and scarlet face, conscious, in the silence between them, of the other conversations placidly pursued—Molly telling her father something, Jimmy James speaking smoothly to Mrs. Burke.

Finally Richard said, "Oh, I beg your pardon."

Plainly, it did not matter what he said now. Mrs. Gonzales had snapped open a long ivory cigarette case, removed from it an extraordinarily slender straw-tipped cigarette. Into the exquisitely formal arrangement of flowers and gold before her, she shot an undisciplined arm, twitched a candle from its socket and lighted the cigarette.

"Put it back, please, John," she said to Mr. Burke, handing the candle to him.

Richard's eyes mechanically followed the candle. Mr. Burke, his seamed face ruddy on the cheeks, looked entirely good-humored—amused, you might think, by Lola Pani's idiosyncrasies. Richard knew, with a rather giddying sense of relief, that Mr. Burke could not have heard. His breath eased gratifyingly; he almost forgot Lola Pani in the magnitude of his relief. Mr. Burke, Sibling's first president and honored founder, would be chary of the reputation, so completely committed to the Sibling Club's care, of one of the oldest and proudest of Eastern universities. Sibling Club members simply did not make mistakes such as not knowing that Mrs. Gonzales was Lola Pani.

His eyes went on swiftly, through the flowers and candlelight, seeking Molly Burke and Jimmy James. Molly, her chin up, was more or less looking at him, but Jimmy was talking steadily. They hadn't heard either, he concluded, nor, plainly, had Mrs. Burke. The world, which had stood so still, moved on with a comforting jerk. Salad had appeared before him. Mrs. Gonzales talked calmly to Mr. Burke, her thin cigarette eating itself away. Molly was still looking at him, Richard realized, and he looked back amiably. Molly was not such a child as he remembered her from the football tea dances. There was something notably more serene about her; she seemed to look less like Arthur, too, and consequently a great deal prettier.

Even as he watched, she leaned forward a little and addressed him in a quiet semidrawl: "Will you be hearing a lot of music while you're in town, Richard?"

With a disagreeable shock he saw that friendliness had not been the question's motive. She must have heard, after all, and she managed very capably to convey the impression that more music might be a good thing for him to hear if he purposed to discuss it so thoroughly.

"Probably," he answered, recovering himself. "But I expect to be rather busy." Above his white tie, Jimmy James' bright face looked civilly skeptical at this idea. Molly seemed to smile in much the same fashion, and he thought that whatever else the last year had done for her, she had undoubtedly lost a certain earlier charm of manner. He let his eyes slide away and met Mrs. Burke's. She asked what sort of work he would be busy at.

Richard evaded it. The question though she probably didn't know it—was altogether too pat, too pointed. Not that her husband would be likely to have said anything to her about hints or promises he passed out in the relaxing atmosphere of the Sibling clubhouse. Neither would she know anything, unless she learned it by deduction, of the university legend that members of Sib became automatically junior vice presidents of the better banking houses. Mrs. Burke would be pained, he imagined, if she could know how hard up he, Richard Clayton, was right that minute.

"What do you hear from Arthur?" he asked. While he did it he could feel Jimmy James' eyes on him with a certain reluctant approval. Too much time had already been spent on Mrs. Gonzales, who didn't matter, but Jimmy found this an improvement in technic. Richard did his best to ignore Jimmy James, directly and significantly, but he knew it was being lost, for Jimmy had turned his attention almost at once to Molly again.

Richard relinquished his fork abruptly. Mr. and Mrs. Jameson James, 2d. Certainly it was too much the right thing not to have occurred to Jimmy. But even admitting that Jimmy was in every way a suitable match for John Burke's daughter, there was still something about it Richard didn't like—some hint of that acute, meticulous care for Jameson James' aggrandizement and advantage. Lowering his eyes, Richard saw, a slanting glimpse through the flowers, the tiny gold Sibling wolf's head on Jimmy's white waistcoat.

Salad had changed to a frozen dessert. Dinner was ending. They arose, moving out along with the other guests. It was then that Richard Clayton, considering Jimmy's black shoulders and Molly Burke's white ones, moving in front of him, felt two fingers on his arm. She was holding a new straw-tipped cigarette in her hand, unlighted.

"Listen, my young friend," she said, the Latin r's trilling; "I am sorry if I have been unpleasant to you. I have a temper. You will not think of that any more. If you truly care for music, I will show you that I am as concerned with my art as you would have me." She stretched out a hand, touching Molly Burke's back. "I am asking Mr. Clayton to my rehearsal, where I asked you, child. It is suitable you have an escort."

"Oh," said Molly Burke, "I think mother was going with me."

"Then we will have Mr. James, too, and afterward we can make a party at my place. No," she said to Richard, "I do not want a light. This I keep here in order that I will not forget, light another, oversmoke, and spoil my beautiful voice."

Friday he ate again at the place downtown. Mr. Richard Clayton dined at the Not What They Were Club. That, perhaps, was facing misfortune with just a shade too conscious a shrug. And really, there had been no reason to suppose that Arrowsmith & Arrowsmith had wanted anyone. On the whole, it might be more sensible to write Mr. Burke and ask for a job, even the job in Philadelphia, which couldn't require much, because he'd heard Jimmy's remarks confirmed elsewhere. Richard shrank from it. It was more graceful and dignified to have jobs offered. Then you did what was known as accept a position. The phrase came from the Alumni Bulletin.

He glanced at his watch, remembering abruptly that it was tonight Mrs. Gonzales had invited him to the rehearsal. He had, he saw, an hour, but he continued to look at the watch. The customary token from the alumni board of

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"I'll Go Home With Richard. Even if He Can't Remember to Call for Me, I'll Trust Him to Get Me Back"

Young Man of Manhattan

By Katharine Brush

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"Did You Kiss Her, Toby?" He Could Not, for a Moment, Answer Anything at All

III

THE bedroom of the McLeans' apartment was large, as apartment bedrooms go. The twin beds were not in the way, and one could cross directly, without detours, from door to chiffonier, from chaise longue to dressing table to full-length mirror set in the closet door. It was a pretty room, lit cozily at night by a tall pair of shaded lamps on the dressing table and a single lamp on the stand between the beds. There were lights in the ceiling also, but Ann, who hated a glare, had unscrewed the bulbs in the fixture slightly, so that, click the wall switch though you would, they did not light.

The windows, of which there were three, were recessed and hung with glazed chintz curtains, in powder blue and lavender touched with black. The box that concealed the radiator filled the space under one of the windows, and Ann had had similar boxes built in the two corresponding spaces—small window seats covered with cushions. On one of these seats—the one below the window that never would open—a red-haired doll from Paris sat with her long legs crossed, jauntily smoking a flannel cigarette.

The carpet was dull purple, the lamp shades softly gold. The dressing table was a frivolous petticoated one, and numerous little lacy pillows heaped the chaise longue. In effect, the room was much more Ann's than it was Toby's. Except for the military brushes on the top of the chiffonier, the bulldog pipe in the ash tray on the stand, and such occasional transient contributions to the scheme as a crumpled shirt cast into a chair or a dress collar hung on a bedpost, or a pair of enormous cordovan shoes on the rug, it seemed all Ann's room, all feminine.

Toby at first had complained of this—albeit quite cheerfully.

"Let's put in a cuspidor," he had said. "Or a shelf of shaving mugs. Just some little touch, to make it a bit more co-ed."

"Don't you like it?" Ann had asked, wide-eyed. "I think it's darling!"

"Sure I like it. As a boudoir for a beauteous baby it can't be beat. But," said Toby, "what am I doing in it? Who's that man seen slinking in and out? No fooling," he added, "I feel immoral in it. Every time I start to go out in the hall I feel as if I ought to look both ways."

Ann thought that that was a very good thing indeed.

"Keep feeling like that!" she enjoined him, smiling.

This room was the scene of their first conversation about Puff Randolph; they had been back home, alone, for a quarter of an hour. Though it was only eleven o'clock, Ann had already retired, pleading utter exhaustion. In a pale yellow negligee trimmed with yellow ostrich feathers that caressed her throat and trembled against the backs of her hands, she sat propped up in the corner twin bed, against her pillow and Toby's borrowed one. A book she meant to read until she grew sleepy lay on the quilt in her lap, unopened as yet.

Beside her, on the little table, the golden lamp beamed over a green-painted vacuum bottle, a lavender *cloisonné* clock, a notebook and pencil, a ball of lace handkerchief, and the several other books they were currently reading: The Sun Also Rises, plays by Eugene O'Neill, volume one of An American Tragedy, Pierre Louys' Aphrodite, and The Best News Stories of the year before, hugged together by a wedding-present pair of silver book ends.

Toby intended to work. He was fully dressed save for coat and cravat, and he would not sit down; while he smoked and talked to Ann about Puff he prowled the room restlessly, as if at any moment he might bolt for the door, and away.

"On the story?" Ann had asked, when he announced his intention of working.

This meant Cabaret Lady. Ann asked about it with increasing frequency these days, in a tone a shade reproachful, faintly goading. While daily he watched the mails at the office for the chosen magazine's verdict on the manuscript, Toby continued to allow her to think that it still was not more than half finished. It even perversely pleased him to have her think so, to feel the faint burb in her tone. She would be apologetic, and doubly proud and happy, when she knew.

"Yeah," he said now. "On the story."

Ann regarded him thoughtfully.

"What brought this on?" she wondered aloud after a minute. "You haven't touched it for days, have you? And here, on a Saturday night, when you're dead tired——"

"I'm not tired," Toby said quickly. He was, but he wanted to forget it. "I had an idea," he explained equivocally. "Just came to me, riding back. I think I know how I can wash it up."

He had had an idea; that much of what he said was true. He would write a character study of Puff Randolph.

He would call it Portrait of a Gilded Child, and he would write it now—tonight! His mind was full of it. His mind had thought it all out while his voice interrogated his subject, while his reporter's eyes and ears gathered her in completely, all the way from Princeton to New York. Portrait of a Gilded Child—a satirical thing, a sensational thing, a knock-out!

But he would not tell Ann. Not till afterward.

Contemplating what he meant to do, he had begun this pacing, back and forth and over and around, his voice going with him, strings of cigarette smoke trailing him, lassoing him, when he turned. Impatient though he was to get to work, he was glad to be detained for these few minutes by talk of Puff. To quote her for Ann's benefit, to hear himself describe and comment and narrate aloud, helped to crystallize the stream of his inspiration.

"So then she said she'd often contemplated suicide, and I said, 'Why, for heaven's sake?' and she said: 'Well, why not? Living doesn't intrigue me particularly. Does it you, really? It's only worth while for its Moments—and those are pretty scarce, it seems to me.'"

He repeated the entire grotesque conversation.

"And of course," said Ann equably at the end, "you're one of her Moments. That was perfectly obvious."

Toby grunted.

"Didn't she tell you that too?"

"Oh, she babbled something. When we were out on deck. . . . She's just a kid," he added, more to show Ann that he had not been flattered than in extenuation of Puff.

He was near the chaise longue, and he sat down now on the foot of it to light a cigarette from the short hot stub of the one he had almost consumed. He could feel Ann's eyes, and they embarrassed him a little, though he realized that this was silly. They were amused eyes, and to their amusement he retorted abruptly, grinning: "Well? I wasn't the only cradle robber abroad this evening, was I?"

"By no means!"

"Though," said Toby on second thought, "I suppose Bill's as old as you are, at that. He must be twenty-two or twenty-three."

"Twenty-two. But puerile. He's cute," Ann supplemented, "don't you think?"

"Nice fellow, yeah."

This brief exchange had the effect of an aside; they were both primarily interested in Puff and would return to her.

"You certainly knocked him for a row of tall red totem poles," Toby observed in passing, "if I ever saw it done."

"But I wasn't a Moment," Ann smiled. "I was only a fraction of a second, relatively. . . . Go on about Puff," she urged, settling back on her pillows. "What did she say exactly? Out on deck, I mean."

"Oh, something about telephoning."

This was as much of what Puff had said as his fear of sounding vain would allow him to repeat. A quotation or even the barest mention of her forthright "I'm crazy about you" was entirely beyond him.

"She's going to telephone you, you mean?"

"So she said. She won't, of course."

"Certainly she will!" Ann contradicted with conviction, but without malice. "I'd bet on that. Well, and then what did you say?"

"Told her not to be a nougat. I became fatherly," Toby reported gravely. "I said, among other things, that I was tempted to turn her over my knee and spank her."

Toby sat a minute longer, musing; then he said, "Well"—and, stretching mightily, lounged to his feet. "I'll tuck you in, and leave you to ——" He peered at Ann's book. "What is it—American Tragedy?"

"Volume two."

"She drowned yet?" Toby inquired idly.

He stood at the foot of Ann's bed, rolling up a shirt sleeve on a sunburned, powerful-looking arm. In this moment, as often, it was absurd that he tapped little typewriter keys. That arm could take a typewriter and, winding up as a pitcher does, throw it—you felt sure—a block or more.

Ann was preoccupied. Her gaze was fixed on the miniature hillock halfway down the quilt that was made by her feet. She ignored Toby's question, seemed momentarily to have forgotten his presence, stared at the tiny hump with narrowed eyes.

"You know what I think I'll do, Toby?" she said at last.

She sat erect, and her eyes, wide now, and pleased, and confident of his pleasure, sought Toby's eyes. "I think I'll do a story about Puff! A magazine story. Wouldn't you?" Ann queried, in the voice that seems to add: "If you were I?"

Toby looked at her.

"Because," Ann went on, "she's simply priceless copy, Toby! Complete and ready-made, and perfect. All I'd have to do would be to write her as is, and the rest of the story would come. Or," said Ann, thinking aloud, "I wouldn't need any rest of it. Puff is the story, don't you see? Her character's the whole thing!"

"I see," said Toby slowly. "Yes," he said.

He couldn't tell her that he wanted to do it, that he had it—as it seemed to him now—as good as done. She wanted too much to do it herself. She was too jubilant about it. Under the quilt her feet bobbed like an excited child's; she hugged herself with both arms.

"Ooh!" she said. "I think that'll be great!" She appealed to Toby. "Don't you?"

Toby nodded. "You bet." He cleared his throat and tried again. "I should say it will!"

One of his sleeves was rolled as high as it would go; the other remained fastened at the cuff. Absently he curved his hands on the smooth round ridge of the footboard and slid them apart, together, apart, together. The hands were warm, and they made a squeaking noise on the polished wood

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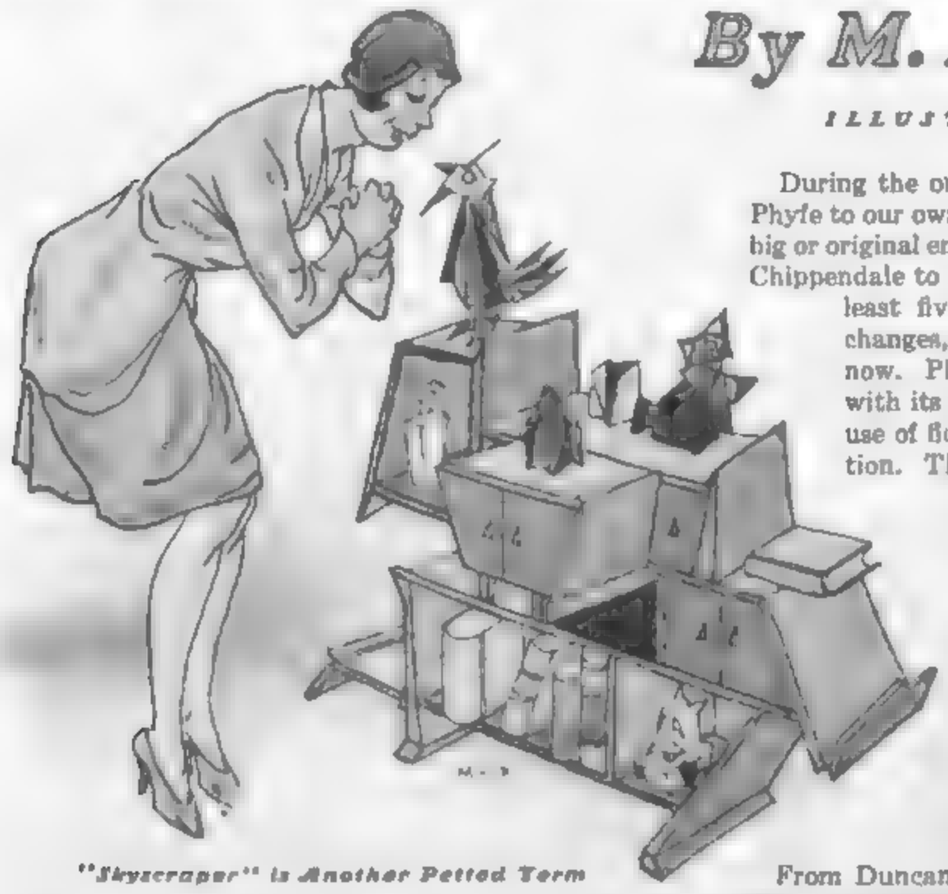
They Were Together, Drawn Close in Spirit by What, Together, They Could Create

NEW LINES FOR OLD

By M. L. BLUMENTHAL

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR



"Skyscraper" is Another Petted Term

AS AN enthusiast and long-time student of early American furniture and accessories, I have lately been giving a great deal of attention to their modernistic successors, and for two substantial reasons: First, because I try not to be too prejudiced for my hobby, and second, because I want to discover whether the vogue for good antique furniture and fine reproductions is seriously threatened by the agitation for the new furniture, as some of my friends maintain.

That there is a very strong interest in what are variously called cubistic, futuristic and modernistic decorations cannot be truthfully gainsaid. The last term is the most comprehensive, so we'll use it to include the others.

This interest in advanced furnishings is increasing, and we antique lovers are watching it anxiously. It will be my pleasant privilege, if you'll come with me, to lead you through a forest of pros and cons and, perhaps, to the fair land of conclusion. There will be much to say, much to see and much to dispute about.

I have traveled miles through modernistic furnishings in exhibitions, museums, homes and "forward-looking" department stores. I have seen hundreds of specimens of furniture, accessories by scores of modernist designers, and many rooms done entirely in the new mode. Furthermore, I have read books and articles in favor of modernism and talked at length with not a few warm friends of the same

That much conscientious investigation has brought me to the definite conclusion that the modernistic movement in the decorative arts, furnishings especially, isn't a movement at all, but only a series of individual efforts not sufficiently related to be dignified with so weighty a title.

I found homogeneity of purpose, unity of intention and uniformity of design to be lacking in what I saw. No two modernistic designers seem to be traveling in the same direction, seeing eye to eye, and apparently the only necessary requisite to classification as a modernist designer is that your product possesses sufficient novelty to distinguish it from anything traditional or contemporary. This is the one big weakness of the whole idea.

The First Eruption of Modernism

FOR more than two hundred years each great period in furniture is identified by the name of its master cabinetmaker or by the name of the monarch of the time in which it flourished. For the first classification we note such supreme designers as Chippendale, Hepplewhite, the Adams, Sheraton and Duncan Phyfe; for the second we have William and Mary, Queen Anne, and George of England, and the several Louis of France.

The master makers themselves built only a fractional part of the furniture linked with their names—necessarily so. Less inventive producers of the same eras copied the models of the dominating men to supply the demand for the masters' styles. That has been true in every branch of the arts in every epoch, is true today, and will always be true. Hence the copyright laws.

During the one hundred years and more from Duncan Phyfe to our own day there has been no furniture designer big or original enough to stamp himself on his times. From Chippendale to Phyfe, less than fifty years, there were at least five. Since Phyfe, there have been style changes, certainly. We'll take American furniture now. Phyfe was succeeded by the Late Empire, with its increasing grossness of form and its lavish use of florid veneers, all of which spelled degradation. Then came the Early Victorian, a further falling away, followed by the Mid-Victorian, with its fulsome carved fruit and flowers and its jig-saw-tortured marble-top tables, the atrocities of the Centennial period, the Golden Oak and Mission of the all-godly gay 90's. After a weak flaring-up of so-called Art Nouveau, evidenced mainly in burnt-wood designs on whisk-broom holders, we enjoyed a blessed respite in the revival of the great period forms both in originals and reproduction.

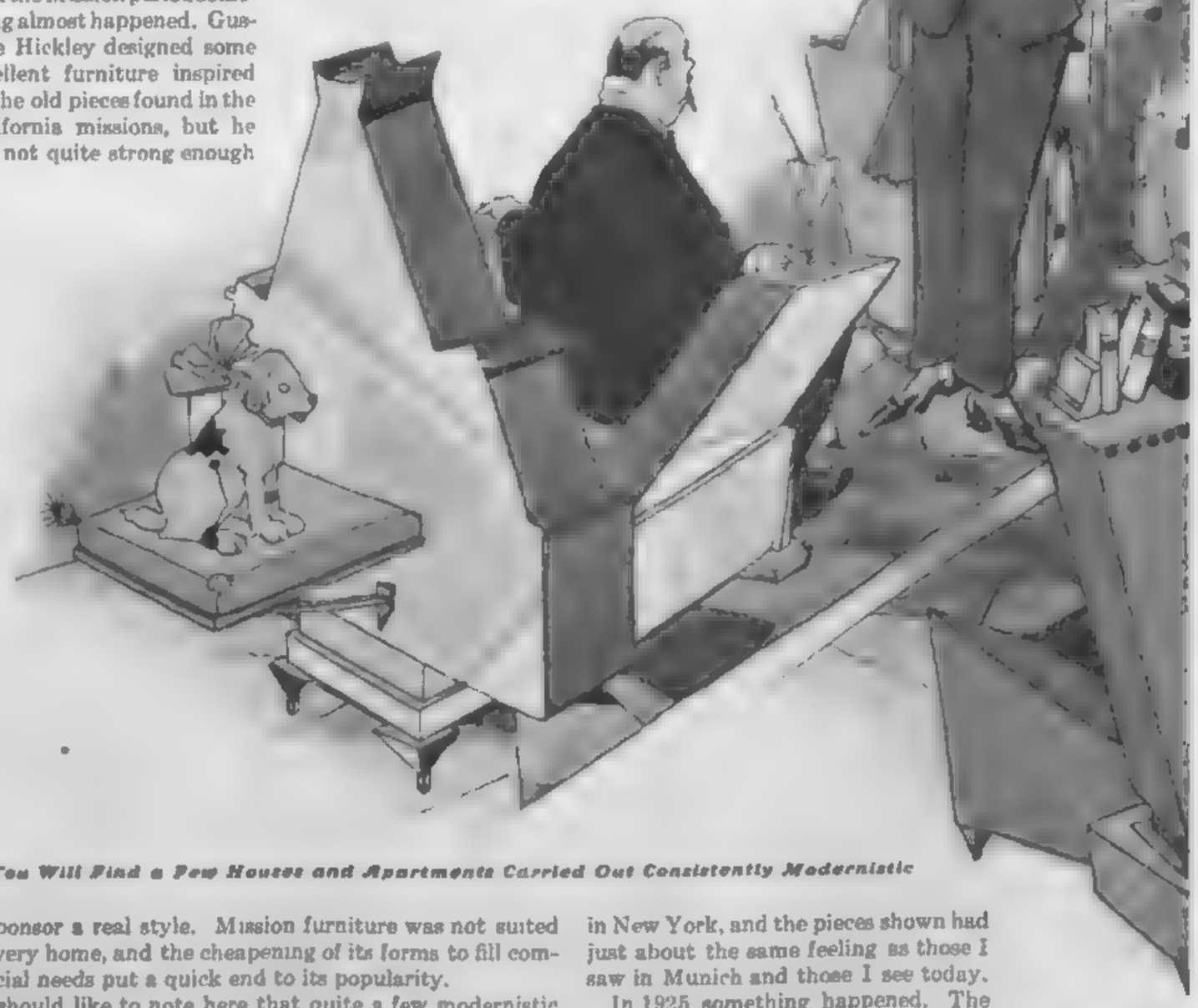
From Duncan Phyfe to Art Nouveau the degradation was chronologically successive and consistent. The styles went from bad to worse and worse, except that nothing could be more terrible than that black plague of interior decoration coincident with the Centennial of 1876.

In the Mission period something almost happened. Gustave Hickley designed some excellent furniture inspired by the old pieces found in the California missions, but he was not quite strong enough to sponsor a real style. Mission furniture was not suited to every home, and the cheapening of its forms to fill commercial needs put a quick end to its popularity.

I should like to note here that quite a few modernistic pieces bear a gruesome resemblance to Mission. The little difference lies in a greater refinement of form and surface. The boxlike contours are identical, except that the component boards are thinner and the joinings more delicate. Some modernistic chairs and tables are much closer than second cousins to the Mission pieces.

A sketchy little history of the modernistic urge as related to furnishings might be useful. It began in Munich, about twenty years ago, and sprang from what was called the Secessionistic movement in painting and sculpture, in Southern Germany and Austria. I happened to be living in Munich in 1908 when the notion was brand-new, and I remember the Secession exhibitions at the Glaspalast. The extremists devoted themselves mainly to painting and sculpture, but the central court and galleries of the enormous glass-covered building were fitted out with furniture and accessories to match the exhibits, and were, as I remember, very much the same sort of thing that is called modernistic today.

The idea went along slowly spreading from Munich and Vienna to France, Italy and the rest of Europe. During that time the Wiener Werkstatte was started for making the new furniture and accessories and for helping craftsmen to find a market for their output. Several years ago a branch of it was opened in New York, but made no great stir and closed up after a year or so. America, as exemplified by New York, failed to get even mildly excited by the new decorative art. I recall the exhibit of the Wiener Werkstatte in New York, and the pieces shown had just about the same feeling as those I saw in Munich and those I see today.



You Will Find a Few Houses and Apartments Carried Out Consistently Modernistic

In 1925 something happened. The Exposition of Decorative Arts was held in Paris in the Place des Invalides, and it created a decided sensation. I was lucky enough to be in Paris at the time and luckier to see this stunning exhibition. Everybody who was anybody in the Decorative Arts of France—individual artists, craftsmen, industrial firms and the great department stores of Paris—was very well represented.

The arrangement was superb, housed mostly in buildings erected for the purpose, and it was a wonderful show both in the mass and in the details of the things shown. As I remember it, the exhibition of modernistic furniture was the least impressive of all.

Home-coming tourists brought glad tidings of the exposition, and much publicity was accorded it here by our magazines and newspapers. After the exposition closed a great deal of its material came to this country. That, I

think, marked the beginning of modernistic decoration in the United States. So much for the history.

Up to now there is, I think, no real American slant to the modernistic idea. Whatever has been turned out so far is of foreign inspiration, if not actually done by foreign artists visiting this country or now living in it. No doubt I shall be disputed on this point, but my quest of the past few months has not disclosed anything very different from what I saw in Munich in 1908, in Paris in 1925, and in the pieces actually imported since that later date.

The intention of modernistic furniture and accessories is revolutionary—frankly so, and without pretense. It aspires to upset traditional and existing furniture forms.

To get closer to the idea, let's try to follow the mental processes of a hypothetical modernistic furniture designer. He starts from scratch and discards all that is or was. Only the utilitarian aspects are to be preserved. In his lexicon a chair is still something to sit upon, a bed something to repose upon, a table something to eat from or put things on, and so on. Admitting that much, our modernistic designer takes a direct tangent and fares gayly forth with the cerulean blue as his first scheduled stop.

He takes a chair—the commonest furniture form—as his problem. All the other forms present like difficulties. The only limitations he has in mind are these: The chair is something to sit upon, and it must be different from any chair ever built before.

Remember, please, that the first essential for the proposed chair is that it be different, unlike any other known chair. If it is not that, it is not revolutionary and not modernistic. Right here our designer is up against a terrific problem. Good, elemental designs for chairs have been pretty well used up in the thousands of years since our forbears sat on stumps. I am speaking here of structural, basic designs recognizing that a chair is an item of furniture with a back, seat and legs. Whether the back or seat is round or square-cornered and the legs straight or curved is not important at this juncture. Those are only incidentals.

What to Do to Be Different?

OUR modernist designer, then, looks for a new basic chair form. He tries everything—for instance, another position for the seat. He puts it on a vertical plane instead of the academical horizontal one. Ha, a new idea! Fine for everybody but the sitter. He tries a violently slanting plane for the seat—again, no go. The seat must remain horizontal or nearly so. Next he takes the back away—nothing new—a bench remains. The legs are then dispensed with and the seat rests on the floor. Not so good. He concludes, then, that it is quite necessary that a chair have a back, a seat and legs, and finds himself at his starting point.

Next, assured that a chair seat must be raised from the floor, our designer tackles the leg problem. He could use three legs instead of four, but that would be old stuff. He could discard two legs and use two, but that would bespeak a clientele of acrobats. He could use more than four legs, but why do it? He could box in the whole lower part of the chair from the seat to the floor. No sense to that.

He could use one leg as a base. He thinks of the one-legged soda-fountain chair and gives up in disgust. He can do nothing to the legs, within reason, without finding a traditional parallel. So our modernist designer must go at his job from another angle. Since the basic chair idea must include a back, a seat and legs, he must work with them and make his changes in them to achieve the desired difference.

He could divide the back diagonally, taking half of it away, but the back's function as a support would be gone. He could do almost anything he pleases structurally to the back and practically achieve nothing but a freak or something that is duplicated by a historical form.

It's a hard life for our modernist designer, he has really very little to work with. I do not accept the dictum that there is nothing new under the sun, but I do claim that there is small chance to find new basic forms for furniture. Our designer can design freaks—anyone can—but freak design is not good design.

If he is honestly looking for good design plus difference, novelty, he is restricted to changes in curves, angles, surfaces and ornamentation. He may employ new woods, new metals, new structural material, new textures, and he must get his departures with them or not at all. If he is a sensible modernistic designer he will reason himself to this point and bow his head. If he is of the wild and woolly variety he will persist in his frenzied search for good, new, basic forms, and go stark mad in his youth.

There is much confusion as to what is modernistic furnishing and what is not. No sure measure exists. The range of the output is wide and uncertain. To designate a piece carrying only a slight deviation from the usual in line or surface from one embodying the wildest hallucinations, the term "modernistic" is used. Herein is, I think, another big weakness in modernism; it does not know itself as such. There is an utter lack of standards.

Two examples of the new furniture can be, and often are, as different in style as the overloaded Baroque and the severe Sheraton, and yet both are dubbed modernistic. There is no lack of fine designers of modern furniture in France, Germany, Austria and the rest of Europe. Witness such names, in Paris alone, as Jourdain, Dominique, Ruhlmann, Kohlmann and Prou who are conservatively modernistic, so to speak, and Sognot, Sougez, Levy, the Adnet Brothers and Chareau of the extremist wing. If such men would get together and work out a guiding principle for modernistic furniture and accessories, it would mean something.

It is quite likely that some of the names I've noted are unknown to you; some were to me, and I've been far from apathetic to the modernistic idea for several years. There is no one big name, and until one appears to crystallize its workings into a genuine moving movement it will, I predict, get comparatively nowhere. It has not gone very far in its two decades of life. You will find a few houses and apartments carried out consistently modernistic, a few department-store windows in a clever translation of it and others not so clever, rooms done in it, two modernistic liners—the Ile de France and the Swedish Küngaholm—and a great many individual pieces scattered about in traditionally decorated homes where they yell to high heaven. That isn't an impressive cataloguing after all, is it?

Modern From Cellar to Garret

AS I WRITE, there is being held in the Metropolitan Museum in New York a very commendable modernistic exhibition called The Architect and the Industrial Arts. It was designed, executed and installed by a committee of several leading architects, in cooperation with manufacturing concerns and individual collaborators. It consists of several rooms arranged around a central garden feature. The side of the room facing the central court has been left open so that one may walk about in complete comfort and view the exhibits very easily.

There are shown a man's study for a country house, a conservatory, a woman's bedroom, a man's den, a child's nursery and bedroom, a dining room, a bath and dressing room, a show window and sales alcove, an apartment-house loggia, a business executive's office, a salesroom, a backyard garden, and the central garden feature.

I spent a long time walking up and down through this fine exhibition, trying very hard to keep my critical apparatus receptive and kindly, my mind wide open and my bias

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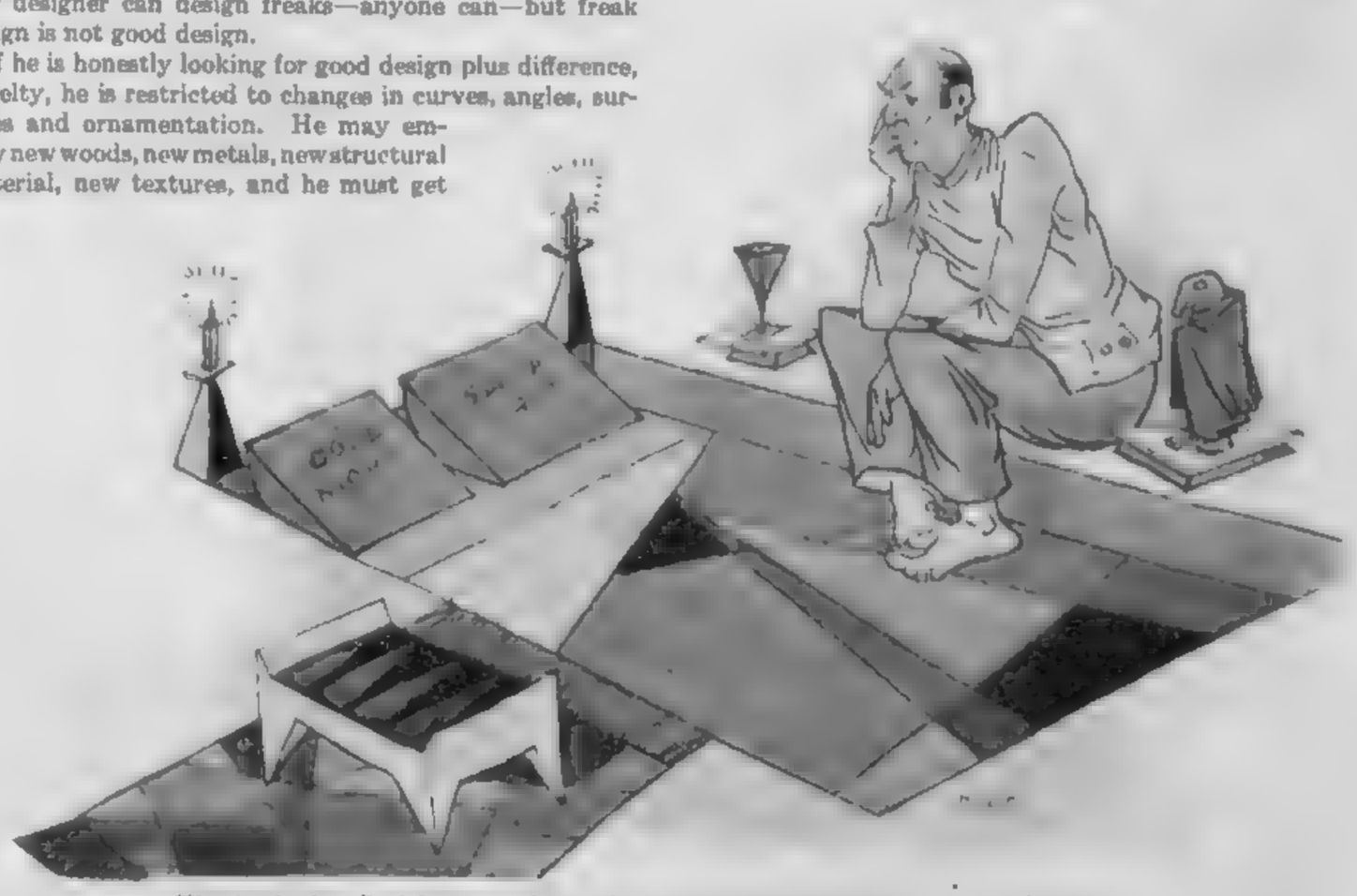

They'll Sink a Bed Into the Floor, Not Because Anything Is Gained Thereby But Because It Is a New Thought

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 2, 1929

Relative Navies

THE negotiations between the governments of Great Britain and this country on the question of naval armament have been going on for years, with a varying pitch of public interest. But regardless of the fluctuations in headlines or the degree of concern expressed, the whole subject is one which merits the closest heed on the part of the American people. There is no more important subject than this, and no necessity greater than the creation of a popular psychology which will support and strengthen the hands of the President and of others who are working for something like a stabilization of naval force and its ultimate reduction.

Honest men in this country and Great Britain—and we presume in Japan, France and Italy—differ on the subjects of preparedness and of the best way to reduce armaments and to assure peace. Whether it is wise to build up the idea that war can never come again is a difficult question, which need not be entered into at the moment. There are those who believe that the only way to assure peace is to throw armaments to the winds, and others who regard it as folly to rely, as they put it, upon weakness for defense. But these ideas have little interest for the responsible rulers of the great countries involved. They are faced with more immediate and less abstract problems, although, possibly, by no more fascinating ones. Their duty is to take feasible first steps, not to attempt the impossible task of settling once for all the whole philosophy of peace and war.

The problem appears to have resolved itself, for the present, at least, into the desirable achievement of relative navies. Here is a slogan worth working with, and more practical than either the big-navy or the little-navy idea. To a large element of our people the big-navy slogan is repugnant for all that it conveys, and to another large element the little-navy idea is disturbing and, indeed, dangerous. Great Britain and the United States have agreed to the principle of parity, and at the former Washington conference one category of strength was agreed upon. Many other categories remain, and the technical questions involved in parity are difficult, but not insurmountable.

The essential thought is that if relations or equations can be established and stabilized, then some progress toward actual reduction may begin. If Great Britain and the United States each have half a million tons of naval tonnage instead of one and a quarter millions, they will be in the same relative position, with the tremendous additional advantage that competitive building, with its logical ruinous consequences, will receive a check. Once a ratio has been agreed upon, which in this case is parity, and once parity has been established throughout every category and in the totality or aggregate, we fail to see how either party will be any worse off if a further equal reduction is made.

Nations do not like to see warships sunk or destroyed, although elements in each country may be willing or even eager to have that done. We are convinced, however, that the majority feel instinctively that such action represents waste. Fortunately, no such course is necessary to effect reduction in naval armament. Exactly the same object is attained by postponing obsolescence. That is, if the two countries would simply agree to continue the life of certain categories of ships, the result would be an enormous reduction in new construction. Naval officers will say that beyond a certain point in time the units are not effective, but we fail to see what difference that makes if the action applies rigidly and effectively throughout to both parties, for their relative strength will then be the same.

If there is no agreement between the two countries the United States will spend one and a quarter billion dollars for new naval construction before 1936. Nations which have defensive purposes only in mind should be satisfied with relative rather than competitive navies. Certainly, this country has no offensive, warlike ambitions, and it is the privilege as well as the duty of our people to back up and encourage the President and others who seek to find a way of settlement. Here is a fundamental drive toward peace that should appeal to the practical-mindedness of the American people. There can be no difference of views regarding both the usefulness and the absolute necessity of continuous striving for a formula for a sane and practical naval relationship among nations.

Foundations for Farming

THE legislation which led to the creation of the Federal Farm Board and the activities of that body in broad outline up to the present writing justify the close study and attention which Mr. Hoover and many others gave for so long to the farm problem. Agriculture still has its woes and will not be emancipated from them overnight. The farmer's troubles have been long coming upon him, and no power on earth can remove them at once. But broad and sound foundations are being built, and that is the most any man who does not believe in phantasms can ask. Despite all the weird and fallacious proposals to subsidize six million farmers out of the public treasury and the imprecations of those who demanded these panaceas, sane counsels prevailed. Men who had for years fought patiently and in face of every discouragement for the coöperative idea finally won a great victory.

Obviously the sane way to aid agriculture is to foster its organization, and that is precisely what the Farm Board is proceeding to do, under the act which created it and with the great funds which it has. The central weakness of agriculture is lack of organization and coördination, as compared with other industries. It has too many unconnected units. The purpose of the new Farm Board is not and should not be that of a poor-relief fund, but rather to help the farmers to help themselves. It aims to strengthen and expand existing coöperative associations, to bring small local coöperatives together into larger units, to assist growers in unorganized areas to develop coöperatives, and to finance such larger groupings as may need it. Its aim is to bring about great central selling or marketing organizations in each trade of a scope large enough to be real factors in the market. Already in a number of different branches of agriculture it has sought to give the farmer added bargaining power through collective action.

In the past much complaint has been heard of government discrimination against the farmer. Industry received much help from the tariff, it was said, and the poor farmer was left to himself. But this cry has little if any basis now. The new legislation makes the farmers' coöperative a legal favorite in more senses than one. It is the farmers' one great tool, and the Farm Board, with hundreds of millions of government money, stands ready to help. But no measure of help will satisfy everyone. Already there are complaining senators who say that the Board does not make loans fast enough or who dislike its policy of refusing loans when other sources of credit are available. There are, of course, politicians whose one idea of the Government is that of a Santa Claus to furnish their constituents with gifts and themselves with material for endless speeches.

We cannot put the stamp of approval on all future acts of the Farm Board, naturally. But its personnel shows unusual average ability and experience for a government commission, possibly greater than any other equally powerful body. The President appointed men who know their business and rank high. During the few months of its existence the Board has gone straight and unerringly at the weakest point in agriculture—lack of organization. We believe the best interests of agriculture and of the country will be served by giving the Board a chance to develop its policies, and with as much freedom from the professional faultfinders as these latter will permit.

Propaganda Parasites

IN THE recent widespread discussion of lobbying and propaganda there has been general recognition of the main point at issue—that is, the necessity of open-and-above-board methods on the part of those who seek to influence legislative or executive branches of the Government. Interested individuals or groups have a right to express themselves, and such expression can never be stopped.

If publicity men, propagandists, lobbyists, legislative agents, lawyers and others appearing for special interests will always state the source of their financial support and the names of their principals, there need be little fear of corruption, and the processes of government will be facilitated. But this is not the only point to be stressed. It is equally necessary that this form of expression should be in good hands.

It is not only essential that those who advocate or oppose measures at the capitals of the world should make plain their motives; it is almost as desirable that this form of expression should be the work of responsible principals instead of irresponsible agents. For the most part, those who conduct the business affairs of this country are men of character and ideas; at least, in regard to their own lines of business. They are men of standing and most of them command respect. Their positions carry weight and they will be listened to before any legislative committee or government board when they talk seriously about subjects with which they are familiar.

The moral of these remarks is clear enough without much laboring. Business men show foolishness in employing a lot of hack writers and campaign organizers to present facts which could be set forth more directly, more effectively and far more honestly by the business men themselves. We know, of course, that business is very complicated these days and that lawyers must often be employed to handle rate cases, traffic problems, tax cases and other technical matters. But not infrequently these employed agents, these lobbyists, propagandists, experts and organizers, are merely a cloak for wastefulness, overorganization, and even in some cases for sheer corruption.

Industry is coming to have too much fungous, parasitical growth of this kind. There are too many professional hangers-on who profess to fix things and to bring about or defeat legislation, but who have no direct, abiding interest or responsibility in the matter beyond what fees they can exact. They would as soon go over to a competing or rival industry or to an opposing cause if the pay were better. We have had the preposterous spectacle of industries assessing themselves large sums to open propaganda campaigns and headquarters to bring about results which would have come anyway. Good causes are thus given a bad appearance. Business should present its case at the seat of government not only openly but as simply and directly as possible.

Tomorrow's Politics in Britain

By Alexander M. Thompson

One of the Founders of the British Labor Party

CARTOON BY HERBERT JOHNSON

TEN years ago the names of Ramsay MacDonald and Philip Snowden were mud. Today the former is Prime Minister and the latter is the most popular man in England.

During the war I had attacked both men for their pacifist attitude and there had been an unpleasant scene at a labor conference where MacDonald moved and Mrs. Snowden seconded that I should be ejected. Then MacDonald, by a sudden turn of the political wheel, became Premier, and startled his followers by declaring that the empire which they had been accustomed to denounce as a product of pillage and murder was "great and glorious," and deserving of reverence and homage.

Upon that cue I invited him to luncheon at the Savage Club. That was four years ago. Patriotic members of the club were very angry about it. One told me that it would have served my guest right if he had been thrown out. I met the same man last week, and he said that he had voted for the Tories all his life, but that if another election were held now he would vote for the party represented by Snowden and MacDonald.

"These chaps," he said, "are doing things. They don't sit in armchairs smoking pipes, in the hope that something lucky may turn up. When they want something they go and fetch it."

That remark summarizes the general feeling. The Jeremiahs who predicted that if a Labor Government came in, the banks would put up their shutters and every civilized state would recall its ambassador, are now praying twice daily for more power to MacDonald. Conservative newspapers like the Daily Mail and the Daily Express thank heaven in leaded bourgeois for giving England at long last a really conservative government. Even Lord Jix—otherwise Viscount Brentford—our latest relegate to the Upper Chamber where we store our political past, chortles praise of Snowden, and hands him his pass-out check as a prospective leader of British patriotism.

The Liberals are even more profoundly shaken. Harold Cox, a staunch Liberal economist, publicly proclaims his belief that the Labor Party "is evidently going to supersede the old Liberal Party." A Liberal leader in Lloyd George's Welsh fastnesses opens a Liberal summer school by asking "whether the time has not come to organize Welsh radical thought as a separate force, temporarily aligning itself with any other party with which it has much in common"; and he adds significantly that "the Liberal Party's future is founded on too many hypothetical contingencies to warrant enthusiasm or attract recruits."

That is Lloyd George's dirge. He spilt his funds over the last election like water, calculating to recoup on results. A popular entertainer of my acquaintance was offered two hundred and fifty pounds a night for fifteen minutes' prelude to political meetings as an attraction to the newly enfranchised flappers. Every seat the Liberals won cost them dear. In spite of which, their brainiest lawyer went straight over to the new government and the daily desertions are getting as monotonous as the fall of uninvited goats through the roof of Mark Twain's mining hut.

The Liberal Party is as dead as the lamented but definitely deceased Queen Anne. With an idea of postponing the obituary notices, Lloyd George is now proposing to amend the Constitution with a clause forbidding the Government from dissolving Parliament till every possibility of carrying on—with his help—has been exhausted. This means simply that he fears another general election which, at this moment, would convert Labor's minority into absolute majority, and spur the advocates of "Socialism in our time" to demand hazardous experiments, from which the Government, to their own prudent content, are happily debarred.

Men like MacDonald, Snowden, Thomas and Clynes do not want to embark on risky courses. Clynes lately said

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ON THE ROAD

By Jesse Rainsford Sprague

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

XI

DURING my fifth year with the Blake-Ogilvie Company the concern opened a branch jobbing house. This move was the result of conditions that almost invariably come about in an expanding industry. As I have said, Blake-Ogilvie grew very fast in the beginning and in a short time worked up a trade that extended from the New England States to Ohio. So long as there were only a few competing jobbers, and these mainly in the very large centers, it was a fairly simple matter for Blake-Ogilvie to hold this trade. But as time went on electrical jobbing houses were started in many smaller places; and these concerns, operating intensively in their local territories, absorbed a good deal of the business that had formerly gone to New York and other great cities. One of our most profitable territories was that of Western New York State and Northwestern Pennsylvania, and it was for the purpose of holding this business that Blake-Ogilvie decided to open their branch house in the city of Kemperton.

I was covering this territory at the time and had understood a branch was contemplated, but knew nothing definite until one Saturday morning when I arrived in New York from Jamestown. The girl at the telephone desk said Mr. Blake and Mr. Ogilvie were in the former's office and had left word that they wanted to see me when I came. In the ensuing interview Walter Blake told me they had definitely decided on the branch house and explained the reasons in detail.

"It's all settled, Richard," he said finally, "except as to the man who is going to be resident manager. Mr. Ogilvie and I have been talking it over and have half decided to offer you the job. What do you advise?"

I answered promptly that I believed they could do no better. Mr. Blake laughed and then went on seriously.

"I've got to tell you frankly, Richard," he said, "that we don't know whether or not you have the makings of an executive. We hope so. For the past year you have topped the list of Blake-Ogilvie salesmen. But this isn't a salesman's job that we want to fill. Often the best salesmen fall down the hardest when they become executives. I don't want you to misunderstand me, but for this job we are thinking of putting you in I'd be better satisfied if you were less of a salesman than you are."

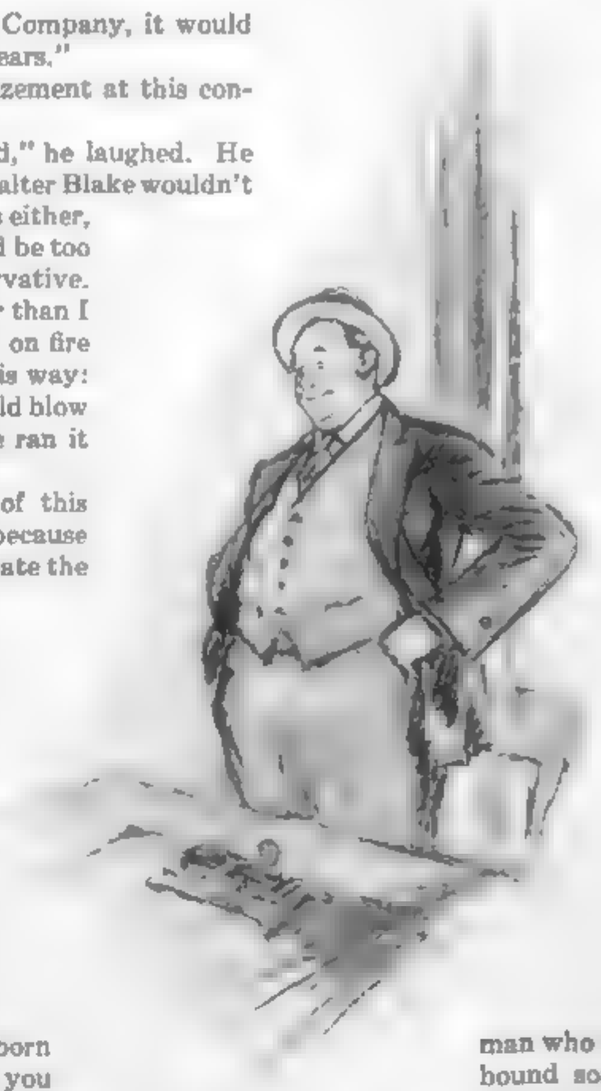
This remark seemed so contradictory that I could think of no reply. Duncan Ogilvie, who up to that time had taken only a passive part in the interview, suddenly went to the door, looked out to make sure no one was listening, closed it again and returned to where I sat. When he spoke, it was with the thick Scotch accent that always came to him when he was most in earnest.

"I am going to tell you something, Richard," he said, "that not a soul knows except my partner and myself. I am an example of what Mr. Blake has just told you. I am too much of a salesman to be a good executive. If I were to take full charge of the Blake-Ogilvie Company, it would likely be out of business within five years."

I suppose my face showed my amazement at this confession.

"Oh, I'm not so modest as I sound," he laughed. He gave a quick glance at his partner. "Walter Blake wouldn't make a howling success of this business either, if he had to go it alone. Where I would be too enthusiastic he would be too conservative. Probably he might make it last longer than I would, but he wouldn't set the world on fire with it. I guess I could describe it this way: If I ran this business long enough it would blow up with a big noise. If Walter Blake ran it long enough it might die of dry rot.

"We've made a very big success of this business," Mr. Ogilvie continued, "because we've each had sense enough to appreciate the other's qualities. Between us we manage to make one pretty good man. But the manager of this branch house we're going to open has got to play a lone hand. If we turn the job over to you, Richard, we'll give you all the help we can; but, after all, you'll be on your own, and the success of the branch will depend on how good an executive you are. Mr. Blake and I have been trying to analyze you. We have come to the conclusion that you are intrinsically a salesman rather than an office man. Probably you were born with that tendency, and the training you have had makes you more so. Anyhow, you are more like me than like Mr. Blake.



"Now Don't Say That's Too Much," He Laughed, "Because You'll be Ordering More Before the Season is Over"

"That's the reason I'm doing the talking now. I can tell you the mistakes that a man with a salesman type of mind is most liable to make when put into an executive position. There's no reason why you shouldn't avoid these mistakes, especially when you are forewarned. If we didn't think so we wouldn't be considering you at all.

"Probably the hardest thing you will have to do is to formulate a policy and stick to it. As a salesman you can't have exactly the same policy toward every customer. You wouldn't be much of a salesman if you did. Every call you make is a new deal, and the less standardized you are the better salesman you make. But the test of a real executive is the ability to hold to a policy, no matter how strong the temptations are to make occasional exceptions. Suppose, for example, you have a certain policy in the matter of discounts on quantity purchases. An item that is listed at $2.00 in hundred lots sells for $1.90 in lots of one thousand. These prices have been figured out scientifically and you know they are right. But some concern offers to buy five hundred items if you will make the thousand-item price of $1.90. The buyer intimates he has other orders up his sleeve, and whether he will place them with you or not depends on your making the present price concession. What are you going to do about it? The salesman in you fairly shrieks, 'Yes! Make the concession and get the business!' But that is just what you mustn't do if you are going to be a success as an executive. One concession invariably leads to another. In the long run you would be doing all your business on a cut-price basis, with a different cut price for every customer. Then it would be only a matter of time until you would be out of business altogether.

"Another thing the salesman type of man has got to look out for when he becomes an executive is his urge to be popular. Everyone wants popularity, so it's no disgrace for a salesman to want it. A salesman is liable to want it a little harder than other citizens. Why shouldn't he? A salesman's actual earning power depends largely on his popularity among the people he does business with. In his case popularity combines business with pleasure. But with an executive, popularity and business sometimes clash. A man who has people working under him is bound sometime to arrive at the point where he has got to sacrifice some of his personal popularity in the interest of discipline. Many a man fails as an executive because he doesn't do this. Perhaps he is so fond of hearing his people say their boss is a fine fellow that he puts off discipline too long. He only asserts his authority when he is in a temper, and that is never successful.

"There is another angle to this business of liking popularity. The man who is going to run this branch house for the Blake-Ogilvie Company will have to buy considerable merchandise. You have always been a salesman until you took this job as manager. So when you start to buy merchandise you find yourself in exactly the opposite position from that you have been in all your life. You want the salesman to like you; it is a lifelong habit with you to cultivate popularity among the people you do business with. Besides wanting the salesman to like you, you are genuinely sympathetic with him. You have been on his side of the fence so many times. You know how eager he is to get an order. You know exactly what his feelings will be if you send him away empty-handed. Perhaps you don't quite need his merchandise, but you buy. Your old habit of being a good fellow, plus your sympathy for the salesman, is too much for you. You don't need to be told that overbuying is the most dangerous thing that can happen to a commercial business.

"There is still another thing that frequently causes the downfall of a salesman who becomes an executive. Particularly if he has been a very successful salesman. Let us suppose, for example, that as the manager of Blake-Ogilvie's branch house you have six traveling men on your sales force. They are competent salesmen, but in the back of your mind you feel that you are a better salesman than any one of them. The fact that you are their boss proves it to you. Feeling that way, you will have a hard time to keep hands off when anything important comes up. Perhaps a big order is in prospect. Some contractor in your territory has got a job on a municipal building that will require a lot of electrical merchandise. Or some industrial concern is going to make extensive additions to its plant. You worry for fear the salesman on the territory isn't going to be able to swing the deal. You know your own ability as a business getter, and after worrying a few days you jump on the train and go to close the deal yourself. You excuse this action to your salesman by telling him that your prestige as an executive was necessary in such an important matter, and that he will get full credit for the sale just as though

(Continued on Page 32)

"I'm Like the Queen of Sheba. I Come Bearing Gifts!"

A PLATE OF SOUP

adds "something new" to the daily meals!

All these choices await you at your grocer's

Asparagus	Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mock Turtle	Pepper Pot
Bean	Clam Chowder	Mulligatawny	Printanier
Beef	Consommé	Mutton	Tomato
Bouillon	Julienne	Ox Tail	Tomato-Okra
Celery		Pea	Vegetable
Chicken			Vegetable-Beef

...Variety Whatever gives a bright, new, fresh touch to each day's meals is a help no woman can afford to overlook. Soups, in their endless and charming variety, never lose their appeal to the family's appetite. They are as beneficial as they are delightful, for they promote digestion. And they're so convenient. You simply step into your pantry, select any one of the 21 different Campbell's Soups, and in next to no time it is on your table—hot, savory, delicious! As luncheon—as supper, serve Campbell's Vegetable Soup—"a meal in itself!" 12 cents a can.

EAT SOUP EVERY DAY AND ENJOY A DIFFERENT SOUP EACH DAY

(Continued from Page 30

he had done it all himself. Perhaps the salesman is satisfied by this explanation, but the chances are he isn't. When you have done this about half a dozen times you find yourself with a discontented sales force on your hands. There is no open dissension, but the best men find excuses to accept positions with competing concerns and the poorer ones stay without much enthusiasm except in the matter of drawing their salaries. You know what happens then as well as I do. No mercantile concern lasts very long with a staff of half-hearted salesmen.

"And so, Richard," Mr. Ogilvie concluded, "I have given you an idea of what can happen when a salesman-type man is put into an executive job. I know whereof I speak because I am a salesman-type man myself, and I have to fight all the time to keep from doing the things I have warned you about. Fortunately for the Blake-Ogilvie Company, I have a partner who is just my opposite in temperament. But the man who runs this branch for us won't have that advantage. If you believe you are equipped for the job, we are going to let you try it. We don't want your answer right now. Take plenty of time. It's an important decision for yourself as well as for the Blake-Ogilvie Company."

This interview took place in June and it was planned to open the branch in September. Though I realized how a man might be tempted into some of the errors described by Mr. Ogilvie, I was confident I could fill the position satisfactorily. So far in life I had been more than ordinarily successful. I had made good as a salesman for the Charles H. Rennolds Company. Then I had entered the electrical jobbing field without previous experience and in five years had been advanced from sixty dollars a week to six thousand dollars a year. During that time I had turned down several offers from other electrical jobbing houses.

I had also a particular reason for wanting to quit the road for an executive job - namely, a desire to be married. The young lady who inspired this desire was Catherine Pierce, whom Blake-Ogilvie had employed a couple of years previously for general office work. She came from an old New York family which had undergone the ups and downs of life that so frequently take place in the metropolis. Her grandfather, a public accountant in lower Broadway, had bought, before the Civil War, a house and small plot of ground in the neighborhood of Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street. At the time this was practically in the country. As business moved northward this section came to be the center of the retail dry-goods trade and the Pierce home property became very valuable. The family erected a business building on their plot and during the lifetime of Catherine's parents this yielded a net income of many thousand dollars a year. Then, shortly after the turn of the century, there was another business upheaval, and one after the other the great department stores moved farther uptown, to Thirty-fourth Street and beyond. The earning power of the Pierce building declined to the point where it barely met taxes and upkeep. Catherine's parents died within a short time of each other and she went to live with an aunt in Harlem.

She came to work at the Blake-Ogilvie establishment when she was twenty-two, a capable, cheerful girl whose refinement and good manners made her a general favorite among the employes. Within a year she was promoted to the position of cashier, a job that she filled with great efficiency. I will not go into the details of our courtship. It will be enough to say that of all her admirers I was the most determined; and very likely it was this quality, rather than any outstanding merit on my part, that resulted in her promise to share my fortunes. In the twenty years that have since passed I have tried to give her no reason to regret her decision. I should like to add my opinion that marriages developed through association in business are apt to turn out well. Each has a chance to see before the wedding day how the other acts under the stress of earning a living. And the give-and-take habits acquired in an office carry over into domestic life quite naturally.

I accepted Blake-Ogilvie's offer of the management of their Kemperton branch house. Catherine and I were married in September and after a honeymoon on Lake Champlain went directly to our new home. On a trip during the summer I had rented a house for our occupancy, and we had meanwhile sent furniture on from New York, so we were able to settle down at once.

Kemperton was a pleasant, old-fashioned city, just beginning to take on metropolitan airs. The territory to be covered by the Blake-Ogilvie branch house comprised portions of New York State and Pennsylvania, with an arm running out into the manufacturing district of Eastern Ohio. Though not the largest city in the territory, Kemperton was a natural distributing point. Blake-Ogilvie had been getting a volume of nearly half a million dollars a year out of the territory and this business was automatically turned over to the Kemperton branch house.

For our headquarters a local capitalist had built to specifications, on consideration of a ten-year lease, a single-story concrete building on Erie Street, the main business thoroughfare, about halfway between the retail center and the Union railway station. The front of the building was fitted up as a showroom, with two great display windows on Erie Street; back of that was a space for surplus stock, extending to a paved alley at the rear, where there was a receiving and shipping platform. The bookkeeping office, where I also had my desk, was at the front, just at the side of the main entrance. In a physical way Blake-Ogilvie's Kemperton branch was far more modern and better equipped than the New York office, which was still in the antiquated 1870 building beside the Sixth Avenue Elevated.

The actual organization of the branch had been done by Walter Blake previous to my arrival, so I merely had to continue a going business. There were five Blake-Ogilvie salesmen who had been covering the territory, selling mainly to industrial plants and electrical contractors, and these men continued on the same work, the only change being that they sent their orders in to Kemperton to be filled, instead of to New York, as formerly. The principal innovation was the addition of two specialty men to push the sale of electrical appliances. Besides the travelers, I had about ten office people on my pay roll.

As this is a chapter of confessions, I may as well state at once that I was not a success as an executive. It would not be quite an honest autobiography if I told only the incidents that redound to my own credit. I will, therefore, try to describe in detail how I happened to make some of the mistakes I did, and analyze the qualities in my character that led me into wrong decisions.

First of all, I was not a good manager of people. I think this came from a tendency I always had to want a pleasant atmosphere. I disliked to correct people for small faults. Frequently it would have been necessary only to speak a word to some assistant to cure an incipient laxness, but I would put it off in the vague hope that the offense would not be repeated. Yet this hope was seldom realized; and by the time things got to the point where discipline was absolutely necessary, I was usually so aggravated that I reproved too strongly.

This was subversive to discipline. Another weakness lay in the fact that I was a poor housekeeper. I was not naturally systematic. All my life I had been physically active; I didn't mind taking off my coat and doing hard work, but it was terribly irksome for me to sit down and plan out a system for my people to follow. Employes are always quick to reflect the qualities of an executive; and because I was not systematically inclined, there was a constant tendency toward confusion in the stock room and consequent errors in the shipping department. My road men spent considerable of their time in trying to pacify disgruntled customers.

I recall one particular incident because it had a touch of humor in it. We handled two items in the appliance line that were having a very large sale at the time. One was a heating pad that was widely used by physicians. It was practically the same thing that is sold today, being provided with a thermostat which automatically prevented the temperature becoming too high. The other item was an electric corn popper, designed for home use, with a wire-mesh cover and mounted on three little rubber-tired wheels which allowed the machine, as stated in our catalogue, "to run back and forth without marring the finish of the finest table."

On this occasion a dealer in Oil City sent us a heating pad on which some repairs were necessary. It was found that the pad had to be sent to the factory in New England. This was done, and in due time the pad came back to us. The dealer had instructed us to return it direct to the owner, a physician in a rural community of the oil country. Through some confusion in our stock room the shipping clerk sent the physician an electric corn popper instead of his heating pad. Some days later we received a letter from the doctor in which he expressed his thanks for the new machine we had sent him, but stated some of his patients were so ticklish that they "could not stand having the little rubber wheels run back and forth on their bare chests." I never could make up my mind if the doctor lacked imagination or if he was a natural humorist.

Though I blame myself for my shortcomings as a disciplinarian and for my lack of system, I can truthfully say I tried hard enough in other ways. More often than not I went back to the office after dinner and worked until midnight. I might have made a success of my executive job through sheer energy, except for certain errors in the matter of buying. During my first year in Kemperton I did exceptionally well on electric appliances, getting them into the stocks of a great many dealers who had never handled such merchandise before. I was featuring a line made by a New England concern to which I will give the fictitious name of The Banning Corporation. It was an old concern, dating back to pre-Civil War days, that originally made a line of hardware specialties. Along in the late 90's it went into the manufacture of electrical household devices and within a few years became a leading factor in the industry.

One day in July, during my second year in Kemperton, Banning's sales manager, a man named Roy Marley, came to see me. I knew him fairly well from occasional contacts in our New York office. He was a man of about forty, with the genial, expansive manners of the born salesman, and on this occasion he made himself exceedingly agreeable. He was, he stated, very much impressed by the business I had

(Continued on Page 81)

"You Ought to Know Better Than That," She Said Tartly, "After Your Silo Business and Your Automobile Business"

Now ··· Libby adds

Corn, Peas, Stringless Beans

to the hundred famous foods

Partial List of Libby Vegetables

Asparagus	Sauerkraut
Asparagus Tips	Tomato Juice
Spinach	Tomatoes
Pork and Beans	Pumpkin
Sweet Potatoes	Beets
Corn	Peas
Stringless Beans	

Corn that is tender and full of flavor. Mouth-watering! Little sifted peas, sweet as sugar, tasting of June time gardens. Green and wax beans, succulent and tender. Libby's Corn—Libby's Peas—Libby's Stringless Beans! Newcomers to the long list of Libby Foods. Like all the others, packed fresh where grown, full of the goodness that has made the Libby brand so famous.

Libby's 100 Foods

Tune in Tuesday evenings! Fascinating series of concerts—"Around the World with Libby." Famous artists and Libby Concert Orchestra. Broadcast Tuesday evenings through a coast-to-coast network, WJZ and associated N. B. C. stations: 8:30 Eastern Time; 7:30 Central Time; 6:30 Mountain Time; 5:30 Pacific Time. And Wednesday mornings over the same N. B. C. stations, Mary Hale Martin's Household Period: 10:30 Eastern Time; 9:30 Central Time; and by special arrangement, 11:15 Mountain Time; 10:15 Pacific Time. *Tune in Wednesday mornings!*

LIBBY McNEILL & LIBBY — CHICAGO

SECRET ENVOY

By MAUDE PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

IV

THE tea table with its empty cups, the newspaper which he had left behind, spoke to Diane of one overwhelming fact—Jerry had gone. Felix's knowledge of her deception, her inadvertent betrayal of Chauncy Dean's confidence, even the knowledge that someone was watching her movements, were minor disasters. Jerry had gone!

She tried to read the paper, which lay open beside her, but its printed comedies and tragedies could not penetrate her benumbed consciousness. Someone had been married. Someone had been born. Someone had made a fortune overnight. Someone else was ruined. Then she saw a large photograph of Mrs. Adriance—FAMOUS WASHINGTON HOSTESS. Beneath the headline half a column of fulsome praise compared her to the noted women of history whose salons had changed the destinies of the world.

Diane began to laugh hysterically. So this was what Nan got for all her work. Her schemes and plots, her dinners and entertainments, rewarded by having her picture appear in the paper! This was just what Justinian had wanted her to find out. With effort she made her way upstairs and called the long-distance operator. Her hand shook so that it was difficult to hold the receiver steady. It was necessary to repeat the number several times. There was such a buzzing on the line that it was almost impossible to hear.

To her astonishment, a man's voice that was strange to her answered.

She asked sharply, "Is that Exchange 0777?"

"Yes. Whom do you want to speak to?"

"Mr. Justinian."

"He's out. Is there any message? Is that Miss More?"

She was reassured by his knowledge of her identity. "Yes. Tell him——" Then she stopped. "When will he be back?"

"Not for several days."

It seemed queer that he had not told her, when she had talked to him an hour earlier, that he was going away. Suspicion flashed into her mind. She must find out quickly whether this was indeed his office.

She said, "Oh, he left last night then?"

"Yes," the man answered, falling promptly into the trap.

Diane hung up the receiver. Fear coursed through her body like the heat of fever. Panic-stricken, she called Ginsbrouck's office. The same buzzing occurred, but this time there was no response. After repeated efforts Central told her that the party did not answer. She demanded the manager and asked her to try to get the number. Five minutes later the report came back that the line had been disconnected. It was too late to call Reagan at his downtown office and Justinian had told her that his house phone was not listed.

As if an actual voice spoke into her ear, she heard Jerry saying again, "You'll never find American Chemical listed under Z, Diane."

He knew she had invested in Zuetania. He had deliberately lied to her about Kincaid. It was plain now. Jerry knew about her work for Justinian. Jerry knew that she was engaged in the very activities which he had described to her on the train as being completely despicable. Jerry had gone forever!

With this realization came a definite psychical hardening. It was as if her spirit had been inoculated with a serum which killed one set of germs, but turned loose a million others which produced, in turn, a new disease. Up to this time her work had been carried on reluctantly, in conflict with an inner resistance. She had done no actual harm, she had told herself. It had been through her wits, not through dishonesty, that she had given Justinian valuable information. No one had been bribed by her, no one corrupted. Yet her conscience had never been at rest. Even the fact that her sole idea had been to earn enough money to insure safety for Felix had not mitigated her own scorn for the part she was playing.

But the double shock she had received that afternoon changed this point of view. She had learned that she loved Jerry Cross. She knew that never could she love anyone else.

And Jerry was her enemy.

Every sign of interest—his flowers, his call, his assumption of friendliness, which she had told herself before might be interpreted as an omen of dawning affection—now pointed to a scheme on his part to discover the truth about her. Well, that was finished.

She told Maggie to telephone her dinner hostess and say she was ill. A tray containing milk toast and an egg was sent up to her bed, but it went down, untouched.

With the mauve-gray light of early dawn, her mind was made up. Only Felix was left to her now. She was obsessed by a determination to make sure that he would always be cared for. Just how much money had accumulated to her account, she was not sure. Many deals had gone through, but as she got pencil and paper she realized with a pang of dismay what a large amount was necessary to furnish an income which would insure lifelong protection for an invalid.

"This Has Been Tremendously Interesting"—Her Voice Was Unsteady—"But I'm Sorry That You Thought I Was the Person Who Could Help You"

At seven o'clock she sent a telegram to Justinian's office, using the house telephone to transmit the message. If he caught the ten-o'clock train he would be there that afternoon. She ordered her breakfast, then told Maggie that no one was to disturb her until he came.

She herself let him in, a little after four. At three she had gone downstairs and for more than an hour had paced up and down the library waiting for his ring. His first words were: "Your wire's been cut."

She closed the door behind them. Then she told him what had occurred when she had tried to reach him the afternoon before.

"Ginsbrouck's put his best men on it. I got a telegram from him this morning with yours. We ought to get results soon. Of course, it may merely mean that all the private wires to Washington are being tapped. You remember that during the war the telephones of some of the most important men down here were tampered with. That was a time when every government decision was considered of possible value to Wall Street. Since that day there's never been a period, up to now, when so many vital things were going on. It may only mean a general suspicion."

"I'd like to think that," she said, "but your number was taken by someone the day I called you about Senator Elder from a public booth."

As if they both realized that their analysis would take some time, they sat down, facing each other.

"In other words, you're the one who's being followed."

His directness enabled her to go on. Sympathy would have undermined her, but his blue eyes had never been more piercing or more impersonal.

"Yes."

"Who would be most interested, of anyone in the world, in keeping track of you?"

"My brother." It was an automatic answer.

"And he's in Colorado."

"Yes, but he's found out that I didn't get the money from our aunt's estate, as I let him think." She told him of the letter she had received from the executor of the will.

"What did you say was the name of the new lawyer your brother had engaged?"

"Russell—James F. Russell."

"What a bad break!"

"You know him?"

"I ought to. He was on my trail for two years. He's a partner of this congressman down here—Cross."

Suddenly she laughed. Justinian was startled by the sound. In it there was no mirth.

"Why, of course," she said—"of course!"

Her thoughts were all arranged in order now. She saw the entire sequence of events, as if they had been portrayed before her eyes on a strip of moving-picture film. Felix had consulted the young lawyer at the sanitarium who was interested in detective stories. He had written to his firm in New York, on the chance of finding a loophole in their aunt's will. Russell had undertaken the case, probably to humor his invalided colleague, and at some time had told

(Continued on Page 37)

TUNE IN!

ERNO RAPEE *and the* MOBILOIL ORCHESTRA

of 55 pieces every Wednesday night over WEAF and associated NBC stations.

We asked:

"What do you notice first about the New Mobiloil?"

Motorists answered:

"It lasts longer."

When the New Mobiloil had been in use several months, we sent investigators to call on motorists in different parts of the United States and Canada. We wanted their unbiased opinion of this new oil which we consider the best we have ever made.

Our investigators asked: "What do you notice first about the New Mobiloil?" Motorists everywhere answered: *"Mobiloil lasts longer."*

What is the significance of these three words "Mobiloil lasts longer"? Perhaps they sound unimportant at first glance. But as a matter of fact, they are the most significant words in the science of lubrication. For, in comparing oils of similar "body," engineers have proved that the oil which lasts longest, also lubricates best.

Of course, we already knew the New Mobiloil was longer lasting than other oils on the market. We had given it every scientific and practical test we could devise. Through all hours of steady speedway driving at an average speed of nearly 70 miles an hour, we conclusively proved that the New Mobiloil stands up better and lasts longer under every speed and condition of driving.

This is why we can say to you: "The New Mobiloil will keep the first-year feel in your engine, lubricate your engine better—it lasts longer."

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

the New Mobiloil

Keeps the first-year feel in your engine

What! Linoleum in a bedroom? Certainly, Madam. Sealex has designs and colorings created especially for bedrooms—for every room in the modern home. (Below is the lovely "GREEN" Jaspé, Sealex Linoleum No. 1256.)

The *vogue* today... the *style* tomorrow

COLORFUL floors of surpassing smartness are now very much the vogue. And this new decorative mode will *live* because it is artistically correct as well as practical.

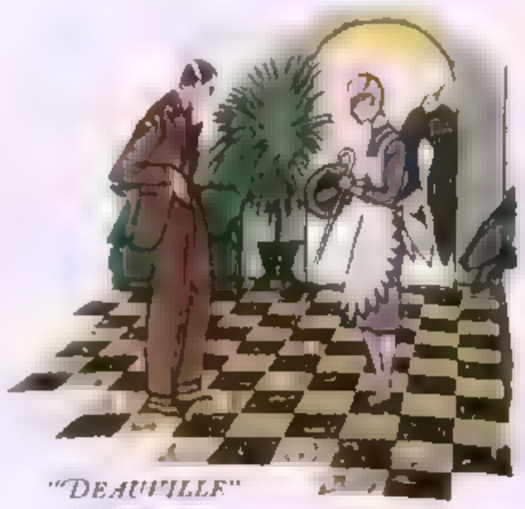
With *Sealex Linoleums*, a woman may plan her decorative scheme as the leading interior decorators recommend—by selecting the floor first . . . floors of smart design and colorful richness. *Sealex Linoleums* gratify every longing for a beautiful floor for every room, with texture, pattern and colorings that really "belong" in the room setting.

Whatever your individual preference may be, it has been anticipated in these new-day floorings. There are patterns with all the delicate veinings of rare and costly marble . . . embossed effects which realistically reproduce quaint hand-laid floors . . . a galaxy of ever popular tile motifs . . . interesting novelties . . . designs almost without end.

All *Sealex Linoleums* are spot-proof and stain-proof. They are made by the *Sealex Process* which seals every pore of the material against dirt and spilled things. An occasional light waxing will preserve their velvety lustre for years.

You can be walking on these stylish floorings in your own home tomorrow if you want them that soon. Installation is a mere matter of *hours*. You and your family will not be inconvenienced. And your home purse will not be strained. Remember the name *Sealex* when you buy!

There is a type of Sealex Linoleum suitable for every flooring need in home, office, store or public building.



"DEAUVILLE"
Sealex Linoleum
No. 5041

CONGOLEUM NAIRN INC., *Gen'l Off.:* KEARNY, N. J. New York Philadelphia Chicago San Francisco Pittsburgh Boston Detroit Minneapolis Kansas City Dallas New Orleans Atlanta

SEALEX LINOLEUMS

Stain-proof – Spot-proof – Easily cleaned

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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(Continued from Page 34)

his former partner, Cross, about it. The congressman had known already, because of her cook's gossip, that she had been without funds up to the time she had met Justinian. Then he had learned that she had not inherited any money, and he knew Justinian's record. It was a problem with only one possible answer.

She did not tell her caller every step leading up to the conclusion, but she said that she knew now it must be Cross who was responsible.

"A bad break!" he exclaimed.

"It might be worse. After all, what does he know definitely? That I have repeated to you things I've heard at dinner tables. He knows you've gambled in stocks for me. Well, what could he do about that?"

'Nothing, technically. He could injure your reputation socially, I suppose."

'Yes, but I shall leave Washington. I'll go abroad." During the night she had decided on the very place where she would take her brother. It was an obscure village high in the mountains of Switzerland, where even the most traveled of their friends would never come. In another year these people whom she now saw every day on terms of intimacy would say to one another: "I wonder what ever became of Diane More?"

She spoke to him about the trust fund she wanted to establish for Felix.

He leaned toward her, his hands clasped between his knees. "Do you know, if this hadn't happened, we would have been able, with your help, to put over a deal which would have made us both independently rich for the rest of our lives."

"For the rest of our lives," she repeated to herself. Felix would have been cared for always, no matter what happened.

There was a moment of silence. Then she began to speak. Her voice surprised her by its cool distinctness: "I'm willing to go on with it."

He regarded her with admiration. "In the face of all this? Well, you're wonderful! I take my hat off to you

"Tell me what you had planned."

"It's the simplest thing in the world. All you have to do is to keep Philip Lamond away from his office for half an hour or so the day I give you the signal."

But he's a friend. I said I wouldn't use my friends."

Justinian had apparently been prepared for this obstacle. Lines of shrewdness appeared at the corners of his narrowed eyes.

"We're going to get what we want, whether or not you keep him away. As a matter of fact, it will be much better for him not to be there at this particular time."

"You'd better tell me the whole thing."

"All right." He was evidently relieved to find her willing even to consider the idea. "This is the story: Do you know about the Filtreum Oil Company? Well, it's one of the biggest. A couple of years ago they got a concession in a certain country in South America. It's an immense thing. The dividends have been enormous. But a few months ago the country next to the one that had given the concession declared that the oil fields were over their boundary line. They claimed that the first country had no right to sell the property. The truth of the matter is, the great rivals of Filtreum want the same concession and will get it if the second country is granted the property. There has been such a row that the whole question has been turned over to a neutral European country to arbitrate. Their decision is expected this week."

"And you want it?"

"We want it and we're going to get it! That's fixed!"

She did not ask him how it had been fixed. She preferred not to know.

"Now it would be easier for everyone concerned if Lamond is out of his office when the cable arrives. The news will reach him first. The decoded message will be laid on his desk while he's out. When he returns he will read it. He'll never know that anyone else has seen it. It won't do either him or the two countries involved any harm. But to us it will mean a fortune." He went on: "Personally, I'm going to put every cent of money I've got into it. I advise you to do the same. Your account's been growing steadily and I'll sell out your stocks to the best advantage possible. Then you'll be on Easy Street."

"It will be my last deal."

"Of course." He leaned back, more at ease

Her consent had been tacitly pledged. Only the details remained to be worked out. It was obviously impossible to use the telephone as a means of communication

"Suppose I telegraph you," he suggested. "You see, we'll get a cable from the European capital where the arbitration is to be worked out, when the message is sent. The contents will be kept a dead secret over there, but we can get at them when they reach Washington. It doesn't matter to us which way the decision goes. We'll put every cent we've got into whatever oil company secures the concession. All we want to know is which country wins out. The State Department won't give out the information officially for a day or two. They always guard those things with the utmost care, because they know the havoc to the stock market if there should be a leak."

He flipped a match into the fire. "Suppose I send you a message signed 'Ruth.' If I say, 'Do you want ten or eleven handkerchiefs?' you'll know it's between the hours of ten and eleven in the morning that Lamond is to be kept away. It's more likely to be in the afternoon though."

"All right."

"I'll go back to New York this evening. You'd better not see Ginsbrouck again. I'll handle your account for you. . . . You haven't drawn anything to speak of."

"No, I—I haven't needed it."

"Well, you'll never need to worry after this." He rose. "And I hope you won't mind my saying that your nerve is magnificent."

But if he could have seen her after the door had closed and she was alone, he would have known at what price she had summoned her courage for this supreme final effort

During the next few days she moved as in a dream. She dressed, went out, chatted with strangers and friends alike, but at times she had a curious suspicion that only her body was going through these mechanical motions and her spirit had taken complete leave of it

At dinner at Mrs. Procter's she sat next Eric Beadlestone. At first he paid no attention to her, for the woman

(Continued on Page 97)

She Told Herself That Her Imagination Was Becoming Distorted. His Interest in Her Was Due to Only One Thing—His Determination to Learn All That He Could of Justinian's Actions

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MIGHTY MONARCH OF THE AIR

The Passing of Nick of New York

"Are You Getting Up, Passiter? I Always Hated You, You Scowling Brute"

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

THE psychic moment was at hand. They were together—Martha Dring and Nick of New York, most famous of American gentleman gangsters—wedged in the little crowd, waiting to get into line to pay their respects to the Duchess of Clarence, their famous hostess. Martha, who was unusually pale, drew her companion on one side.

"Mr. Conklin—Nick," she exclaimed breathlessly, "you see that tall, dark man, standing almost by the duchess' side?"

"I see him."

"I know who he is," she went on. "It is Superintendent Erasmus from Scotland Yard. That short man with whom he is talking is a detective too. You see, they are exactly opposite the duchess, and they watch everyone who speaks to her. Give it up, Nick, please," she begged. "You can see that there isn't any possible chance. Give it up, for my sake as well as your own."

He glanced across the crowded space to where the duchess, on a slightly raised dais, was receiving her guests. She was a tall, handsome woman of very distinguished presence, who would have been noticeable anywhere apart from the amazing adornment she wore—a single diamond, the Light of China, the largest stone in the world, which flashed upon her bosom—a pear-shaped oval of glittering fire. The chain from which it hung was of platinum, incrusted with smaller diamonds of the finest quality, so that a narrow rivulet of flame seemed to run round her neck and disappear into the reservoir of brilliancy below. Martha gave a gasp of wonder.

"It's worth traveling round the world to see!" she exclaimed.

"It will be worth having," Nick rejoined.

She laid her hand upon his arm.

"Dear man," she pleaded, "can't you see that any sort of an attempt would be simple suicide? You'll give it up for tonight, won't you?"

He looked at her with a slight frown. They had moved a yard farther forward by this time.

"You must remember that I am not going into this quite blindly," he said. "I have a scheme which is, after all, an absurdly simple one. I can't tell whether it will work out until I am within a few feet of the duchess, but I promise you that if it is hopeless, I'll give it up. I won't bungle anyhow. I promise you that. And I won't get you into trouble."

"Give it up, Nick," she persisted. "It isn't worth it. You're clever, but you're not a magician. Let's think out something more practical."

"What else could there be?" he reminded her. "Mirada's jewels will be valued at something like a hundred thousand pounds. One can't beat that with trifles."

"Pay your five hundred pounds' forfeit," she whispered eagerly.

He indulged in a little grimace.

"I should be the laughingstock of England and America," he reminded her. "It was I who proposed the whole business."

There was another movement forward. Nick Conklin skilfully piloted his companion into the line.

"Miss Dring," he whispered gravely, "I have seen several things which you probably haven't noticed, and I have altered my plans slightly. I want you to push on ahead in the direction we have decided upon. You need not mind being alone. Heaps of people get separated from their escorts in this crush. I shall follow you in a few minutes, and I promise you this: I'll let the thing alone if I decide that it is hopeless. Will you be content with that?"

"I suppose I must"—she sighed—"but I'd rather you promised me now to give it up."

"Listen," he went on, "for this is very important. You know how to reach your car?"

"Absolutely," she agreed.

"Walk straight away when you have shaken hands with the duchess, to where you left it, and drive round to the front entrance."

"To where?" she repeated, aghast.

"To the front entrance," he repeated firmly—"the one at which we arrived. Drive up as though you were bringing a guest. If I have decided to abandon the enterprise or if I have had any luck, I shall be there. If I am not there, better just get away as quickly as you can. Don't wait. Mind that. I shall either be there when you arrive, or never."

She shivered a little, but she knew very well that her companion was immovable.

"Very well," she assented sadly.

She moved on, and Nick stepped out of the line for a moment. When he returned she was some distance ahead.

Martha carried out her instructions to the letter. She duly made her bow and received an agreeable smile and handshake.

"I am sure," the duchess murmured, "that you are that clever Miss Dring who does those marvelous designs for book covers."

Martha pleaded guilty.

"So intensely modern and interesting," the great lady continued. "Do bring me some to look at one day."

Martha passed on, with scarcely time for more than one glance of amazement at the marvelous jewel upon her hostess' bosom. She moved to the less-crowded side of the room, easily found the door leading to the lift, and descended. The way out was perfectly clear, from the plan which she had studied, and she encountered no one who paid the slightest attention to her. Once she paused to listen, but so far as she could hear, there was no disturbance behind.

Her car was being guarded by one of Costigan's Hornets, who left it immediately at her approach, mounted his motor bicycle, and rode away to await her coming at the back entrance of the Club. She started her engine and drove as slowly as possible down the side street, turning into the square with a sinking heart. She had scarcely a hope of seeing Nick. There were two cars ahead of her, setting down guests, which blocked her view. She loitered behind them, and when her turn came, crept up to the great canopy which stretched over the whole pavement to the curb, her fingers trembling as she felt for the brake. Her heart gave a terrific beat. There, standing alone on the bottom step, looking more than usually debonair in his black overcoat, silk hat and white kid gloves, stood Nick. Automatically she brought the car to a standstill. There was a blur before her eyes, a sob in her throat which kept her speechless. He threw away his cigarette and slipped in by her side.

"The Club," he murmured.

She was in full speed almost at once. In the park he checked her. She drew up by the side of the road.

"You abandoned it?" she whispered.

"No, I didn't," he replied. "You can have just one look."

His hand stole out of his trousers pocket, his fingers slowly parted, and she gave a little cry. The car seemed filled with light, sparkling specks and gleams of fairy illumination. She was absolutely inarticulate as she sat with her eyes riveted upon the diamond. He replaced it in his pocket.

"I don't see how it was possible!" she cried.

"Much that is impossible is accomplished in this world," he remarked, with a banality so obvious that she looked at him anxiously. He was staring straight ahead, and for the first time she saw a hint of apprehension in his eyes.

"There's something you haven't told me," she insisted. "Is there any danger I don't know of? I can drive to the coast, if you like. I've petrol for a hundred and fifty miles—anywhere you choose. Don't look as though you saw ghosts."

"It is the ghosts that are to come I see," he answered with a certain new grimness. "Miss Dring," he went on in an altered voice, "you have always been very kind to me. I want to ask you a last favor."

"Why this finality?" she inquired.

"The Club's in danger—on its last legs," he told her. "They've been watching us for days. Grant knows that well enough. He's off to Abyssinia tomorrow, and only praying that he gets there. We've run our course for the moment. He's going to propose tonight that we scatter."

"And what is this favor that you have to ask?"

"I want you to keep away from the Club tonight," he begged.

She laughed scornfully.

"Do you really think that I am likely to?" she demanded. "I have a right to be there. I have worked for you all—more or less, if not seriously—and you know quite well what excitement means to me. Do you think I should stay away the night you are all going to sit round that table, with Amos Grimmett handling those marvelous jewels. Can't you see him? He'll be feeling at the same time the agony of pain at the idea of parting with the huge sums he will have to value some of the jewels at, and the thrill of the enormous profit he will make when he sells. Stay away, indeed, and not see you win the prize! You must be mad to suggest such a thing."

"Miss Dring ——" he began.

"Oh, don't be foolish," she interrupted. "Don't you know everyone is going to tell his story? Eustace Grant is going to tell us exactly how he bound up that man in the dressing room, how he stole those jewels in the face of a thousand people and fought his way with the Hornets to safety. Besides, there's your story to tell, Nick. I'm crazy with curiosity to know how you took that jewel from the duchess tonight. Stay away, indeed! You're mad!"

She started up the car and they shot away. He kept silent for several moments. Presently they turned into the quiet little street at the back of the Club. She looked around her curiously.

"Nick," she asked him, "is it my fancy, or is the street full of shadows?"

"It is not your fancy," he groaned. "The street is full of shadows, but they are the shadows of men. Some of them were there last night. Tonight there will be many more. There's your Hornet boy waiting. Miss Dring—Martha—for the love of God do as I ask you! Go home!"

"Why?" she asked simply.

"Because there is danger here tonight," he urged—"danger from inside, as well as out. You know Passiter, Chaplain Lane, the doctor, and all of them. Do you think they're going to part with a fortune for which they have risked their lives to me, a foreigner, not even one of themselves?"

"Don't show it to them," she suggested. "Say that you failed. Pay the five-hundred-pound fine. I'll take it home. No one will suspect me. I'll keep it for you safely."

He shook his head. "It can't be done. I must weigh in with the others."

They were at a standstill now, outside the back door. The lad who had preceded them from Grosvenor Square was creeping up to the car.

"If you are obstinate, *mon ami*, so am I," she declared. "Please get out. I am coming in with you. I am going to see the show tonight, and I am going to hear how you accomplished your miracle."

He was back on his last defenses.

"You're going to do neither," he snapped. "You're going to do as I beg, as I implore, as I insist upon your doing. You're going home now, and tomorrow you shall hear everything."

She stood upon the edge of the rain-splashed pavement, with a faint gleam of watery moonlight shining upon her beautiful, angry face. The electric standard was out of order, as usual—Simon Flood's men attended to that—but Nick could see her flaming eyes and the trembling of her soft lips.

She scented danger and she was athirst for it. To be pushed back to safety by the man who was probably himself in more danger than anyone else—it was unthinkable!

"I am going to see the show," she repeated doggedly, "and I am going to see it with you, if it is the last night of our lives. If I am in danger, you are in danger, too, and I'd rather we went through it together. Chuck it yourself, and I'll chuck it. Come back with me and stay away from this place, and I'll do the same."

"I can't do that," he told her gravely.

"Then come along," she insisted. "It's suppertime and I want a cocktail."

Nick's groan was very bitter, but he raised his hand and the haunting shadows of the place became very real indeed. Three stalwart men in dark clothes surrounded them.

"You will take this young lady in charge, inspector," he ordered. "Quick! Don't let her scream."

His own hand was the first upon her mouth, and she bit him savagely. Nevertheless, he was in time. She was furious, but speechless. He stuffed his handkerchief between her teeth and withdrew his own bleeding fingers. She stared at him and at the blood dripping onto the pavement. Then, for the first time in her life, she fainted.

"Take her in one of the police cars to Marlborough Street," he directed. "See that she has a special wardress, a private room, and every comfort. I'll see about the charge in the morning. As a matter of fact, there won't be one."

"Very good, sir," one of the men answered.

They led her away. Nick Conklin took out his latchkey and entered the back quarters of the Club.

"Where are they all?" he asked Charlie as he mounted to the bar.

The man pointed upstairs.

"They're getting ready for supper in the private card room, sir," he confided. "They left word for you to go up at once."

Nick made his way above. They were all there, mostly gathered around the tape—Eustace Grant, the doctor, Chaplain Lane, Passiter, Hungry John. Mr. Amos Grimmett was standing in the background in a state of considerable agitation. They swung round at Nick's entrance, and there was a little half-suppressed gasp. The only spoken words were Grant's:

"It's Nick!"

"I'm here all right," was the cool reply. "How much have they got on that thing?"

Grant handed it over.

"Only a line or two."

Nick read the few words:

An extraordinary sensation was produced at the Duchess of Clarence's reception tonight by a rumor during the evening that the most famous jewel in the world—the Light of China—belonging to the duchess, had been stolen. The diamond is valued at more than a hundred thousand pounds.

"I'll accept that valuation, Mr. Grimmett," Nick remarked with a smile. "It ought to put me a winner."

"I'll value it all right for you when you show me the stone," was the incredulous reply.

Nick's hand went into his pocket and out came the diamond. There was a murmur of indrawn human breaths, like the soughing of a south wind through a grove of cypresses. No one spoke; they crowded round, pushed and shouldered one another, all manners forgotten, the wild-beast instinct predominating. One of the passions of the world had been let loose and become rampant. Nick was conscious of their hot breaths and greedy eyes, and he sensed a danger more imminent than any he had foreseen. He returned the stone to his pocket.

"I see Charlie's fixed a little bar up here"—he pointed out. "What about a cocktail before we settle down and get to business?"

George hurried forward with a beaming smile.

"Let me mix them, sir," he suggested. "I'm very good at a Martini."

Nick of New York shook his head with his finger upon the bell.

"No one but Charlie's going to mix me a Martini in this Club," he declared.

The little waiter crept closer. There was almost a piteous light of entreaty in his eyes.

"Let me look at the stone, sir," he begged. "I couldn't get near with all those other gentlemen."

Nick drew out his prize and exposed it. The man's eyes seemed as though they would fall from his head.

"I used to wait at some wonderful places in New York before my trouble came, sir," he confided, "but I've never seen anything like that."

"There isn't anything in the world like it," Nick Conklin told him as he replaced it in his pocket.

Charlie appeared and they made their way to the improvised bar. Nick held back as he felt them pressing around him.

"Give me a little air," he remonstrated. "I had a twisting this evening, and I need a drink quickly."

They yielded him space—unwillingly, it seemed to him. For the first time, Eustace Grant, who had stood aloof from the others, spoke to him.

"Where is Miss Dring?" he inquired.

"All in," was the regretful reply. "She's gone home, but may come along later, if she feels like it. Our get-away wasn't quite so smooth as usual."

"Tell us about it," Grant invited.

"Later on."

The cocktails were served, and more than ever, Nick was conscious that the attitude of his companions toward him was entirely changed. He was not a nervous person, but he knew very well that he was in serious danger. He was continually being hustled. They seemed to be trying to get him into the middle of a little group—and afterward! He had seen gangsters ringing. He extricated himself and turned to Grant.

"After we have had our supper and heard the valuations," he announced, "I have something to say to you all. I desire to modify the conditions of our show."

"This is interesting," Grant murmured. "What do your propose?"

"It's been a great sporting effort on the part of every one of you," Nick continued, "but I'm not a greedy man. I don't want all the boodle. Besides, there's one more job I think we might tackle before we close down."

Grant's colorless eyes glittered.

"There's one more I mean to tackle before I leave for Abyssinia," he confided to Nick, and, although the latter affected not to notice it, there was a threat in the muttered words.

"We must hear what our friend Nick has to say," Chaplain Lane suggested. "I am very glad that he has spoken. There is too much here for one man."

"Everyone has a personal right to what he risks his life for," the doctor declared sullenly.

Nick drank his cocktail without haste, but with the slow, casual enjoyment of the thoughtful drinker. Then he pointed to the table.

"I am hungry," he admitted.

They all moved over and took their places. Nick was the first to sit down. He chose a chair in the corner, near the bar, and with a view of the room. The others seated themselves at haphazard.

It was a more or less unusual meal, but one in which the little company sometimes indulged during an all-night sitting. There was a large *pâté de foie gras* in the middle of the table, and two stone jars of caviar on each side. George, moving briskly about, passed the steaming hot toast and opened the champagne. Grant, who seemed disquieted, for him almost nervous, rose from his place after the first glass.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," he begged. "I want to have a look down into the restaurant."

The room was exactly above the one where they usually took their cocktails, and the musicians' gallery was still

(Continued on Page 42)

ALL ALONE!

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(Continued from Page 40)

below them. Grant stood looking downward for more than a minute. When he returned his face was clouded.

"Any news of Flood?" he asked.

"Not a word, not a line," Passiter replied. "His house is shut up, and all the news was that he had been removed to a nursing home somewhere in the country."

"Frankly, I can't understand this place since he has been away," Grant confided. "It's almost full now, but I can see scarcely a face I recognize. Jacky's there, with a new girl—I wish to the devil he'd keep clear of them—but except for him, I don't recognize anyone. What do they all come here for? If we go on, we shall have to chuck the restaurant altogether."

"Damned expensive place to run like that," Chaplain Lane observed. "I believe you're fancying things, Grant. We do get a strange lot in sometimes, but we're a strange lot ourselves. I've been through tonight and everything seemed to me to be as usual."

"Have a glass of wine, old chap," Hungry John suggested. "You're seeing things. George, cart the bottle round."

"I am not seeing things, nor am I a fanciful person," Grant insisted. "I still say that there is something queer about the place, and has been ever since Simon Flood went home ill. I feel it more than ever tonight, and I'm half inclined to send word to Jacky to have the Hornets up."

"It isn't a bad idea," Nick approved as he deliberately buttered a piece of toast. "There were one or two unusual-looking loiterers around our stage door when I came in."

A message was sent down to the restaurant and in a few moments Costigan appeared.

"Notice anything out of the way downstairs, Jack?" Grant inquired.

The young man reflected.

"Well, I dunno," he replied. "There's rather a crowd and not many of the old gang. Country chaps, I should think. I got a new donah with me, and I haven't been looking about much."

"Get the flying squad up," Grant ordered abruptly—"enough of them, at any rate, to hold the alley behind."

The young gangster's black eyes were wide open now.

"Is that straight, gov'nor?" he demanded.

Grant nodded. "I dare say I'm all wrong," he admitted, "but there's been big business doing and all London's swarming with detectives. The Hornets want work, they say, and they may get it. Anyway, they'll have their pay."

"This place doesn't seem quite right to the chief," the doctor explained. "Maybe it's fancy, but a ride won't do the boys any harm."

"I'll have a score here in half an hour," Jack Costigan promised, "and I'll come up again for orders. We had a glorious scrap the other night, but they're all ready for another."

"You're getting me rattled," Nick observed nervously, as the young man left the room. "Let's get on with this business and call it a night."

There was a little murmur of assent. Amos Grimmett adjusted his pince-nez and leaned across the table.

"I say, major," he began, "and all of you, I'm willing enough to come here and do this job for you, and maybe I'll be a buyer afterward of any stuff we agree about, but there's one thing about me. You know very well I don't belong to the gang. I've never been in a rough house in my life, and, with my nerves, I'm apt to get a little scared. Now, I'm not imagining there's going to be anything of a rough house tonight, but why run any risks? If there's one thing I hate it's a gun. Hand them over to Charlie there. If there's any disagreement, let me settle it for you."

Everyone looked doubtfully at the others. Grant, as he sat polishing his eyeglass, remembered that terrifying exhibition of Nick of New York on his first arrival. Unarmed, they were seven men to one. Nevertheless, he appeared to hesitate.

"Let's have them where we can get at them then," he proposed.

"Why not hand them to George?" Nick ventured. "Personally, having been out tonight, I'd rather keep mine, but I'll join the majority."

The waiter, with a grin of delight, brought round a tray. Even at the last moment, Grant hesitated.

"Are the doors all locked, George?" he asked.

"Every one of them, sir. There's no one could get in here, short of battering the place to pieces."

Grant produced an automatic and laid it upon the table. The others followed suit. Nick, without a quiver, placed one of his famous flat automatics upon the tray, and then stooped down.

"Wait a moment," he begged, "I've got another."

He produced a second from a secret pocket. Grant's eyes brightened.

"Take them away, George, and put them in the closet," he ordered.

George held the tray some distance from him, eying the glittering collection apprehensively.

"Are they all loaded, major?" he inquired.

"They're all at safety, you fool," was the curt reply. "Now, Amos, let's get on with the business, and then we'll discuss the distribution."

In the center of the table stood a huge silver pot, once presented, half in jest, to the Club for a golf prize, and won every successive year by Grant. Amos Grimmett leaned over and drew it toward him. He removed the chased lid and thrust in his hand.

"First of all," he announced, "I have here the collection of old-fashioned jewelry contributed by a regretted friend, Mat Sarson. One or two of the emeralds are very fine, but the setting of everything was ridiculous. There are sixteen stones altogether. The reward offered was five thousand pounds. I value them at twelve thousand."

"You'll give that for them, Amos?" Grant asked.

The man writhed a little in his chair.

"Eleven thousand, major," he begged. "There's going to be a glut of jewelry on the market, and I've had to pay for knocking them out of their settings."

"Agreed," Grant decided. "The amount will go to Mrs. Mat Sarson, Pollard's Road, Newmarket. The money will reach her next week. Is that agreed?"

Amos Grimmett sighed. "I ought to have made it ten thousand," he said. "Still, little Mat was a good sort. The money shall go."

"Next," Grant enjoined.

Amos Grimmett drew out another packet. He undid the string, took off the lid from a box, and passed the contents round—the two rubies and the diamond from Kensington Museum.

"The most marvelous rubies in the world," Passiter declared, handling them fondly. "These three stones were insured by the British Government for thirty thousand pounds."

"Having regard to the magnitude of these sums," Amos Grimmett declared, "I have been obliged to seek the assistance of some of my friends and form a small syndicate. We will give twenty-five thousand for them."

"H'm!" Grant remarked. "Well, that's the first entry for the competition. What do you say about twenty-five thousand pounds, Passiter?"

Passiter's lips opened in what could only be described as a snarl.

"The money might do," he muttered, "but who gets it?"

There was an ominous silence.

Amos Grimmett thrust his hand into the huge silver bowl and drew out a brown-paper package.

"In this," he explained, "Doctor Bradman's contribution, I am not ——"

"Wait!" Grant's voice rang out like a muffled pistol shot. He rose to his feet, his forefinger lifted.

"What the devil's wrong?" Passiter demanded.

"You fellows have no sensibility," Grant declared. "Can't you hear footsteps in the street? I heard voices just now too."

He stole over to the curtains and peered downward. Bradman and Chaplain Lane followed his example.

"There are two or three fellows hanging about at the street corner," the latter pointed out. "I never noticed that before."

"I heard the footsteps of more than two or three people," Grant said uneasily. "There's no one out, is there? We're all here."

Bradman drew back from the curtains.

"If it were anyone but you, chief," he rejoined, "I should imagine you'd been drinking. The alley seems to me to be much as usual."

Grant crossed the room and stepped into the little recess purposely built so that the room commanded a view of the restaurant.

"Look here, doctor," he said, beckoning insistently to Bradman. "There are fifty or sixty men down in the restaurant. Just look at them, one by one, from table to table. What do you make of them?"

"A very ordinary lot," Bradman declared. "I'm afraid the restaurant's going down."

Grant gnawed his short mustache.

"I'll tell you what I make of them," he muttered. "To me they have the stamp of it. I believe at least half of them are plain-clothes men from the Yard."

Bradman looked at his companion curiously.

"Major," he suggested, "you'd better let me give you something for your nerves. We've had the greatest two months of our lives, and with the end of it naturally comes the breakdown. Why, I can tell you the names of at least a dozen of those men. That's Robert Dunn, the bookmaker—his son-in-law, a wholesale fish merchant, at the same table. There's Luke Hadley, the man who bought those three cinemas last week. Scotland Yard men, indeed! You're crazy."

Grant swung round on his heel.

"I suppose you're right," he admitted. "Come on back."

They returned to the table.

"Go ahead, Amos," Grant invited, helping himself to a drink.

"The brown-paper parcel," Grimmett announced, "is the contribution of Doctor Bradman. My only task in connection with it has been to reduce the various forms of currency to English pounds. It is a very wonderful haul indeed—very wonderful—but I understand that a lady who has become Doctor Bradman's wife claims a certain share in it."

"Not only that, but she's got to have it," the doctor observed. "There's sixty thousand there, but only thirty thousand available."

"That will do for the present then," Grant said. "We are going to discuss the matter of allocation later."

Grimmett drew out another brown-paper packet.

"Thousand-dollar notes," he announced—"Mr. Chaplain Lane's contribution, duly counted out and, on today's rate of exchange, worth seventy-two thousand pounds. Something has to be deducted here, however, for the original capital sunk and for the lady who assisted our friend."

"A marvelous recovery, that!" Grant murmured. "We owe something, always, to our friends who bring in the cash. Put it down, Grimmett."

In went Amos Grimmett's hand once more, and with jealous fingers he held out a string of diamonds, and again a more wonderful one of emeralds.

"The jewels of Mirada," he exclaimed huskily. "The world's epic theft, gentlemen, the most dramatic episode of modern times. My friends who were helping me, major, have stretched a point for these jewels. We value them at, and we shall give for them, eighty thousand pounds."

"Listen," Grant exclaimed suddenly.

They all turned their heads. The music was playing below. The distant hum of voices rose from the restaurant, together with the pattering of feet from the dancers.

"Listen to what?" Chaplain Lane demanded, for him almost irritably.

Eustace Grant rose from his place, walked to the door, unlocked it and looked out. He lingered there for a time. Then he came back.

"Sorry," he apologized. "Bradman's right, I suppose—I want a nerve tonic, or else my ears have gone wrong. Get on with it, Grimmett. The sooner we've finished the valuations, the better."

Grimmett's hand once more sought the bowl.

"One moment," Grant interrupted. "Our friend John Frisby's contribution cannot be shown, but dangerous though it is to hold, it represents a wonderful enterprise. A firm of Chinese merchants in the City paid into the banking account of the Club this afternoon sixty thousand pounds, the result of the sale of a consignment of cocaine, heroin, and a drug which we do not mention by name. Enter that amount on the list, if you please, Mr. Grimmett, as the contribution of our friend, John Frisby."

Amos Grimmett thrust in his hand and drew out the last packet. As he shook away the paper there was a little murmur. Amos Grimmett himself was like a man moved to a state of ecstasy. His eyes devoured the diamond.

"My friends," he announced, "however much we may regret it, this ends the competition. My syndicate will give a hundred thousand pounds for the Light of China, and we shall make a better profit on it than on any of these other things. One hundred thousand pounds to Nick of New York."

There was a strange little murmur of voices. It certainly was not applause they indicated. It was more like a threat. Nick seemed to feel them edging toward him.

"Listen, gentlemen," he said: "The competition into which we all entered was my idea. We were all overapt to talk about our own exploits. In fact, as criminals," he went on, "we're in a queer position, for whilst our business is to hide in the secret corners of the world, our instinct is rather to live in the crowded places and boast of our success. I offer you atonement for an ill-considered scheme. I propose that each man should keep what belongs to him, as long as he may, or send it into the common fund and divide, whichever has been your custom."

There was a stupefied silence. Eustace Grant drew a deep sigh.

"Our friend from the other side of the seas," he observed, "has anticipated a suggestion on our part. As things are, we still have to remember, with deep regret and humility, that our friend Nick of New York has carried out the greatest enterprise of any. However, let us not go back upon our motto—crooks pay. We accept Nick of New York's offer. Nick of New York, we drink your health."

They all stood up. Suddenly a familiar, and yet a curiously altered, voice rang through the room. A dozen paces

(Continued on Page 44)

A play rug by day . . .

a company rug at night

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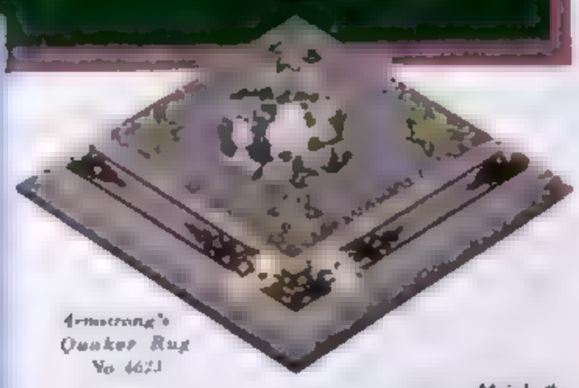

Armstrong's Quaker Rug No. 4621

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Armstrong's Quaker Rugs

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM

Hear the Armstrong Quakers on the air every Friday night, 10 o'clock, Eastern Standard Time. WJZ coast to coast network.

(Continued from Page 42

away, though they had seen him disappear down the stairs, and though every door was locked, stood George, and, more amazing than anything else in the world, he held in his hands, with an air of great familiarity, a pair of flat automatics.

"Well," he said, "you want to drink my health. I'm here"

"What's the matter with you, George?" Grant exclaimed. "Put those guns down, you fool."

George grinned—a familiar and yet an altered grin.

"I'd be a bigger fool if I did," he rejoined. "You ask who I am, and I'll tell you. I'm Nick of New York."

Passiter slouched across the table, sweeping two glasses onto the floor. Hungry John dropped on his knees. Amos Grimmett shook with fear. The doctor rose from his place and, as he rose, George's left-hand gun followed his movements. Chaplain Lane found voice.

"What do you mean by saying you're Nick of New York?" he demanded.

"Because it's the truth," was the harsh reply. "I came over here meaning to leg in with you. Since I found out what was going on, I've lain low. I've let you work for me. Your guns have gone into the dust bin, and if I kill the lot of you, I don't mind. I want the loot, and I'm going to have it, but I'll tell you this before I've done with you. Call yourselves gangsters. Call yourselves classic criminals. You're nothing but a pack of shallow-headed mugs, children, suckers. Nick of New York, indeed! Look at your Nick of New York and ask him who he is"

"I think," Nick said pleasantly, "that our friend George must have been drinking."

Grant sprang to his feet.

"I've never been sure of you!" he cried. "Who are you!"

"Who is he?" George from the background mocked. "About time you asked. I'll tell you in five minutes. Clear off now, the lot of you. Stand with your backs to that wall—if you don't I'll pick you off, one by one. Are you getting up, Passiter? I always hated you, you scowling brute. Get flat to the wall, or you'll have one of those through your middle, and not your arm."

A spit of flame, a snapping report, and Passiter's arm fell helpless by his side. He leaped to the wall. Amos Grimmett was already there, his hands high above his head. The others followed Only the pseudo Nick of New York remained at the table, watching his companion stuffing his pockets with the jewels, lining himself everywhere with the thousand-dollar bills.

"A very good holdup, George," he approved with a smile. "I wonder how far you think you're going to get away with that lot?"

"You hold your tongue," was the snarling response, "or you'll go to the wall with the others. I've bullets enough to send every one of you to hell. Try it!" he almost shouted, as he watched Grant quivering on his toes. "Try a rush, my soldier hero! There isn't a man of you could reach this table, and you know it. I've got what I want. I've taken what Nick of New York wants away from you set of braggarts. Stay where you are till I get to the door, and I'll tell you who your pal is."

The new George, with swift, slinking footsteps, went backward to the wall. He turned the key. His fingers rested upon the handle.

"Come after me, if you want to, all of you," he jeered. "I plan these things better than you. I am just a waiter, and I'm going where I choose. There isn't one of you who's going to leave here except in the Black Maria. How I've laughed at you night after night, when you've planned your schemes. . . . Nick of New York indeed! He's Dickins, the detective, the man who pretended to resign from Scotland Yard."

He plunged through the door, and they heard him laugh as he passed down the stairs. Grant came forward from his place. The others followed him. They had forgotten their fear. They were like a pack of wolves as they came back to the table. Grant took a seat by Dickins' side

"We don't need a gun to kill you, Dickins," he said. "A gun would be too merciful. Have you ever heard of a man being broken into pieces, smashed into a jelly, slowly torn limb from limb? It's what's going to happen to you."

"I'm not so sure," Dickins answered.

His foot stole slowly backward. The room was in sudden darkness, every light extinguished. There was an explosion at the farther end as though a bomb had fallen. Everyone was for a moment paralyzed. Then the lights flashed on again, and they stood aghast, looking at Dickins' vacant chair.

"Where is he?" Grant cried

They ran round the room like wildcats. There was no sign of Dickins.

"He never reached the door I'll swear that!" Passiter shrieked. "I've stood with my back to it every moment!"

"Behind the counter," Grant ordered.

Chaplain Lane was there first. He leaned over.

"There's no one here," he shouted, "but there's a hole in the floor!"

They all rushed to his side. Suddenly, with a yell of horror, Chaplain Lane fell backward, shrieking and clutching at the empty air with his hands. Grant, who was close behind, made a valiant spring, cleared the counter even, sobbing and choking, and struck at the terrible object that had risen slowly from the circular black hole, only to fall crashing among the glasses and lie there unconscious. Then, before their terrified eyes, the hideous apparition rose to its full height—a human being, clad in fireman's helmet and gas mask, and what seemed to be some sort of armor from head to foot, with sievelike projections for the eyes. From the instrument which he held in his hands came pouring oily gray smoke. Both Frisby and Amos Grimmett staggered toward the window, but reeled and fell prostrate before they could cross the room. In less than thirty seconds there was complete silence in the room. From below, in the streets and on the stairs, came the blowing of whistles. The little company of plain-clothes policemen, wearing gas masks until the windows were open, who presently entered the room, had nothing to do but place their prisoners on stretchers and carry them to the waiting van.

Dickins, perhaps for the first time in his life, was nervous as he crossed the floor of Martha Dring's studio a few afternoons later. He knew very well, however, what was in store for him when she shook her head at his outstretched hand.

"I'm sorry," she said.

"So am I," he answered.

"You are a brave man," she continued, "and I know that you only did your duty. My brain tells me that I ought to join in with all the others, pat you on the back as a hero, and be thankful that you have rid the country of a terrible band of gangsters, but I can't do it."

"In war," he pleaded, "the secret-service man, the spy, ranks high enough. Surely, criminals, the enemies of our own people, murderers, killing for lust of gain, are at any rate as bad as a foreign enemy? The country couldn't honorably exist if gangs like Grant's and men like Nick of New York were not rooted out. We tried our best to do it by ordinary methods, and we'd found out—what is after all the truth—that the odds are in favor of the intelligent criminal as against the ordinary science of detection. One had to go into their own country to meet them at their own game.

"And the end—don't you think I'd sooner have had a fair fight; but supposing I had, what would it have meant? The death of twenty or thirty of my men at least. There wasn't one of that gang would have surrendered without emptying his guns into some poor policeman's body who was only doing his duty. Gas has been used before against criminals, and I claim that it was used mercifully. We took every member of the gang without a wound on either side."

She sighed.

"I suppose you are right," she said. "I only know how I feel. Since you are here, though, I must ask you one question. What happened to Simon Flood?"

"We arrested Flood secretly a fortnight before," he confided. "We had a band of workmen employed, soon after the Club closed, every night until eight o'clock in the morning, altering the passages and exits, and making the spiral staircase up for our gas man. . . . Oh, I know what you are thinking about it all," he went on with a queer little burst of passion, "but can't you realize what my position was? For two months I had suspected Grant of being at the head of a band of gangsters and Flood's Club as being their headquarters. I tried by every possible means to get a line on them, and failed. Brain for brain, they were too clever for me. The day I walked into Flood's Club and announced myself as Nick of New York, I made my will and left the world behind me. I never expected to come out alive. There wasn't a single moment when I wasn't in danger of my life. You must know that. You may say that I could have arrested them before some of the last adventures. So I could, but I should never have got the lot, and if one by one the men had disappeared, the others would have taken fright and cleared out. I took risks. You may say that we paid a high price, when you think of some of those poor people who lost their lives, but we went for a great coup, and we brought it off. Grant's gang of civilized criminals has disappeared Nick of New York is in prison. Costigan's Hornets are wiped out."

"My dear man," she said, resting her hand upon his shoulder, "I think you are one of the most brilliant and bravest detectives I ever knew in my life, but ——"

"Well?"

"But some ghastly freak of nature put me on the wrong side."

He walked with her in silence to the door.

At the last moment she paused. "If it would really make you happier," she promised, "I would shake hands with you on one condition."

"It would make me very much happier," Dickins assured her.

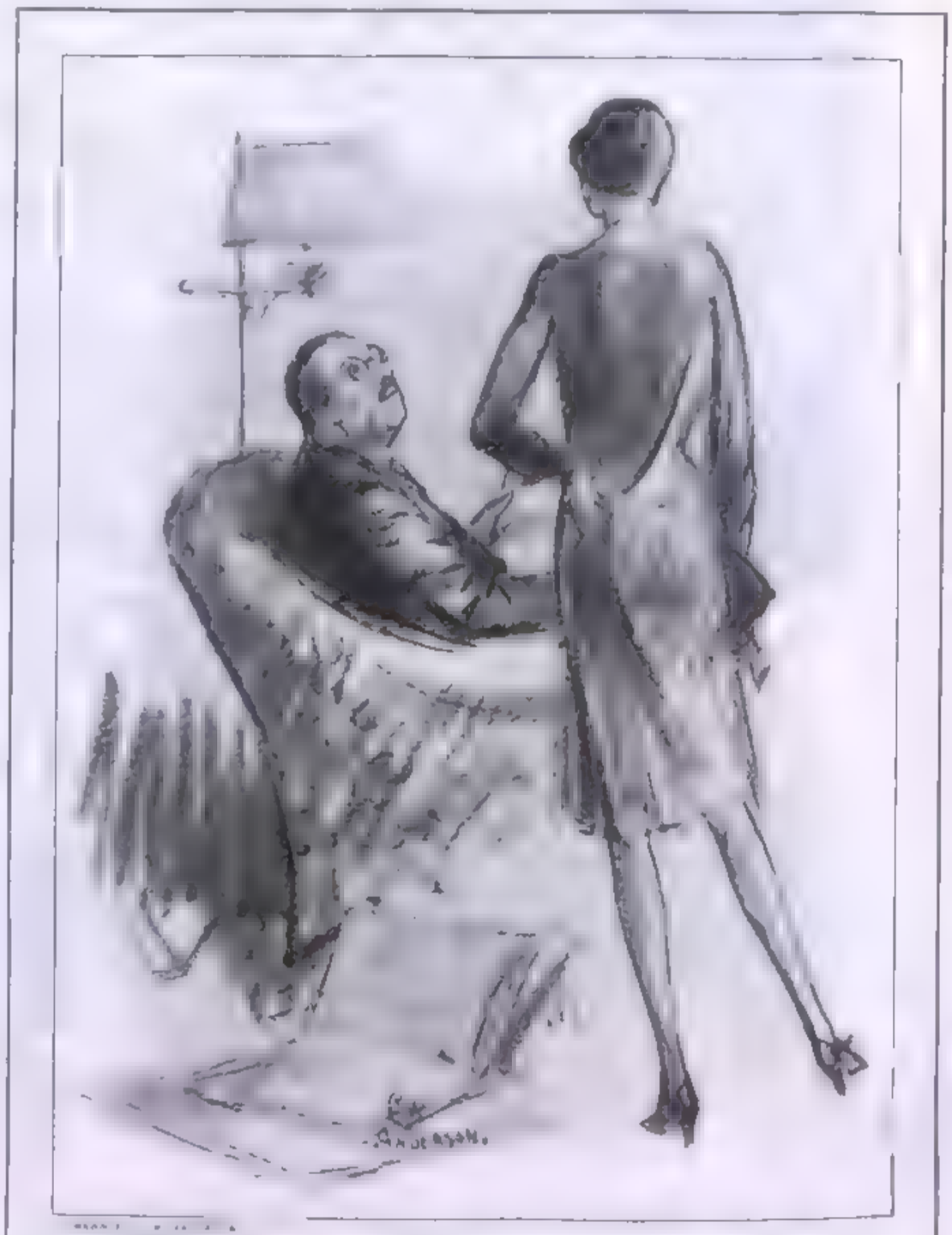
"Tell me how you took the duchess' diamond?"

He smiled.

"The duchess, as you must know," he reminded her, "is the daughter of the chief commissioner. She lent it to me."

She held out her hand.

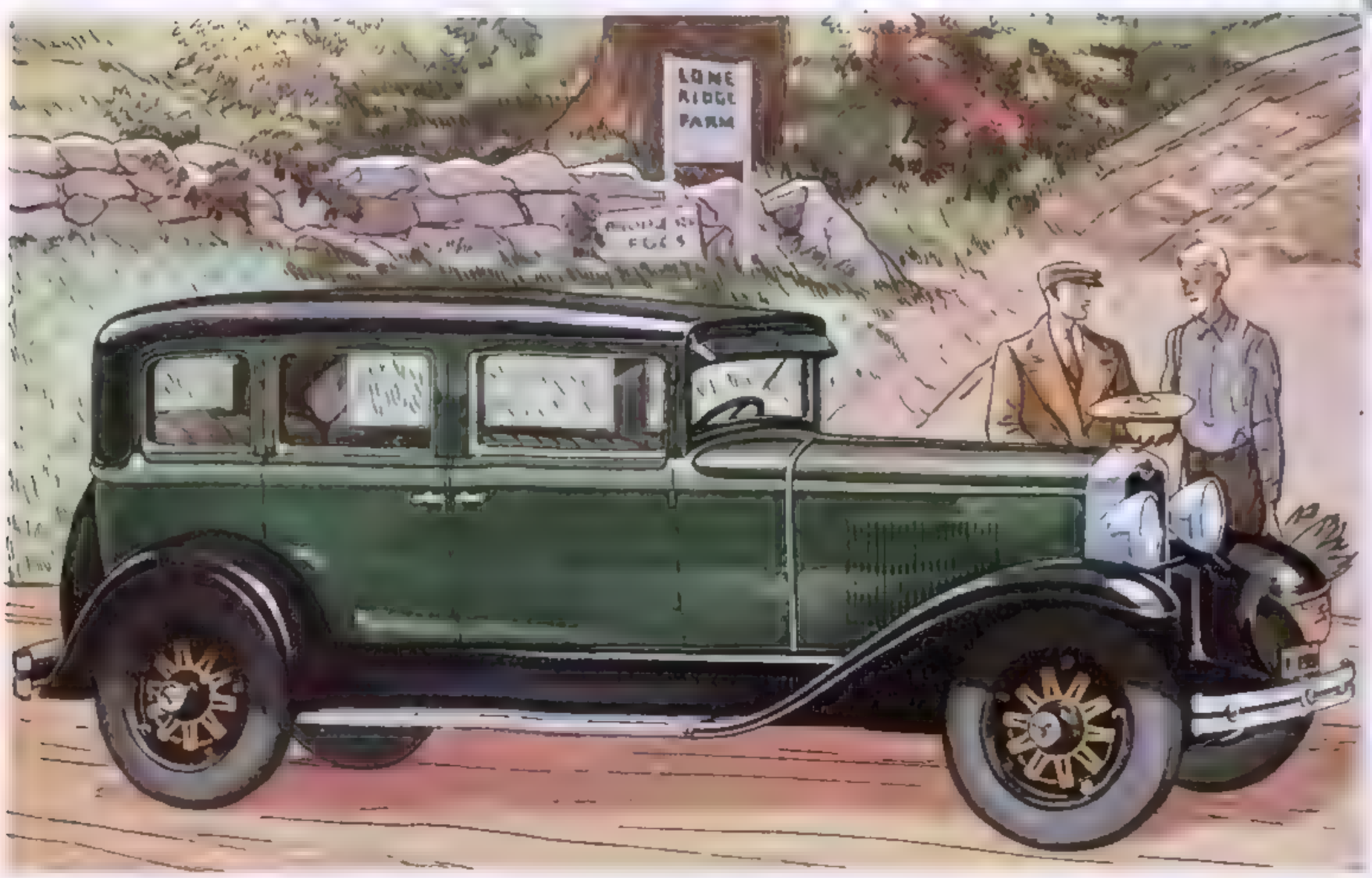
"I wish that I could give you all that you deserve, dear Nick of New York." She sighed.



"I Feel Rather Domestic Tonight. Let's Go to That Place Where They Have Home Cooking"

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of stories by Mr. Oppenheim.

Compare This Luxurious V-Type Eight With Other Cars of Medium Price . . Then Judge Its Value



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THE RECORD BREAKERS

By Charley Paddock

Roland Locke, of the University of Nebraska, Making a New National Collegiate A. A. Record for the 220-Yard Dash

THIS business of going from one place to another place on foot in the shortest possible time has been a favorite outdoor sport down through the ages. Everybody knows about it. Everybody has tried it. For some unknown reason, about a half century ago the English-speaking peoples of the world decided that a hundred yards was the standard distance upon which human speed was to be determined. A man might run ninety yards in nothing flat and it didn't count. But if he happened to be clocked in ten seconds for a hundred yards his fortune was assured. People weren't so fussy about amateurism in those days.

Culture crept into the sport before the past century had faded away, taking with it most of the famous old professional foot-racers and leaving in this country a group of amateurs whose records were to be targets for the school, college and club sprinters of the future. By 1890 a young collegian named Johnny Owens, Jr., of Detroit, had officially run the hundred yards in 9⅘ seconds, and this remained the world's amateur record until 1902, when Arthur Duffey of Boston was timed in 9⅗ seconds. Later, Duffey was accused of professionalism and his record was thrown out. It was not until 1906 that 9⅗ went into the record books again. Dan Kelly of Oregon University was credited with having raced through the century in these figures at Spokane, Washington. Though the mark was finally approved, there has always been a question as to its authenticity. Since then H. P. Drew, Cyril Coaffee, Chester Bowman and the writer have officially equaled it.

Since Duffey many men have been caught in record time, only to have it rejected, because there are a thousand and one technicalities to be satisfied before a mark actually goes into the book. The track has to be surveyed and found level; there must be no wind aiding the runner; while the timers, judges and starter must be recognized officials of long standing. The competitor's past also is taken under consideration. If he has no other performance of merit behind him and if he does not again approach record figures, his application is generally refused.

Though more than twenty-five years have passed and the old hundred-yard record still remains intact, and though every other record in every other standard distance has been broken and rebroken several times, this does not mean that the present century mark is safe. On one Saturday in April of this year 9⅗ seconds was scored five times by three men. Charlie Borah, of Southern California University, and Frank Wykoff, of Glendale Junior College, ran their heats and finals at the Fresno Relays in California in this remarkable time, while George Simpson of Ohio State was making the same time at the Pennsylvania Relay Carnival.

Defeating the Champions

SOME of the old professionals and close students of track claim 9⅗ seconds represents the ultimate in human speed, stamina and strength. They may be right. But that does not mean that the record will not be broken, because coaching methods, tracks, and the spikes that the athletes wear have all been materially improved since the day when Duffey first raced down the Berkeley Oval in these record-wrecking figures.

It is possible for the sprinters of today to begin almost where the old-timers left off. That is to say that all the technic and the skill and the running form which it took sprinters of another generation years to perfect and which they generally did not master until they were past their prime, the present group of athletes, through the skillful instruction of astute trainers and coaches, can learn within two seasons. It is my sincere belief that 9⅖ seconds and possibly even 9⅕ seconds will be some day the world's record for the hundred yards, and that the man who makes it will not be the greatest sprinter in the world! He will be the record holder, but in all probability not the Olympic champion or even the national champion.

Possibly the reader's opinion of what constitutes greatness in an athletic champion and my own may differ. Allow me to explain what I mean. To my mind, Percy Williams of Canada is the greatest sprinter in the world today. He does not hold the official world's record in a single standard distance and it is unlikely that he will ever do so. But he is the national champion of Canada and he defeated the fleetest men of all countries at the Olympic Games in Amsterdam last summer.

At present the fastest sprinters in the United States are George Simpson, of Ohio State University; Claude Bracey, of Rice Institute; Frank Wykoff, of Glendale, California, Junior College; and Charles Borah, of the University of Southern California. The first three athletes have run the hundred unofficially in 9.5 seconds or better, and all four have scored 9⅗ seconds on several occasions, George Simpson, with the aid of starting blocks, running in the National Collegiate Championships in 9⅖ seconds with Bracey at his heels, though these marks have not been accepted by the Amateur Athletic Union or the International Athletic Federation. Williams has never run officially within three yards of the fastest time that these boys have made.

Yet, if Williams, Simpson, Bracey, Wykoff and Borah were to train under similar conditions and compete against one another in a series of races over the hundred-yard distance, it is my opinion that Williams would win the majority of those matches, because Williams is a competitor and the others are record breakers, and there is all the difference in the world between the representatives of these two classes.

Many prospective champions, through inexperience or faulty coaching or ungovernable desire, burn out their supply of natural speed in a very short time, particularly in high-school ranks. One of the most notable examples was Robinson, of Mercersburg Academy, who competed about fifteen years ago. He was a high-strung, powerfully built youngster with a great gift of speed. He also was fortunate in having a clever coach, Jimmy Curran, a pupil of the late well-loved Mike Murphy, of Pennsylvania.

Curran saw the possibilities in Robinson, and it was only human for him to spend hours teaching the boy all he knew about track. It was not long before Robinson had developed into a smooth-running machine, covering the ground in presumably effortless fashion, though inwardly he was breaking his heart, mustering all his youthful strength and expending it in each trial. After several sensational dual-meet races, Robinson competed in the Pennsylvania State College Preparatory Championships. He was timed that day in 9⅘ seconds for the 100 and in 20⅘ seconds for the 220. The world's record for the latter distance was then 21⅕ seconds. His performances were so sensational that nobody believed them. The following Saturday, Robinson was scheduled to run in the Princeton Interscholastics, and the Amateur Athletic Union officials of New York agreed to be on hand to watch him. Jimmy Curran was, of course, more than anxious for Robinson to be at his best. He wanted to make the officials believe that he had a boy sprinter who was as fast as Duffey, Kelly and Drew had been in their prime.

Fastest Man in the World, for a Week

IN THE middle of the week, Robinson reported for his last workout at Mercersburg. Curran wanted him to stride through 300 yards. He did not expect him to sprint it, but he and two others held watches on the boy, and all three caught him in 29⅘ seconds, the fastest 300 ever run in the history of track athletics, in either amateur or professional ranks. Robinson did not appear to have strained himself. His form had been perfect; his stride long, powerful and smooth, and his speed dazzling. He had kept up better than a ten-second pace for the full distance, eclipsing Bernie Wefer's record of that time by more than ten yards. Robinson ran that day about five yards faster than any sprinter has officially been accredited with up to the present.

It is no wonder that all of the A. A. U. timers were on hand at Princeton when Robinson toed the mark. But it was not the same Robinson. He was dead on his feet. He had trouble in qualifying for the finals and he barely managed to win the hundred yards in 10⅗ seconds. Of course the officials refused to believe that the boy had ever made the time that was claimed for him, while the whole sports world viewed his running with skepticism. Jimmy Curran knew that his boy was stale. He hoped that rest would bring him back. But rest did not help. Robinson was burned out. He had been only a flash. His speed could not be reclaimed. He tried several different years, but the vital spark that had carried him across the line in such phenomenal time was gone. Most people say that he never made those records, but Jimmy Curran knows that he did, and those who have seen the rise and fall of flashes believe that Robinson was, for a week at least, one of the greatest sprinters that ever lived.

Francis Hussey, of New York City, was another high-school flash. While a student at Stuyvesant High School he commenced to startle the old-timers by his blinding bursts of speed. On one occasion he scored 9⅘ seconds.

(Continued on Page 51)

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National Lamp Works of General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio

National MAZDA Lamps

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 46)

The mark was not accepted officially, though there was little doubt but that he had made it. His coach immediately commenced to worry. He was afraid that Hussey would be burned out. So he used him very carefully. He nursed him through the season of 1923 and he allowed him very little work and virtually no competition in 1924, sending him into the Olympic tryouts at Boston without a background of experience. Under those conditions most young sprinters would have blown sky-high, but Hussey was as cool as an old campaigner and he not only reached the finals but qualified in the first four, which should have insured him a place on our 100-meter team at the Paris Games. His age and lack of strenuous competition counted against him and he was used only in the relay. He ran the first lap against Harold Abrahams of England, who had just won an Olympic title, beating him decisively.

The following year, in the national championships at San Francisco, Hussey had another big day and won the finals of the hundred in a hairbreadth finish from Jack Scholz, a club mate from the New York A. C., but the youngster was not steady. His flashes of speed were too rare to keep him in the front rank of American sprinters and were so inconsistent with his ordinary performances that nobody gave him credit when he did have his day. One night at Hartford in 1928, Hussey was clocked in 6 seconds for the 60 yards. The world's record has been 6⅕ seconds for years, and it is considered to be humanly impossible to run faster than that. Those who saw Hussey that night were convinced that they had witnessed one of the greatest sprinting feats of history, but the record committee of the A. A. U. refused to recognize the mark, and offered as proof of their contention the failure of Hussey to qualify for the 1928 Olympic team a few months after his Hartford performance.

A Trick Running Form

Harold Abrahams was also a flash, but in a different way. The tall Englishman possessed a burst of speed which he never seemed able to put into use until the summer of 1924. Though he had been a competitor in the 1920 games at Antwerp, he did not do well, and in his college running days he won many races, but few of them in good time. Just before the Paris Olympics he seemed to find himself. He commenced to run like mad. He had developed a trick form that appeared to be a hopeless handicap, but even that could not prevent his speed from carrying him to the front. His body was too far forward and he jerked and pulled himself out of his holes and down the stretch in a way that was positively painful to witness, but he got there astonishingly fast, winning the quarter finals, semifinals and finals of the hundred meters in the Olympic record-equaling time of 10⅘ seconds.

The moment the hundred meters was through, Abrahams was through. That precious amount of speed that he had been trying for so long to get out of his system had burned out. Like Robinson and Hussey, he was only a flash.

From the ranks of the morning-glories sometimes are produced the record breakers—the sprinters whose names are remembered from generation to generation. Such an athlete was Jim Rector of Virginia University. Against mediocre competition, with nothing to bother him, he would occasionally display a brand of speed that no man before or since his time has ever surpassed. Yet he could not beat the good men of his day consistently, and so his records were never recognized.

In our own time the most sensational example of this type of sprinter has been Roland Locke of Nebraska University. His career was comparatively short, as he had not yet reached the peak of his form in time for the 1924 Olympic Games and seemed past his best by 1928. His greatest year was '26, when he turned in the astonishing time of 20.6 seconds for the 220 yards around a slight curve at Lincoln, Nebraska. He was also unofficially clocked in 9.5 seconds in the 100 at Drake and in a Kansas dual meet as well as in 9⅘ seconds at the University of Kansas Relays in his first outdoor competitive appearance of 1926. Even in his greatest year, when there happened to be no Midwestern college runners in this same class, he was almost beaten on several occasions and failed to take part in the national championships to prove his supremacy.

The following year he did compete in the national meet when it was held on his own track at Lincoln, but did not win either the 100 or 220, being beaten by Chet Bowman in the former and by Charlie Borah in the latter. It must be said that he was not in his '26 form in this meet and was suffering from a back injury.

Locke always seemed to have something the matter with him, and his good-natured coach, Henry—Indian—Schulte, who had trained such champions as Bob Simpson, the hurdler, and Jack Scholz, the sprinter, could not understand that temperament of his which prevented him from being the greatest sprinter of all time.

Winning With a Gallop

If you have ever known a grouchy middle-aged husband who was always kicking and growling, and yet underneath was a lovable, kind-hearted, dutiful soul, then you will have some conception of Roland—Gyp—Locke. For he was well nicknamed. Roland always pretended that he was being gypped and that the breaks were against him, but in reality I have never encountered a finer sportsman, while as a runner he displayed on certain days a burst of speed that seemed incredible. He was at his best in a relay, starting yards behind some crack sprinter and mowing him down with that long, powerful, irregular stride of his and breezing past him like a flash of light. For Locke, even when he was setting records, galloped rather than ran. This was due partly to his own peculiar style of striding and partly to the fact that his left leg was slightly shorter than his right. Locke had an amusing theory about that short leg of his, claiming that he could run around a curve faster than he could go on a straightaway. This is, of course, ridiculous, as the records will show. Yet Locke not only ran faster on the slightly curved track at Lincoln than ever he did on a straightaway but he also set a world's record for the 220 on this same cinder path which was better by several yards than the best marks any other sprinter has ever turned in on a straight course.

Besides the flashes and the morning-glories, there is still a third class of record breaker. He comes from the ranks of the steady competitors and, generally, as he acquires his new-found speed he commences to lose his competitive heart. There have been many cases of this. My own competition will serve as an example of what I mean. To begin with, I was a competitor—that is to say, when I first started to sprint I was interested in only one thing, and that was to win. How fast I might run did not mean anything to me, for I was too young to be frightened by the records that others had made. I possessed a competitor's frame of mind. I went out with nothing to lose and everything to gain. As a freshman in high school I competed against the champion of Southern California, and though he had much faster time than I had scored, I never thought of that. I was badly frightened before the race was under way, but my only thought was to beat him to the string. I happened to succeed on that particular day and found, to my consternation, that there were other runners throughout the state almost as fast. Though these close finishes were strenuous and nerve-racking at the time, they, nevertheless, served a very splendid purpose in my own particular case; for my muscles were in the formative period and it strengthened them and stretched them to the utmost, so that they were able to stand up under the long hard campaign which was to follow.

From start to finish, my high-school days were days when I was at heart a competitor and not a record breaker, and the time I made was not at all good when compared with that registered by high-school runners at present. It was not until I competed in the Interallied games at Paris that I even approached record figures, and then it was only a happenstance, because I was forced by competition to run the 200 meters in 21⅘ seconds, tying the record.

On my return to college in the fall of 1919, with the Interallied championship to my credit, I was still a competitor. The fact that a great deal was expected of me because of my high-school record and the Interallied victory did not affect my attitude toward running. I still felt myself in the position of having everything to win and nothing to lose. Also, I was favored by the irresponsibility of extreme youth.

In the spring of 1920, during that period when I was preparing for the Olympic games to be held at Antwerp, I first met in college competition Morris Kirksey of Stanford University. I had been hearing of Kirksey for a long time, and had competed in meets with him as far back as 1916. All the competition he had done since '16 had been in Scotland and England against amateur and professional champions during the service period. Kirksey had proved himself in those days the coming sprint champion of the world. Never before or since have I experienced the nervous tension which I felt the first day that he and I faced each other at Los Angeles on the old Bovard Field track. I was particularly fortunate on that occasion by getting away to a wonderful start, and the margin that I held in the first twenty-five yards I was able to retain to the tape. We were matched many times and in virtually every race we finished within a hand's breadth of each other. I feel assured, however, that if I had been primarily a record breaker and not a competitor, I would have seldom beaten Morris Kirksey. But he and I were not thinking about records when we faced each other. To reach the tape first was our primary purpose.

Eager to Set Records

Later that same year I ran against Jack Scholz for the first time at Ebbetts Field in Brooklyn. Scholz also had been acquiring a reputation during the years before our encounter. He hailed from Missouri University and he was considered to be a flash, a streak of light that no man could hold in check when he was right. The distance we ran was 100 meters, in preparation for the Olympic tryouts the week following. The race was run on grass and the time was 10⅘ seconds, which broke the world's record for a turf course. This was the first world's mark that I had ever broken, and it was accomplished because I was pressed to victory by Scholz. Later in the summer of 1920 I was fortunate enough to win the Olympic 100 meters at Antwerp in competition with Kirksey, Scholz, Edwards of England and several other remarkable runners, including my future team mate, Loren Murchison of St. Louis.

By the spring of 1921 my attitude toward running had materially changed with the Interallied and Olympic championships behind me and with the national title to my credit. I became anxious to set records, for it seemed to me that I could do nothing more as a competitor. I no longer was interested in my opponents, but only in what the record for the particular distance that I was to run might be. I commenced to pay attention to form and style—a thing that I had never done in previous years. With the aid of Coach Dean Cromwell of the University of Southern California, I improved my start and I increased the length of my stride. Indeed, it was the latter accomplishment that changed me from a competitor into a record breaker. Under the stress of competition I had been more interested in making my feet hit the ground

Watch This Column

Universal's Weekly Chat

THAT remarkable war story, "All Quiet On The Western Front," is making history in many ways. Hundreds of newspapers are publishing it as a serial story, reaching at least six million daily. In addition to this, the book sale has not even begun to show signs of slackening; on the contrary, it is mounting all the time, until right now the total sales are nearing the one and a half million mark. Probably no modern book has ever been translated in so many different languages as "All Quiet On The Western Front." Maxwell Anderson, who is making the motion picture adaptation for Universal, is working hard on it now, and is in constant touch with Lewis Milestone, the famous director who is to put it on the screen. This is just another indication of the big things that Universal is preparing for fans all over the world. —C. L.

MARY NOLAN, the most sought-after feminine lead in Hollywood, is frequently spoken of as "the gorgeous girl of your dreams." She has a splendid recording voice to match her wonderful beauty. She is likewise, in all respects, a finished actress. You will agree when you see her in "*Shanghai Lady*," an all-dialog picture directed by John Robertson.

Mary Nolan in "Shanghai Lady"

THE GLEASONS, who created the title roles for "*The Shannons of Broadway*," a celebrated stage success, have practically completed the play in picture for Universal. If it is possible to ring a laugh out of anything, the GLEASONS can do it.

Another picture which will unquestionably prove a winner is "*One Hysterical Night*," starring REGINALD DENNY always a favorite assisted by the attractive NORA LANE.

Glenn Tryon in "Barnum Was Right"

"*Broadway*," Universal's million candle-power attraction, which has charmed the people of the whole world, will be in your town soon. Watch for it. Ask the manager of your favorite theatre if he has secured it. It is all singing and talking. It will furnish you an evening's entertainment that you will remember for a very long time.

Richard Dix in "Tonight at Twelve"

Mr. Victor A. McGovern of Pittsburgh, Pa., writes as follows: "Without a doubt, '*Show Boat*' is the sweetest and truest tale told so far via movietone. It was great in its theme. It is greater as a picture. To anyone desiring a rare evening's entertainment, bid him see '*Show Boat*,' a tender, clean story of love through its phases of despair and joy."

I am still looking for that letter from you. When do I get it? I'll answer it personally. Let me know your likes and dislikes in moving pictures.

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President

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as fast as possible, rather than in lifting my knees high; yet it is only through a high knee lift that one is able to acquire real speed.

Coach Cromwell and I worked out a system for increasing the stride length, which I should like to pass on to young sprinters. Three carefully brushed lanes were used in the experiment. In the first lane I dug my starting holes and came out of them as though in competition. Each spike imprint was marked and the lines were extended across the second lane. When I made my second attempt I paid no attention to speed, but rather tried to overstep each of the lines that I had drawn as much as possible. In a distance of forty yards I saved myself three full strides. These prints were also marked, the lines extending across the third lane.

The Wrong Idea

This time I tried to retain the speed that I had displayed in the first lane, combined with the length of stride in the second. Of course, it was not possible at first for me to gain a full two or three strides in forty yards, but I found that within several weeks' time, by patiently training over a longer stretch, I was able to save myself about eight feet in a hundred yards, which was a great enough margin to account for my faster time. With the development of my stride I also assumed an easier, freer position with my arms and acquired a better body angle. In order to be at my best it was necessary to have no disturbing influences, such as hard competitors or unsatisfactory tracks. For in all of my 1921 races I was fortunate in having ideal conditions and on several occasions was able to equal or break world's records.

During the track seasons of '22 and '23, I continued to lower records in various meets throughout the United States, in the Hawaiian Islands and in Europe. On most occasions conditions were favorable for record breaking and I had few star competitors to meet, so that when it came time for the Olympic games of 1924 I had changed in those four years from a competitor to a record breaker. Instead of being in the position of having nothing to lose and everything to gain, I found myself with a reputation that I was compelled to defend. My whole frame of mind had changed, so that now I had to have everything right if I was to turn in my best performance. I fussed with my starting holes. I tested the cinder track. I made sure that all the conditions necessary for record breaking were present before I ever ran a race, all of which is helpful for the sprinter who adheres strictly to style and to form against mediocre sprinters. But I soon discovered that this display of temperament formed a grave mental handicap when there were real champions to face.

Conditions were all wrong from my point of view at the Boston tryouts in 1924. Not only did I fail to win but I had great trouble in qualifying for the Olympic games, to be held a few weeks later in Paris. No longer did the pistol flash send surging through my body a spirit of lightness and of confidence which had been mine in my former competitive and record-breaking days. I was not sure of myself. I was weighted down with the responsibility of being the record holder and the defending champion. I felt myself growing old. In short, I was not the boy who had confidently faced the best runners and had beaten them. Physically I was never better. Mentally I had lost the poise which counts for victory. In the finals of the 100 meters at Paris I was lucky to place fifth, and did so only because Loren Murchison was suffering from a similar complex even more acutely than myself. Harold Abrahams of England won that race. I was dead sure in my own mind that I was not going to win. I had to tell myself that I was the best man. I did not believe it. The trials in the 200 meters were a duplication of the 100. Again I was without confidence. My form was bad and I barely qualified for the semifinals.

The night before the finals I had dinner with Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford at the Hotel Crillon in Paris. The entertaining and personable Maurice Chevalier was present at this little dinner, and after it was over he and Douglas went out for a walk, leaving Mary and me together. The wife of Douglas Fairbanks had attended each day of the Olympic events. She is not a particularly enthusiastic athletic follower, but she does derive a great deal of pleasure from studying the competitors themselves, their mental attitude and the cause for their success or failure. Mary seemed to understand me that night better than I understood myself.. She claimed that there was no reason why I should not win the finals in the 200 meters the next day. I thanked her for her good wishes, but the very tone of my voice told her that I did not believe that she knew enough about the running game to be any kind of a prophetess. So she told me the following story:

"Time and again," said Mary Pickford, "I have been faced in my work with a promising girl star, years my junior, with acting ability, with beauty, with that something which appeals to the American public and to screen followers throughout the world, and time and again, through the inner consciousness of power and of confidence, I have been able to hold my place. It is only during the last two years that I have felt I was slipping [this was in the summer of 1924] and strangely enough, I find myself at my worst at a time when there are no really serious rivals in my particular field of acting. In other words, I have talked myself into defeat, but I have determined that it shall be but temporary. I am not quite sure in my own mind how I shall win my place back again. The only thing that I am certain of is that I will do it. If it is possible at my age again to be successful, how much easier it should be for you at your age to win against men who have never been able to set the record that you have done. Defeat is in your mind, not in your body. Believe in yourself and you will win tomorrow."

A Lesson in Defeat

The next day I felt the confidence which had not been mine for several years. I forgot that I had ever made a record. I was out to win against the field. I captured the semifinals, but in the finals I drew an outside lane, with Jack Scholz, my hardest opponent, on the inside. The Olympic track at the Colombes Stadium in Paris has a slight curve and the lanes are staggered accordingly, so that I found myself ahead of Scholz as we came off the turn. For the fraction of a second I lost my newfound confidence, and though it came back to me in the closing yards of the race, it was too late. I lost by a few inches, but in defeat I had learned a great lesson. A few weeks later I was able to put that lesson in effect at our own national championships. I won both the 100 and 220 yards, and proved to myself, as Mary Pickford had told me, that even in running, spirit is the final factor. Peculiarly enough, in these races I had broken the championship record in the 220 and had tied it in the 100, equalling my own world's records for both races. This was unintentional on my own part, for I was trying to win against the field and cared nothing about the time.

Seldom, indeed, has the world's record in sprinting been equaled or broken in a great championship. There are generally so many heats that a man is not at his freshest in the finals. Only on one occasion since 1924 has the 100 yards been run in 9⅘ seconds in the national championships. Chester Bowman, formerly of Syracuse University, in 1927, at Lincoln, Nebraska, equaled these figures. Bowman's case, however, only proves the point that I have been trying to make. He came to those races not expecting to do anything. He had not been training for a long time. His intention had been to compete only in the relay. On arriving at Lincoln he felt so good that he entered the 100, running for the fun of it. Relaxed, easy, almost indifferent, he reached the finals and astonished the world and himself by defeating Borah, Locke, Scholz and several others in 9⅘ seconds.

It is only when a competitor becomes a record breaker and commences to press that he is gone. If you are a golfer you know what it means to play within yourself. In other words, you could hit the ball a little harder and a little farther if you really had to, but if you tried to do so on every shot you would soon commence to lose your form. Your confidence comes from knowing that you have those extra yards you could add to your drive. So it is with the sprinter who has become a record breaker and a disciple of style. His speed is dependent upon strict adherence to holding his form. The moment he presses he is lost. A competitor, on the other hand, has no form to lose. He only wants to get there, and the harder he pulls, the faster he goes. He may not equal the record, but he can always be counted upon to turn in the same creditable kind of performance. The man who combines these qualities of competitive confidence and fighting courage with a perfect form that he never loses will be the record breaker of the future.

Science in Running

I have known only one such athlete who could at one and the same time be styled a record breaker and a competitor. His name was Morris Kirksey, and he was potentially the greatest sprinter who ever lived. He was poetry in motion. On every stride that he took, from his shoulder to his heel he formed one straight line. He was a fast starter, and he finished in ideal form. Moreover, he was a great fighter. Yet he never realized the future to which he was justly entitled. This was due to the fact that during the formative period of his muscles he had no competition. He won his high-school races as he pleased, never stretching his tendons as I was forced to do in all of my high-school races. Later on, when he faced more strenuous competition, his muscles could not stand the strain of it and continually pulled. At that, Kirksey won the intercollegiate championship of the United States and placed second in the 100 meters at the Olympic games in 1920.

The Kirksey of the future who combines form and competitive heart will be the man to lower the 100-yard record. He may be aided by better tracks and better shoes and by mechanical starting devices of one kind or another. For it is only natural to assume that as we progress scientifically in other fields we will improve in running. Two new devices have already been introduced during the last year and a half to be used at the start of a race. First, there are starting blocks which remove the possibility of having to dig holes on a track softened by runners who have already dug up the ground. The sprinter, in the excitement of a race, very often places his holes in the wrong position, but by the use of starting blocks this is eliminated, for the proper distance between the front and back blocks is measured beforehand. These blocks, moreover, furnish greater driving power.

During the recent California Intercollegiate Championships at Los Angeles, Coach Robert L. Templeton, of Stanford University, introduced hand blocks for his sprinters. These blocks are from four to eight inches in height, and the athlete, by resting his hands upon them, is able to be freer and more relaxed in the set position. There seems to be no question but that these blocks will materially aid certain types of sprinters.

We are all anxious for better records, and if blocks or mechanical devices can be installed materially to aid the runner, we will no doubt eventually have them. But in our haste to break records and to pay homage to the man who smashes them, we should not forget that the real hero in any sport is the competitor, the boy who delivers his best, whether he is competing for marbles or money or the championship of the world.

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Atlanta motorists have learned that Packard transportation costs no more. There, three out of four buyers of Packard Standard Eights turn in other makes of cars. And, if past records are an indication, they will remain in the Packard family indefinitely, as only 3 percent of Packard owners in Atlanta have changed to other transportation.

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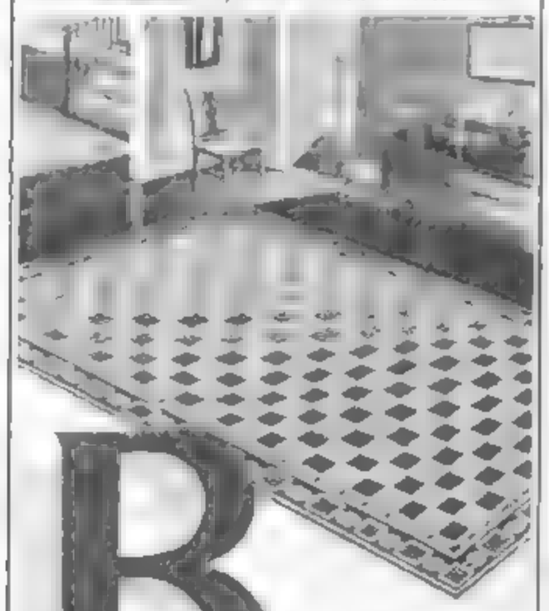

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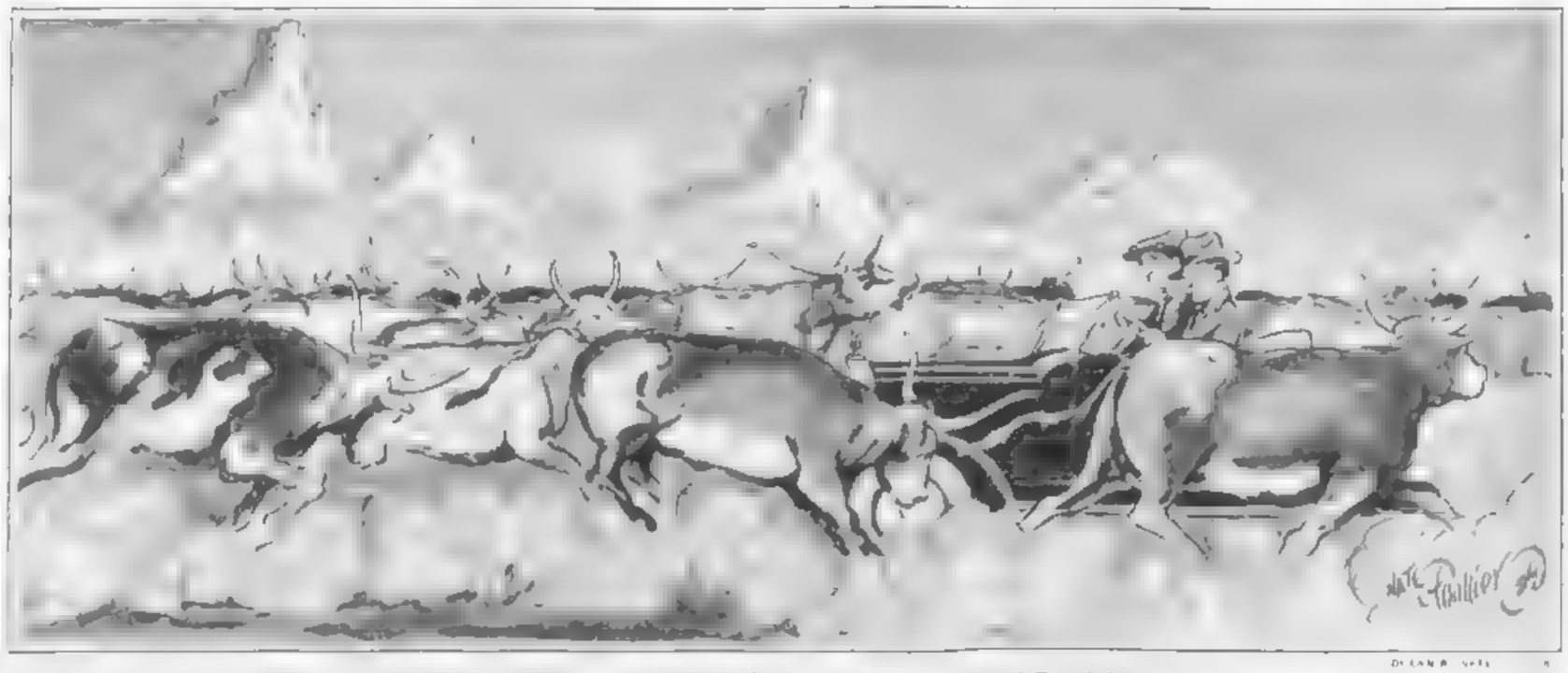
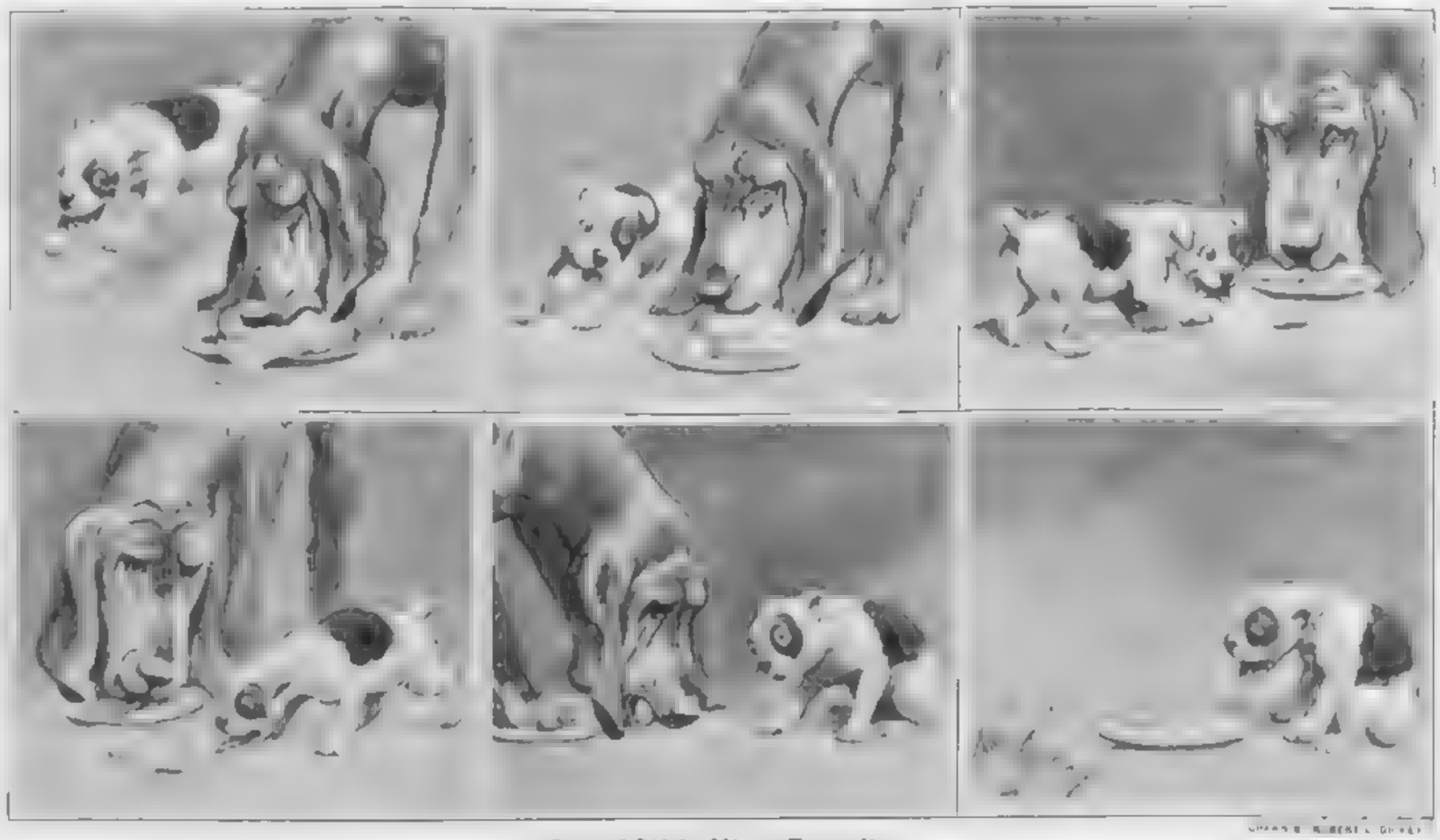


Eastern Motorist (Caught in Cattle Stampede): "Reminds a Fellow of Good Ol' Broadway, Eh, Bill?"

The Cabinet of the Future



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THE boy who used to watch your parked car for whatever he could get out of you is growing into an industry, one that suggests opportunities for a man with a little capital and some gumption, and in a field not yet brutally competitive.

Shifting from a generalization to a specific instance, this is what one man, W. W. Smith of Camden and Philadelphia, has done—in five years from a vacant lot to eight garages and twenty open-air parking plots, and actively seeking more.

Thousands who work in Philadelphia live in New Jersey, and until the Delaware bridge was opened several years ago the commuters' only means of crossing the river were the railroad ferries. As many as fifteen years ago a cripple who could neither read nor write appointed himself custodian of the few automobiles left daily on the Pennsylvania Railroad's ferryhouse plaza on the Camden side while their owners proceeded afoot to Philadelphia, escaping the ferry toll on their cars.

When, in time, the parked cars began to get in the way of paying traffic, the railroad drove them and their self-appointed guardian off the plaza. He moved only to an adjacent plot of unused ground owned by the railroad and resumed business. This grew until the railroad had, in order to protect its rights, to evict him again. This time he took up his station in Delaware Avenue.

The cripple was satisfied with a very little prosperity. When he had enough to buy a car of his own, he hired a man to watch his charges and went out to enjoy himself. He works for one of his former customers now.

Mr. Smith lived in Jersey, had an insurance business in Philadelphia and was one of the cripple's early patrons. Smith's father was a Jersey farmer. He had been one for forty years, had little to show for it and was eager to quit. The son put his mind to finding something for the father to do.

Every morning it was a little harder to find a berth in the vicinity of the ferryhouse for his car. The railroad's vacant plot alongside the plaza still was unimproved. Mr. Smith made inquiries of the railroad. Others had the same idea about the same time. The railroad finding several interested, offered a lease to the high bidder. Smith got the lease, put his father in charge of the parking space, and the rest has been an outgrowth.

With Little Overhead

More than average business ability may be assumed here, yet his experience indicates that an average man can be his own boss and make a fair living out of this by-product of traffic congestion.

Any city will do. All of them, large and small, have virtually the same problem, with the police feebly striving to discourage street parking and the merchants battling to retain it.

Only the early bird finds a place at the curb; the others are driven either to less-congested districts or to taking refuge in a garage or open-air parking plot. Storage garages are increasing rapidly in numbers, size and efficiency, but they will not displace the open-air parking plot soon if ever. The open lot has too many advantages. One is greatly lower investment and overhead. Another is psychological.

Put a modern ramp storage garage and a parking lot alongside, let them charge the same rate and the open lot will compete on even terms except on very cold or very wet days. The garage offers complete weather protection, the lot none. A modern garage delivers a car to the owner as quickly as does the parking lot. The psychological point is that it does not appear to do so.

When you call at a parking lot for your car you see every move of the attendant as he delivers it to you. At a garage you hand the ticket to an attendant. He disappears in an elevator. Whether he is getting your car promptly or is loafing or is putting a favored customer ahead of you, you do not know, but you suspect one of the latter. You fret, and four minutes seems eight. You would make an affidavit that a parking lot is twice as fast on delivery and, probably, you go there next time.

Land is the parking-place operator's first need, and land always is there if he looks for it. Unimproved downtown property often is plentiful in the younger cities of the West. If it is graded, the operator has only to lease it, cover it with a surface of cinders, install driveways over the curbs, a couple of floodlights for night trade, a cash register or a time-clock stamp, and open for business.

In the older cities of the East obsolete one, two and three story buildings offer a like opportunity. Such an old structure may deface a strategic corner while the owner speculates for the rise in land values, or they may stand in rows on run-down streets left marooned by a shift in retail-trade currents, yet still adjacent to the busiest streets.

Various Forms of Lease

In either case the clearing of the site usually would be good business for the owner. For a palsied building returning little or nothing in rentals, mounting in overhead and carried on the tax books at a high appraisal, the landlord can be offered a saving in taxes, elimination of upkeep, a rental income free of responsibility on his part and a building site ready for operations.

What rent the operator will pay should depend chiefly on what sort of lease the owner will sign. If only month-to-month, then the rental must be low and the property ideally situated, for only quick and large profits will justify the gamble. Such a lease leaves the owner free to appropriate the parking business, once the operator has established it. Or, should the owner actually build or sell, the operator still is thrown out of business before he is well started.

A better lease is one for a period of years with a clause permitting the owner to cancel on a month's notice only in the event of actual building operations on the site. The land thereby is left free for a quick operation while the parking proprietor is protected from expropriation and undue risk.

Better still, the landlord's self-interest in a long-term lease may be insured by taking him into partnership on a sharing agreement instead of a flat rental. If the landlord pays for razing the building and otherwise preparing the ground, his percentage will be fixed accordingly. Sometimes it will profit the lessee to pay the demolition and other costs and exact a larger share of the income. A great deal will depend upon the location of the property, the cost of the razing and the negotiating ability of the lessee or his real-estate agent.

A further advantage of a percentage agreement is that it is difficult, even with experience, accurately to estimate the probable income of a new parking plot. If the operator's guess proves to have been overoptimistic, the fixed rental he has offered may leave him with a deficit.

The best possible location is one in the vicinity of one or more large downtown picture theaters. Such a site insures a business day of sixteen hours or more with a high turnover—and it is volume that makes profits in this as in most trades. The big picture houses attract a large carriage trade, as it used to be called; such patrons usually are short-time parkers and they arrive in the greatest numbers when business traffic lightens

A graduated scale of, for example, twenty-five cents for two hours, thirty-five cents up to five hours and fifty cents for all day is the best stimulus for turnover. A flat rate not only encourages the parker to remain, but makes it easy for the parking employe to resell tickets, pocketing the money. Unless the operator can be constantly on the job himself, this dishonesty of his help is apt to be the great leak in the business.

It is customary to print the last four numbers of the customer's car license on the cash-register ticket for identification, but if the rate is a flat one the patron has no interest in the time factor and accepts his ticket without a glance. With a graduated rate and tickets on which both arrival and departure are registered by a time-clock stamp, the customer will watch his ticket closely and accept no resales.

A parking plot naturally suggests by-products such as car washing, lubrication and filling services. Until recently, competition was such among the oil companies that credit to retailers was lavish and indiscriminate. Nearly anyone could have gasoline pumps and tanks installed, and a supply of oil, gas and equipment furnished for the asking, but under pressure from the Federal Trade Commission and the American Petroleum Institute, the major distributors now have adopted a uniform code of practice for marketing, embodying many reforms.

A Business Phœnix

On downtown parking plots it is doubtful, in Mr. Smith's judgment, if a gasoline pump pays for the space it occupies and the attention it demands, so little is the retail profit on gas. The same might be true of the more profitable lubrication and car-washing lines if capacity business and high turnover can be expected for the parking area most of the day.

The business is too new to make generalizations safe, but on large plots of less expensive land such as may be found in neighborhood shopping centers, the fringes of downtown areas and in the smaller cities, these are logical side lines, and a good apprenticeship for garage or filling-station ownership if the operator is ambitious in that direction.

In such cities as Philadelphia suitable vacant land no longer is to be had, and the operator must search for tumbledown buildings in the right locations. A fire often creates an opportunity. Last summer the old Dumont Theater on Arch Street, Philadelphia, the last home of negro minstrelsy in the world, burned. The theater long had been a poor investment, nor was the corner ripe for other building operations. It was so small, sixty feet wide by one hundred and eighty feet deep, that it would not suggest a parking plot to the inexpert eye.

But Arch, though no longer a retail or a theatrical street, is only one block from Market, Philadelphia's main thoroughfare. Mr. Smith leased the theater ruins as they stood, on a percentage basis, tore down the walls and converted the ground. By keeping this small plot filled fender to fender, as he is able to do, it returns a profit both to him and to the owner. One employe handles all the trade.

Last March the Baldwin Locomotive Company, the principal works of which had occupied six square blocks of near-downtown Philadelphia land since before the Civil War, moved to Eddystone. The land lies along the new Broad Street subway and in the immediate path of downtown expansion, but the tract is so large that it did not attract a developer at once.

Covering Responsibility

Meanwhile the two great buildings, divided by Fifteenth Street, stood idle, mere shells of brick one sixty-foot story in height. Mr. Smith leased the Broad Street building, capable of holding two thousand cars, and threw it open at a new low parking price, fifteen cents for all day or six dollars and eight dollars a month. The roof leaks in many spots, the floor still is as generations of locomotive builders left it, and the customer must park his own car, but he gets partial weather protection at less than the lowest outdoor parking rates. On a percentage basis the property already is returning the Baldwin Company upwards of $1,000 a month in income.

Few other cities, if any, have a vacant locomotive works within seven minutes' walk of City Hall, but every city has its overlooked opportunities, just as this building was passed by as adaptable to no profitable use until Smith spotted it.

In theory, the parking-place operator is not responsible for loss or damage to the customer's car by theft, fire or carelessness. He may be able to dodge the responsibility in fact as well if he operates only one parking plot and his leviable assets are few.

But if he operates a string of them he will do well, Mr. Smith has found, to take out blanket insurance on the customers' cars, though it is just as well that the customers be not aware of that fact lest they try to exploit it.

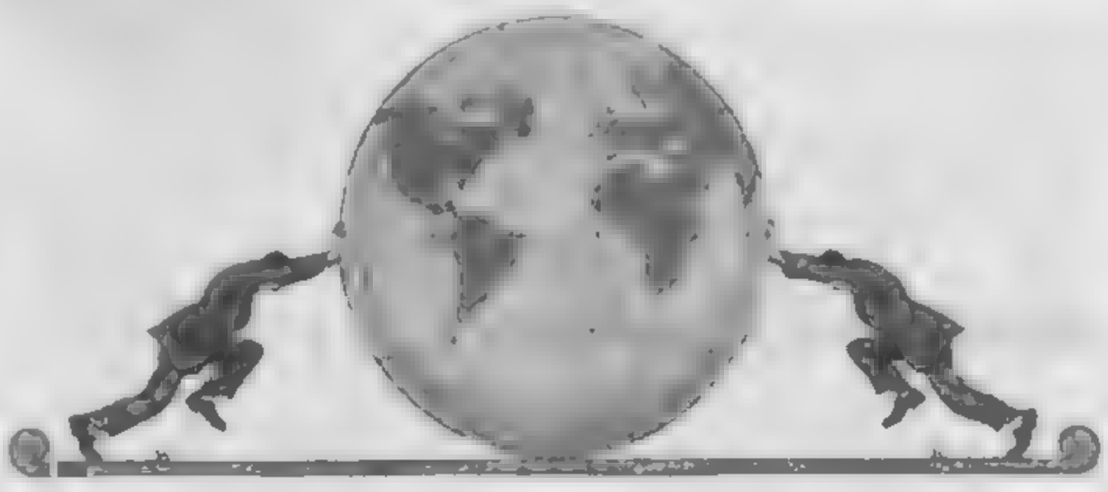
Smith won the first damage suit brought against him, yet he found it wisdom to transfer responsibility to Insurance Row. When he went there for terms he found he was asking for a form of insurance without precedent, but new kinds of insurance crop up every day now and a satisfactory rate quickly was worked out.

It is possible to do business without advertising, no doubt, but not the sort of business Mr. Smith aspires to. A new parking plot cannot afford to wait for its customers to stumble over it. A cheap and effective way of spreading the news is by sticking cards under the windshield wipers of every car parked at the curb for blocks around, and larger cards where they will do the most good.

The quick and accurate parking of cars with a minimum of waste space and scratched fenders is a knack readily picked up by a type of young labor always plentiful. Courtesy, energy and reliability are knacks not so easily had, but these are every employer's problems.

What any man makes of this relatively new business opportunity will depend, as always, on the man. There still is room on the ground floor for the right ones.

—Butler Andros.



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"My husband knows that our first automobile has increased his efficiency in business. His salary proves it.

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Applied to the inside and outside of gun barrels, after cleaning, 3-in-One penetrates the tiny pores of the metal, preventing rust and pitting.

Squirted into the moving parts, it oils perfectly, insuring smooth, easy, certain operation.

Rubbed on the stock, 3-in-One produces a beautiful polish and brings out the grain.

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NEW LINES FOR OLD

(Continued from Page 27)

for early Americana as much in the shadows as possible.

I think that this exhibition does not mean to be rabidly modern. It is quite free from the bizarre and the grotesque. There is less striving for effect in it than in most similar shows. There is no bombast, no down-with-everything note apparent, and the attitude of the whole seems best covered in Mr. Eliel Saarinen's words quoted from the catalogue. He writes: "At the present we live our modern life and is it not logical that Modern Art should develop from this life? We have as yet no modern style, only tendencies toward such a style, and we have no indications as to its ultimate development, but we do have the principles of development which have held true in other epochs."

Surely that is a reasonable, modest statement, and strikes, I think, the keynote of the exhibition. The designing seems to me splendid, but not new. Not far different from the pieces in the Secessionist Exhibition of 1908. There was, perhaps, a growing refinement in evidence, the assembling was more complete, but I missed even what Mr. Saarinen calls "the tendencies toward such a style."

Beyond any question, the displays at this show are magnificent, but in a strictly theatrical sense. I could not dodge the thought of stage sets. In justice to the designers, it must be said that some of that feeling is due to the fact that the rooms necessarily appear as stage pictures. One stands in front of them and looks at them as he would look at a stage. If it were practical to stand inside the rooms and look about, much of the theatrical would disappear.

Even discounting that, the dominant note of the show was to me one of artificiality, splendor, of perfect, precise and prim arrangement. I tried to imagine a chair out of its place and failed; I had an image of little Johnny's boot in contact with the beautiful surfaces and shuddered.

I impolitely edged close to some of the spectators and listened to their comments. One lady said, "I feel as though I were in the Union Station," another said, "Grand, but I surely would tire of it quickly," and still another said, "But what happens when it gets shabby?"

Next to the feeling of theatricality, I got one of unfriendliness, lack of warmth. There was nothing inviting about the interiors, no bid to settle down and be at home. Everything—each piece of furniture, each accessory—was meticulously in place and the least shifting about would have ruined the ensemble.

A New Use for Old Boxes

That last criticism is a strong one against modernistic interior decoration. Any setting that depends so absolutely upon each component piece remaining exactly in its prescribed place is not a feasible thing. We naturally and normally crave to be able to regroup our chairs, to make amiable company gatherings and still hold the picture. For that the individual pieces must have inherent good design, sufficient quality to admit of almost any rearrangement. This is where most modernistic furniture topples. In many examples the basic design of the pieces is not good, and whatever attractive qualities they possess are attained by the application of unusual ornamentation, the smooth surfaces of exotically grained woods or from the use of structural metal or other new materials.

In support of the foregoing contention let's consider what is perhaps the most typical piece of modernistic furniture—the combination book and ornament holder. Structurally the piece could be reproduced by piling up several various-sized, open, wooden packing cases. The modernist maker creates fine joints, probably flutes the front edges, planes the boards to a pleasing proportion, covers the whole with beautiful wood veneers, lacquers it or treats it in some other fashion. The specimen is then attractive, sometimes alluring, but once mar the perfect surfaces or strip off the veneer, and you get your packing boxes back.

Over and against that favorite modernistic example, consider an antique or a fine reproduction planned for a like use—a Hepplewhite bookcase. I have found them in exceedingly rough condition, battered, nicked, almost wrecked, and even in that sorrowful plight the pieces remained fine. Their native beauty of line and composition was not lost. These pieces had splendid design to start with, and did not depend upon spick-and-span newness for their appeal. Giving such specimens a renewed perfection of surfaces merely adds to their quality and does not make it, as in the case of their modernistic successors.

You Must Learn the Language

Do I make that point clear? It is an important one in this article, so perhaps we'd better contrast two more pieces of a like utilitarian value—again, first, a modernistic creation and, second, its antique brother.

I have before me as I write the picture of a good group of modernistic furniture in metal shown recently at an Eastern museum. The fact that, except for upholstering, this furniture is made throughout of metal renders it interesting and novel, but not necessarily handsome. After you get over the metal construction there is little left save the color and texture of the upholstery.

From this group let us take its most prominent piece, an armchair. The structure is simple. The arms, legs, base and back are formed of bent metal pipe suggesting gas pipe, and continuous but for the joints on the base. The sides are held together by the seat and a stretcher under it. The seat and back are upholstered and the arms are partly wrapped in the upholstery covering. The piece is simple, well-balanced, but, to me, ugly. Let its pipe frame get nicked, bent and splayed, as it must from use, let the upholstery scuff, the cushions sag, and the precise, formal lines are gone. You have left an old chair made of gas pipe that a secondhand dealer wouldn't touch with tongs.

Consider now an antique opponent for the pipe chair, say an American Windsor armchair. Here we meet simplicity, inherent beauty of design and equal utility. Try nearly to ruin such a piece and see how little of its quality disappears. I've seen and eagerly bought American Windsors in very bad condition, but their charm and grace were still with them. In buying them I was not actuated by historical motives; I've refused poorly designed Windsors just as old as the ones I bought. Remember, the style is about one hundred and seventy-five years old and is just as fetching today to an amazing number of discriminating people as it was when adapted from its English ancestor.

Will the present crop of modernistic furniture withstand one hundred and seventy-five destructive years and live? I think it will not, I feel sure it will not, but I prefer to be a little conservative.

Why do I think modernistic furniture will not survive? The answer involves a repetition: Simply because the whole idea depends too much upon novelty, difference, and too little upon intrinsic, built-in, fine design. Its appeal is altogether too much a matter of surface qualities, exotic angles, strange curves and unheard-of materials. These attributes do not total up to good design. They may help it, but they do not—cannot—make it.

Good design in furniture, as in everything else, is a question of good proportions—nothing else in the world. You may trick out your modernistic specimens with all the celebrated wealth of the Indies, and if they have not splendid design to start with, they are destined for the junk heap and not for a fortunate collector's affections.

That is no new dictum, no discovery; simply a restating of an age-old fact. Poor design has always met an evil fate, and always will. From ancient days to ours we know only the good styles of history; the others have perished. In our own era—the last hundred years—we know good and bad because we see both; they are actually within our knowledge or memories.

A favorite pastime of the proponents of modernistic design in all the arts, including furniture, is to relate it to the pulsating life of our well-advertised age. They claim it to reflect our times, and a distinct line of patter, largely meaningless when analyzed, has grown up around that naïve notion. For instance, life in the United States of today is famous for its forward, swiftly moving rush. You hear about it from all sides. "Speedy" and "dynamic" are favored nicknames for this installment era. Hence the rooters for modernistic interior decoration tell us that it accurately mirrors our life, and the ubiquitous adjective "dynamique"—note the French spelling—is the white-haired boy in publicizing the new idea. To realize how silly that is, we need only to remember the absolute fact that practically all modernistic furniture up to now is foreign either in actual manufacture or inspiration.

"Skyscraper" is another petted term, and I have seen it applied to squat specimens with perfect insouciance. The packing-box what-nots previously mentioned are all "skyscraper" in their expressionism, emotional force and abstraction. Honestly they are, but don't take my word for it. Roam about and hear it for yourself.

"Moderne" is another mamma's darling—again note the spelling. "Plastique" is another. So much similar twaddle has come along with modernism that its sincere workers and admirers can well be disgusted with that phase.

Where is the modernistic idea heading, what is its present value, and will it mean anything to a future decorative life? These are important questions. Let's see what can be done toward answering them.

Is It the End or the Source?

Primarily, modernism connotes a change, even a revolution. It assumes that the arts are in a rut, and that the essential thing is to drag them out and onto a better road. And that is good! No lover of beautiful things dare oppose a forward movement; on the contrary, he must join the procession. Any change means a stirring up, and if it is a change for the better, it is certainly worthy of support. Revolt is stimulating and sure to leave its mark.

We have a right, however, to examine any proposed change and determine for ourselves just how seriously we should take it. If it is rooted in sincerity it deserves our best thought, no matter whether we feel friendly to it or not, no matter whether we march along or let the parade go past us.

I think that modernistic decoration is suffering from being taken both too seriously and not seriously enough, but more from the first ailment. Its creators and friends are altogether too excited about its place and importance. To me it is merely an interesting stage, a phase. To use a much hackneyed expression, it is "in a state of flux," moving to an end, perhaps, but most certainly not an end in itself.

Modernistic decoration may go anywhere from here. It may work itself into a permanent style fit to be classed with the great historical styles. It may carry the germ of that now, but I can see no evidence of it. Where the present output most nearly approaches the traditionally good, it is most

(Continued on Page 62)

Here they come around end—three of them—running hard! The first goes down, taking a tackler with him. The second blocks his man and falls. And now the man with the ball goes on alone, swerving, twisting, hurling himself forward at last in a great headlong leap . . .

first down

Thrilling, that desperate thrust forward—thrilling and incomparably romantic! It is power, it is speed. It is conflict. It is achievement, dramatized and made visible. It is a symbol, brief but compelling, of all human striving, all success ▪ For back of that circling, forward movement, so swiftly and effectually accomplished, lies a complex web of organization. Every man has his part to do, and he does it well. The end is taken out, the tackle boxed, the secondary defense harried and cut down. And so by concerted effort the way is cleared for advance . . . for progress . . . for First Down ▪ Organization is one of the foundation principles of modern life. In sports . . . in science . . . in business . . . it has brought order out of chaos. The whole edifice of industry is built upon it. Without it, civilization as we know it would cease to exist ▪ This House believes in organization. It believes in applying to the complex business of advertising, the most varied and highly specialized talents obtainable. Problems of merchandising . . . problems of distribution . . . problems of copy and illustration and publication . . . all of these require special knowledge and special gifts. One man cannot dispose of them, however versatile. But many men working together can formulate an advertising program so sound, so comprehensive, and so effective that it will move forward with irresistible power to its objective . . . public confidence . . . public acceptance . . . First Down!

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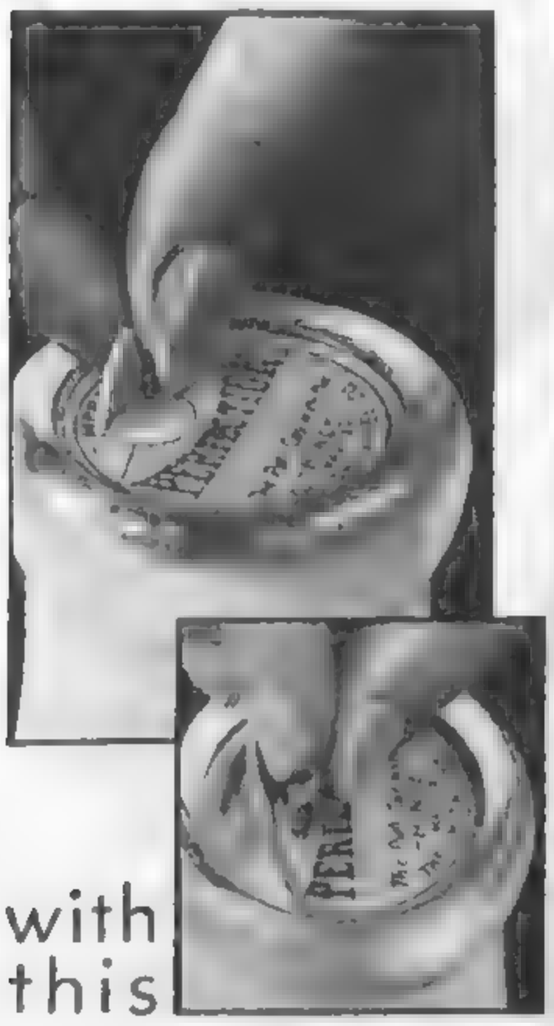

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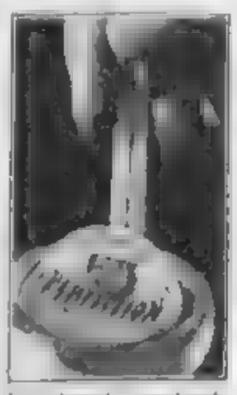

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(Continued from Page 60)

pleasing to me. In this I may be influenced by a distinct predilection for antiques, but I like to think I am not hidebound.

Where modernistic furniture is severe—as much of it is—it is reminiscent of the ancient classic styles or the Adam brothers of England. Where it is playful, free and redundant with curves, it smacks of the baroque, the rococo. I have yet to see a specimen, other than a freak, that could not be likened to its traditional fellow.

Also, modernism is sick with a disease common to all movements that in any way enter the popular consciousness—that of blind and inane imitation. In the ranks of modernistic designers and decorators there is a very large proportion of earnest people who have adequate backgrounds of traditional design and who are working earnestly to produce things worth while in the new mode. These designers know the principles of design, composition and balance to the point where they are instinctive; they know what they are doing and why they are doing it. They do not produce freaks because they know that freakish design is never good design. They are the conservative, the sensible modernists, and I seem to see them working more and more toward a resemblance to traditional form.

Hanging on to those good designers like parasites is a second class—the mimics—the apes of the profession. Their sole inspiration is in the output of the good men, and except that they fool a lot of unthinking people, they are negligible.

The third group of modernistic designers is the dangerous group. They are mostly without background or academic training, and have taken pure difference as their slogan. Anything, so long as it is different, novel, and the stuff they purvey constitutes the sorest sore spot on the modernistic body.

For this wild-eyed group limitations do not exist. They'll sink a bed into the floor, not because anything is gained thereby but because it is a new thought. If this group is allowed to control modernism, then modernism is doomed. You may say that they might accidentally hit upon a form at once good and new, a kind of artistic bolt from the blue. That is possible, but not probable. Good design is seldom reached by accident; and not knowing good design when they see it, the chances are ten thousand to one that it would never be caught by these unlearned gropers.

What Will Mark the Epoch?

Today, artists in all lines are asked to try their hands at designing modernistic furniture and accessories, in the hope that a fresh approach will engender fresh ideas. Sometimes that works out, but not very often. Usually what results is the sort of hodgepodge that comes from shoemakers failing to stick to their lasts. Recently I saw and wept over a sideboard designed by one of our best and most sensitive illustrators. It was a sight to behold; a veritable monstrosity, towering up in frightful curves and angles, and including everything but the kitchen stove. It most nearly resembled a behind-the-bar fixture in a Main Street saloon of the Chester A. Arthur period.

So, saving the output of the sane, accredited designers, what is now being advanced as modernistic furnishing is a welter of contradictions. Effects are striven for and reached. Make no mistake about that. We are getting effects and affects. Color is employed in all sorts of ways, good, bad and worse, where it isn't called for, where it doesn't help, and where it constitutes nothing but an affectation. The pet color is beige, and I've never been able to find out exactly what beige is. Maybe I'm not beige-conscious.

May I indulge in a little closing prophecy? . . . Thank you. . . . I think that some change in decoration, both interior and exterior, must come. It is a sound idea. Whether the present modernistic furor is the beginning of it, it is impossible to say.

The change must meet new conditions. Cabinetmaking woods, formerly cheap, are climbing into the jewelry class. Reforestation is not keeping up with deforestation. We'll be forced to adjust ourselves to the use of substitute materials. Metals coated to look like wood grain simply will not do. New problems are crowding in. Cases for radios, flying-machine bodies, television apparatus and scores of hitherto unknown forms must be reckoned with, and the list is growing day by day.

The coming age will rightly demand a new setting, but I doubt that the present so-called modernistic movement will provide it. Somewhere within it may be the germ of what we are going to have or the Moses to lead us to the promised land. I think that neither has shown up yet.

Again, the ideas of the modernists are separating instead of unifying. There are more different manners, all called modernistic, today than there were yesterday, and tomorrow will doubtless see a new crop. In the face of that, how can a genuine new style evolve unless it be a style made up of warring misfits? If the approaching new age is to be a nondescript age, then, in the present modernism, we are ready with its decorative costume.

Fruits of Fame

IT HAPPENED that Basil McBee was born with a lust for fame, just as other men are born with noticeable ears or an appetite for horse-radish. He often sat and wondered where they'd put the bronze tablet on his house. As he was too fat to fight and too timid to fly, he decided his best chance for renown lay in literary fields. He bought a lot of paper.

He'd write a book—a big, important book—and then everybody would point him out on the street, and say, in awed whispers, "There goes McBee." That was his idea of heaven. All his dreams pointed toward the day when he'd be a celebrity.

For some fifteen years he worked on his book. In order that it might be entirely original with him, he never read any other books. He hardly ever spoke to anybody. Luckily, he had the two chief requisites of authorship—plenty of time and an income.

In due course his opus was finished. It was a novel called Soul Poison and it weighed seven pounds. Nobody knew exactly what it was about, but everybody agreed that it was a great book. Its atmosphere was as gloomy as the bottom of the coal mine where its scenes were laid, and all its characters had something very much the matter with them. They were always excusing themselves and leaving the coal mine and never coming back. Once they got a good look at the sunshine, they realized the futility of life; so they broke up and ate the nearest beer bottle and died saying sarcastic things about civilization. Their only light moments came on Saturday night, when they got drunk on coal oil and hammered their grandparents with chunks of anthracite.

McBee's book was hailed as "a searching picture of the American scene," and its author was acclaimed as a brave man who dared to tell, if somewhat obscurely, the truth. Even the critics praised him.

"Significant," said Ploon, of the Daily Bread. "Significant," said Damby of the Fortnightly Hammer; "Bully," said Kelp of the Pale Revue. "Not bad for an American," said Bricken, of the American Capsule.

The Once-a-Week Culture Cult—We Pick 'Em—You Like 'Em—selected Soul Poison as its current gift to its many subscribers, and a first edition of 290,000 was printed. The publishers gave nine literary teas for McBee, which were attended by fourteen critics, twenty-two purveyors of booksy chitchat, and too many book reviewers to count. McBee's picture was widely printed, showing him staring darkly at his knuckles and looking very literary indeed. Interviews with him were printed which informed a palpitating public that his favorite dish was a chocolate éclair, cleaned and boned and stuffed with pistachio ice cream; that he wore a size 7¾ hat, and could not abide water spaniels. Publicity was given to his views on farm relief, the benefits of a nut diet, contract bridge, and the art of the talking picture. It was only necessary for his publishers to arrange to have his book suppressed in a city where they did not sell many, anyhow, to make him the Man of the Hour.

This was the sweet moment he had been working for, hoping for, praying for. McBee settled back to enjoy the fruits of fame.

He found that they were as follows: A daily sack of mail, containing letters from:

(a) Persons unknown to him, denouncing him and calling him shocking names.

(b) Persons unknown to him—or anybody else—offering to collaborate with him on his next book.

(c) Persons unknown, requesting a small loan to pay for little Egbert's zither lessons or a new wooden leg for Uncle Seth.

(d) Persons more or less dizzy upstairs, telling him their intimate troubles.

(e) Comma hounds, pointing out that on Page 459 of his book the word "job" should read "jab."

(f) Persons who had written a five-hundred-page historical novel in long hand, who asked that he "look it over and touch it up and place it with some reliable publisher."

(g) Persons who had discovered a process for extracting platinum from old straw hats, and were willing to sell him half an interest in it.

(h) Indignant bankers who had cashed checks for impersonators, representing themselves to be McBee.

(i) Autograph collectors.

(j) Lawyers.

Other fruits of fame were:

(1) A suit brought against him by one Jasper Smith, by profession a gopher catcher of Pipestone, Minnesota, who alleged that a character named Smith in Soul Poison was a libelous portrait of himself. Mr. Smith felt that his good name had been damaged to the extent of $50,000. McBee was able, in time, to prove that he had never heard of the Minnesota Smith, and he beat the suit, at a cost, to him, of $3500.

(2) A suit for breach of promise brought by Mrs. Mae Lou Gibboney of Yazoo City, Mississippi, claiming $500,000 on the ground that Basil McBee, while passing through Yazoo City in the spring of 1906, had asked her to accord him the privilege of being her fourth husband. McBee's defense was that he had never met Mrs. Gibboney, that he had never been farther South than Delaware Water Gap, and that in the spring of 1906 he was in school near Boston, being then thirteen years of age. After a long trial, during which some papers denounced McBee as a corrupter of innocent youth, it was decided that Mrs. Gibboney must be mistaken. McBee's lawyers charged him $9000.

(3) A suit for plagiarism for $1,000,000 instituted by Miss Hattie Estelle Humple, of Los Angeles, California. Miss Humple declared that McBee had stolen the idea of Soul Poison from her novel—unpublished—called Susie Secor, Sophomore. Her attorneys, Messrs. Kohn, Cohn, Dorsey, Cabot, Kelly, Kelly, Cohn and Kohn, pointed out that in both books a girl named Susie falls in love with a man named Jake, but nothing ever comes of it; that both books are difficult to read; and, finally, that both books touch on mother love, arson, jealousy, amateur dramatics, mountain scenery and the problems of an unmarried social worker. After a lengthy and spirited legal battle, McBee was adjudged innocent of encroaching on Miss Humple's ideas. To establish this cost him, in lawyers' fees, $14,500.

Eight months after he became famous, Basil McBee changed his name to Elmore Gooker, retired to a farm near Mangum, Oklahoma, and spent the rest of his life raising raccoons for the college-coat trade.

—RICHARD CONNELL.

AIR-FLIGHT
You've
Waited
8 Years . . . .
its coming!
See next week's
SATURDAY EVENING POST

Tobacco's at its *best* . . . in a pipe

MEN'S preference for a man's smoke—the pipe—is plenty positive. But do you know why?

We'll tell you. It's a triple reason. First, pipe tobacco's *different*—for instance, Edgeworth. Second, tobacco smolders *like it should* in a pipe—completely, all of it. And third, these mean *you* get more satisfaction—greater relish of the good old savory burley, soothing fullness of rich smoke.

There's even a fourth reason: you like good company. The pipe-smoking brotherhood is that. Its members are thinkers and leaders.

Tobacco's at its best in a pipe. It gets a chance to be itself there—to loosen up as it comes to life, to expand and take in air and *glow*. Only the choicest leaves get that chance, moreover, for pipes tell the truth about tobacco. Choice leaves, choice blends, *and mighty careful handling*. Edgeworth comes up through eleven distinct processes before we're willing to pass it on to you.

If you've been missing all this, that's your misfortune. If you keep on, it's your fault—for we're waiting to send you your first pipefuls of Edgeworth. See the coupon? Fill it out, get a *good* pipe, and the postman will bring you a neat little glad-to-meet-you packet of good old Edgeworth. Then light up with our compliments and good wishes. Thereafter you'll be buying Edgeworth anywhere around the world, and you'll find it always the same—unchanging *and good!*

* * *

Edgeworth is a combination of *good* tobaccos—selected carefully and blended especially for pipe-smoking. Its quality and flavor *never change*. Buy it anywhere in two forms—"Edgeworth Ready Rubbed" and "Edgeworth Plug Slice." All sizes—15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin

EDGEWORTH

LARUS & BRO. CO.
Richmond, Va.

I'll try your Edgeworth. And I'll try it in a *good* pipe.

My name_____

My street address_____

And the town and state_____

E

NOW LET THE EDGEWORTH COME!

WEST COAST, EAST COAST

(Continued from Page 5)

railroad traffic, you see, had to cut across the natural north-and-south Mississippi water system. Eastbound freight, on reaching the Mississippi, had a choice. It could go on to Atlantic seaboard by rail or down the river to the Gulf; or, reaching Chicago by rail, it could choose between the lake or rail routes to the Eastern seaboard. Eventually the railroads beat all the water routes, yet the fiction of choice survived, and the railroad-rate structure continues to this day as if effective water competition did exist. That is how it happens that transcontinental traffic still breaks in the Mississippi Valley.

East of the Mississippi and especially north of the Ohio the railroads kept making distance less and less—distance regarded as time—until people ceased to trouble themselves about it. Five hours here or nine hours there. New York to Chicago between two lunch hours

Sisters Over the Skin

But in the West time distance has continued to be the great frustration. Aviation is the new attack upon it. Hence the wild enthusiasm for aviation through the whole West. There was the same enthusiasm for the pony express and then for the railroads. What the West sees in the sky, beyond the attack, is probably ill-defined. A ten or twenty passenger plane as an extension of the passenger train is hardly more than a premonition. Freight traffic has not yet been touched. Nevertheless, a forty-eight-hour air-and-rail service from coast to coast begins an epoch, and has a political significance corresponding to that of the first transcontinental railroad. The West feels itself to be only half as far from the East as it was. The space between has been halved in time. And because it means swifter contact, aviation is an East and West tie that may become even stronger than steel rails.

MISSOULA, MONTANA.

Beauty parlors, a Florentine shoppe, perfumes and cosmetics displayed against a jazz background, news in the department store that "hats go feminine." Why not in Missoula? Hair bobs, hats, dresses, shoes, stockings, undies—they are the same here as in San Francisco, Chicago and New York Styles are released all over the country in a simultaneous manner. Magazines, movies, instant communication and fast transportation are making all appearances equal. The most noticeable difference between women East and West is one of manners. Western women do not use their vanity cases at the table. Even that may pass. The facial and the manicure are things of this life necessary. And everywhere. You might sooner find a town or a village with no barber shop than one without a beauty parlor.

A revolution is taking place in the world of merchandising. Its effect upon women is astonishing, touching appearances. Its effect upon the facts and habits of life is even greater. Mass production at length entails mass distribution, as a necessity. There cannot be one without the other. It is no longer left for the local merchant to decide what his community wants or to say what it will buy. Too often it has been proved that his decision is influenced by the state of his inventory and that his free opinion is fallible. Who knows what people will buy until they have seen it, or what they will want until the suggestion is put upon them? Behind the newest satisfactions is now a selling pressure that forces them up to every possible outlet. What cannot be sold in the old hardware store may be sold in the new drug store. Get it to the eye. Wanting is through the eye. Thus with household appliances, electrical utilities, new designs in furniture, new textiles, new food products, new shapes of old things. As with styles, so with these other things of use and desire; they tend more and more to be everywhere alike, as the vogue is. Less and less is a stock of merchandise an honorable lake, to be replenished two or three times a year. The ideal is a stream, continuous and always new. That is to say, more variety than depth. Volume is in the turnover.

A Tourist Bureau—free information and maps.

To the young woman: "What does that sign mean?"

The young woman: "What sign?"

"That one saying, 'We will not detour you. Tell us where you want to go.'"

"Oh! Well, look here on the map. People want to go from here to there, and there are two roads. They don't know any better. I could send them all that way instead of this way."

"Why should you want to send them that way instead of this way?"

She gives you a lifted stare.

"I don't. That's what the sign means."

In which there is more than first appears. You come to a fork in the road. Either way to your day's objective, both fine and smooth as far as you can see. On the right a twenty-foot sign: "Don't be misled Keep to the Old Oregon Trail." On the left: "Shortest and best route this way. Beautiful scenery." Or again: "Turn here for the ferry. Fastest route to Spokane." And in competition this: "Fine, fast road to Spokane. Don't miss this opportunity to see the most beautiful valley in the Northwest." One way is through Washington and the other is through Oregon. You have to choose and then you never know if that was really your lucky day.

WEST YELLOWSTONE, MONTANA.

What is it you go to see? The view. Then what have you seen? The wonderful view. The human passion for scenery is hardly more articulate than that. Try asking your own to give an account of itself. It brings you any distance to the rim of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone. There you stand, looking at a body of water falling out of a pine forest hundreds of feet into a carved and painted canyon. The impact of the spectacle is terrific. But what will you say about it?

Quite a Sight

A car with a Michigan license drives up. A man, a woman and three children get out and come to stand near you. They make no vocal sounds whatever, and this may cause you to regard them with some interest. What will they say when they do speak? What will be the involuntary comment? After three or four minutes of silent looking, the man says, "Well, quite a sight," and with that he leads them away, all five touching one another. Their car door slams and they are gone.

Quite a sight! For unexpected banality of comment that will do to be remembered. But what are the words that keep rising in your own mind? "Magnificent," "sublime," "grand," "infinitely beautiful." These also are banalities, or they would be if they were intended to mean anything, which, of course, is not the case. The intent is to break the silence and thus restore a sense of contact with things this side of awe. For that purpose the Michigan comment served quite as well as any, and had the merit of being simple.

Moreover, reflection will lead you to discover in yourself the same impulse on which the vanishing Michigan family acted. That is, to turn away. You may have also the impulse to turn back and gaze some more, but unless you mind it, the eye will wander, swing off, go out of focus into a state of unseeing, or it will drowse and make you believe you are sleepy. The passion for scenery, therefore, cannot be simply eye appetite for new wonders of design, mass and profile; for if that were so, the sense of sight would not so soon be sated.

Break this spectacle into its major parts. There is the chasm—awful concavity—there is the color of its painted walls—and color is a powerful stimulus—and there is the crashing downfall of waters. These are physical events of a definite character and produce a variety of more or less conscious sensations. You may disentangle your sensations one by one and state them all. Yet, far below the level of sensation, there is at the same time a psychic experience, and this experience is one that may occur again in the presence of the Teton Mountains or at your first glimpse of the Mohave Desert. The cause of it, therefore, cannot be identified as a particular kind of event, chasm, cataract, mountain or desert. The nature of that experience is personal in a desolate sense. The I of you suddenly is seized with a terror of loneliness; worse still is a conviction of loneliness as an eternal fact, which even the wistful touch of hands may only soften. What this experience means you cannot say. Price of ego it may be. And yet it must be there is some sweetness in it. Else why do we seek its repetition?

WAMSUTTER, WYOMING.

To speak of roads, they are good, fair and bad; and this is not as the case may be, but as the point of view is. Comparing them with what they were only a few years ago, one must say they are good. That is relative, however, because only a few years ago they were very bad. The ease with which we built railroads caused us to neglect highways for many years. Post roads for purposes of communication ceased to be a public necessity. Before the advent of motor cars had made us road conscious—say about 1900—it was to be said that we had the finest railroad system in the world and the worst highway system of any great country. The motor-car makers could not wait for good roads. They made cars for bad roads, and that is why the American car will stand such an amazing amount of punishment. A locomotive, running on two smooth steel rails, goes two hundred miles and is put to bed in a roundhouse, cooled out, freshened and groomed. A motor car goes the same distance over dirt, gravel, sand and bumps; in the morning you take on fuel and water, have a look at the oil, and go on. Though it is true the locomotive lives much longer, nobody knows how long a motor car would live if it were treated with the care a locomotive receives and had a smooth track to run on.

A State is Judged by its Roads

Thinking of roads in such terms as good, better and improving, remembering all the time how much worse they were not so long ago, you will be optimistic about the national highway system. The good is more than the bad. Fair there is a lot of. Moreover, they are improving all the time, and now, with Federal aid supplementing state resources, provided the state will make its plans coincide with those of the Federal Government, design and systematic intention have appeared. The Federal intention comprehends a system of fine arterial highways and, taking off from them, veinlike roads to connect every county seat in the country. You will see what that means A state that has not availed itself of the full benefit of Federal aid, unwilling to raise its share of the money, turns you out by a road that causes you to pray for the state line, where there will be a change. No change could be for the worse. At the state line you see a sign to this effect: "For the road you now enter we are indebted to Federal aid." From there on it will be good. You are bound to judge a state by its roads. One is reluctant to share the cost of new highways with the Federal Government because the taxpayers are already complaining. Another takes all the Federal aid it can get. Another goes away beyond that aid, on its own, even beyond immediate economic necessity. Having driven steadily for hours through an arid and desert country on a band of concrete or a piece of well-kept gravel, you say: "Surely, this is fine enterprise," for what supports that road is nothing visible on either side of it.

Well, so, more or less, we have all been thinking of roads, instead of approaching the subject from the facts in an original manner. There is a habit of thinking that we have to wait for good roads. But what are we waiting for? Until we can afford to build them? All the time we are lending enormous sums of capital abroad for such purposes, among others, as road building. Does it make sense to say that while we cannot afford to build good roads as fast as we want them, other countries not so rich can afford to borrow money from us to build roads with?

Given a country motorized as this one is, given its enormous command of physical means and such a surplus of capital that we lend a billion of dollars a year to other people—only these facts about the country and none about its roads—what kind of highway system would you expect to find? Would you believe that in such a country there was not a single transcontinental highway without stretches of dirt in it, even though the dirt be graded and generally passable in all weather? That is the case.

A Left Turn in Salt Lake City

We have not arrived at the fundamental point of view on roads. When we have arrived at it we shall see clearly that we cannot afford to wait for roads. Money intelligently invested in a good road—a fine road—is as seed in fertile ground. Other forms of wealth rise out of it and the measure is ten and twenty fold. A poor road is an economic loss. States are beginning to find that out, and as fast as they do they abandon the pay-as-you-go policy and borrow the capital to make their highways over. They have found that roads pay for themselves. Really, they cost nothing. They will pay for themselves in gas. With a certain minimum density of traffic, a good road in place of a poor one will save enough motor fuel to pay for itself in a few years. Therefore, if the outlay cost of it is burdensome, that is only because it is not scientifically assessed to begin with, for in the right sense the highway not only is self-redeeming, it is enormously productive. An eighty-foot, all-concrete, high-speed motor highway across the continent could be financed in the gas. If the motorist pays 10 per cent more for his gas and uses one-tenth less, his fuel cost is no greater than before and he has the highway besides. All that is needed is the compelling idea.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

At the center of the city is a monument to Brigham Young, the figure of him in heroic size on a very large base, inscribed with the names of those on whom he most relied in the dark days of Mormonism here. It stands at the intersection of two principal streets. If you mean to make a left turn, you will go right and keep the monument on your left, and then a traffic officer will stop you.

"That's not the way to make a left turn."

"What is the way, please?"

"Cut the corner just as if that monument was not there"

"Anywhere else that would be the wrong way to do it."

"It's the right way here."

"All right, officer, but why do you do it that way here?"

"Well, don't you see, that thing ought not to be there in the middle of the street."

That is to say, Brigham Young ought not to be obstructing motor traffic in Salt Lake City. Except here, he does obstruct modern traffic much less than you might suppose. You would hardly know this city to be the capital of Mormonism. There is a view of it in which you get the piercing points of the Mormon Temple and the two square towers of the Catholic cathedral showing together. Presbyterians, Roman Catholics, Christian Scientists and

(Continued on Page 68

Keeping pace with pleasure

Modern mouth hygiene has brought new health and vitality to thousands of women because they guard The Danger Line

☼

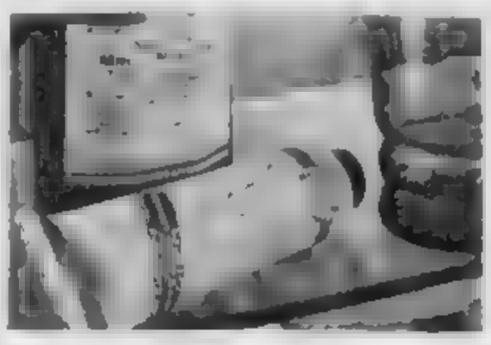
WOMEN who are truly popular frankly acknowledge this simple fact—glorious, radiant health is their most valued charm. And still, thousands risk this priceless gift through lack of proper mouth hygiene.

Here is the danger. The causes of heart trouble, rheumatism, kidney trouble, nervous disorders often puzzled physicians. But modern science has discovered that these diseases frequently develop from decayed teeth and diseased gums.

This is the reason: The same blood which supplies all the tissues of the body with food and carries off their waste also comes in contact with the gums and teeth. When poisonous substances and disease germs are carried away from neglected teeth and lodged in some other tissue or organ, that place in which the poison is left also becomes diseased.

You must guard The Danger Line

For protection, however, it is not enough merely to brush your teeth. You must visit your dentist regularly and use a dentifrice which can neutralize the acids that cause tooth decay.



SQUIBB'S MILK OF MAGNESIA, *from which Squibb's Dental Cream is made, is a pure, effective product that is free from any unpleasant earthy taste. It has unsurpassed antacid and mild laxative qualities.*

These acids form particularly in pits and crevices of your teeth and at The Danger Line—where teeth and gums meet. There is one dentifrice which can bring you protection against them. It is Squibb's Dental Cream which is made with more than 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. When you use it, particles of this Milk of Magnesia penetrate into all the tiny crevices where your tooth-brush cannot reach and neutralize the dangerous acids.

Of course Squibb's Dental Cream cleans and polishes the teeth beautifully, in addition to protecting them against acid decay. It contains no grit, no harsh abrasives. It is extraordinarily soothing. You can safely use it to brush the gums, one of the most important steps in correct mouth hygiene.

At drug stores everywhere—only 40c a large tube. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since* 1858.

SQUIBB'S *Dental Cream*

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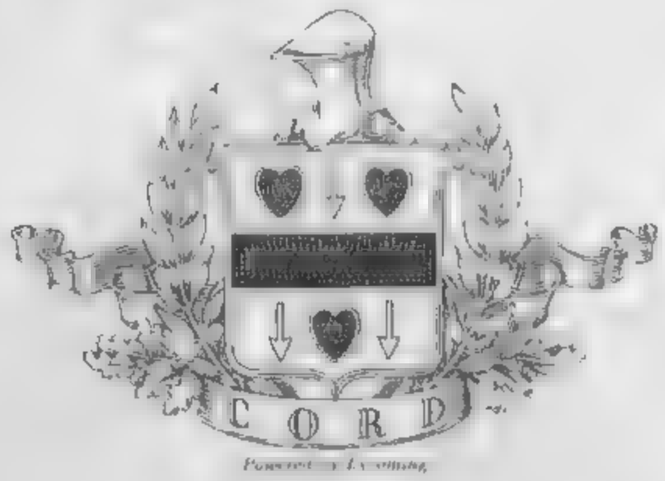
CORD FRONT DRIVE



AUBURN has introduced America's first production front wheel drive automobile—the CORD. The Cord creates a place for itself no other car has ever occupied, fitting in between our complete line of Auburn and Duesenberg cars. Many drastic claims could truthfully be made for exclusive advantages in having a car pulled instead of pushed. The tremendous public acceptance has proved that its easier handling and safer control have a decisive appeal to even more people than we expected. But we do not choose to prejudice you. We prefer to let the car sell itself to those who can afford it. You are entitled, however, to know that many years have been devoted to it; that being first, Auburn was privileged to benefit from all previous experience, and able to obtain the services of as many expert engineers as we wanted. It is unusually substantial in construction, is of very highest quality in every respect, and offers a satisfactory and economical investment for many years.—E. L. CORD

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY · AUBURN, INDIANA

SEDAN $3095 · *BROUGHAM* $3095 · *CABRIOLET* $3295 · *PHAETON* $3295

Prices: f. o. b. Auburn, Indiana. Equipment other than standard extra.

ON YOUR WAY TO FLORIDA . . . RESOLVE ② TO SEE THIS ① RICH REGION ③

UNTIL you know these "key" cities, you cannot *possibly* have any idea of the remarkable development that has made Piedmont Carolinas such a vital competing element in many industries.

Progressive cities, thriving, growing and building wealth—alive with the vitality of an industrial awakening that has been pacemaking for the Nation—decide to see them this year on your way to Florida playgrounds.

1 See Greensboro, one of the most progressive cities in the country, remarkable for its thriving commercial, industrial, banking, insurance and mercantile interests. ④

2 Take a side trip to Winston-Salem, where the quiet dignity of an old Colonial settlement joins hands with wide-spread textile and tobacco manufacture.

3 Stop off in High Point, the center of the important Piedmont Carolinas' furniture industry, rapidly becoming a rich textile center. ⑤

4 Visit Salisbury, a town where active agriculture and developing industry are both sources of increasing wealth.

5 Spend time in Charlotte, an important distributing center for the Carolinas and a pivot point of wide-spread activity in many lines of manufacture.

6 Do not miss Spartanburg, where textile progress is speedily being supplemented by many other diversified interests. ⑥

7 Include Greenville, a center of a wealthy agricultural region where in addition to other manufacture the textile industry has reached a high degree of development.

8 And be sure to visit Anderson with its spinning, weaving, knitting, dyeing and finishing, and other manufacturing activities ⑦

Equal opportunities offer in such thriving, developing cities as Reidsville, Burlington, Thomasville, Hickory, Chester and many others—smaller, but alive with possibilities.

This present development will amaze you, but much more amazing will be opportunities still untouched. Come. ⑧

Meanwhile, send for "*Piedmont Carolinas, Where Wealth Awaits You.*" And if on reading it, you want road maps or information about certain specific sections, write. We are here to serve you. Industrial Department, Room 532, Mercantile Building, Charlotte, North Carolina.

DUKE POWER COMPANY

SOUTHERN PUBLIC UTILITIES COMPANY AND OTHER ALLIED INTERESTS

(Continued from Page 65)

Mormons dwell side by side. The famous Eagle Gate, all this side of which once was Brigham Young's—it is still there, but only as an antique object. On one corner is the Federal Reserve Bank, and you will be told that what was there before was the house in which the favorite Mrs. Young lived. Opposite are the old Beehive houses, now reserved for the Society of Beehive Girls, who carry on the Mormon tradition of industry. The fine old Mormon houses down the street, in what once was the first neighborhood, are fallen to board-and-lodging signs. People now go farther out to build nice houses, and differences of creed are lost in the civics of real estate.

This faith was deeply planted and nourished by persecution. Moreover, it asked for a sign and received one. The celebrated sea-gull monument is the record of a miracle. Upon the Mormons' early agriculture fell a horse-headed beetle or cricket, and it was more like a visitation than a pest, for if the insect merely touched a stalk of wheat the plant withered and died. When it had got beyond control, the Mormons prayed for a sign to appear. Then all at once the sea gulls came—from where nobody knew—and devoured the horse-headed beetle entirely. A few gulls remained to watch. You may see them still on Great Salt Lake, where there is nothing for a gull to eat. Nothing lives in that water.

Saltair, fifteen miles from Salt Lake City, is a kind of Coney Island on the lake, and people go there in large numbers to sit in the water and float. They call it bathing, but you must mind not to immerse your head or tip over, for if you do, the eyes dissolve and the top of the head flies off. The experience is very disagreeable. "Once," you say; "once only." You feel salty to the marrow and cannot imagine ever being fresh again. But halfway back to the city you begin to feel marvelously fresh and invigorated. If you lived there you would like it.

Individuals Remain Individual

There is no saying whether the Mormon religion at heart has relaxed more or less than others, or at all. Certainly the times, traffic, styles, movies and radio have all happened to it, as to others, and with similar consequences. Its severities are abated. No one takes it so hard any more, as concerning either himself or his neighbor. There is, however, one article of faith that seems relatively as strong as ever. That refers to work. The hand of a Mormon aches for industry, and that is why his agriculture is so very fine.

FORT BRIDGER, WYOMING.

A stillness falls on places where human passions have run in blood. On battlefields, the Roman Colosseum, scenes of murder sometimes, and on a place like this. It was here Jim Bridger put a trading post eighty-odd years ago. Then it took an army to defend it against Mormons and Indians. It was a desperate spot. There are one hundred people living here. The tight little stone buildings that were the military post are standing. So is the old pony-express stable. But what you remember for days afterward is how still it was.

DENVER, COLORADO.

Seeing how changes in methods of distribution and in the art of merchandising tend to organize styles and fashions, and to make them all at one time the same throughout the country, and how things of use tend in the same way to be everywhere alike, there are those who say: "This, then, is the end. Taste shall be standardized. We shall be made to dress alike, to prefer the same things, look alike, talk alike, think alike. How utterly dreary!"

What they seem to mean is that people themselves will become standardized. Individuality will perish in them.

It is a specious anxiety, and belongs to those who for their own relief from boredom wish life to be a pageant full of colorful differences, vivid contrasts of design and form, variety of appearances. The medieval picture. You can understand a predilection for it, sympathetically even, but it has nothing to do with the subject. Here is another world. Certainly it is a trivial thing to say or to suppose of human individuality that it has need to express itself in appearance, in manners of dress, in the private possession of exclusive and unlike objects. In the old New England village there was no poverty of individuality, yet their things were all very much alike, even their houses. Nor was there any poverty of it among the Quakers when their dress was uniform. There was once a similar anxiety about the effect upon people of performing monotonous tasks alike, as at automatic machines. Now the English wage earner who has been thinking all this time that he was defending his individuality against standardization of method comes visiting here to see what makes everybody so prosperous, and is struck more by the extreme individuality of the American wage earner than by the fact that he has a motor car parked outside. Standardization of motor cars—millions of one model, all alike—has not weakened the individuality of motor-car owners. Simply, they do not have to express it in fenders and body colors.

Regional Self-Expression

It makes a higher kind of sense to say that the less bother there is about styles and fashions, the less competition there is to express individuality in the appearances of things, all the more time there will be to express it in ideas, in shapes of thought, in reactions of mentality and character to life itself.

It is not as if we made our own things and left upon them the unique imprint of the individual hand. When that was true objects external to the individual might, indeed, express him, since he had made them. But we no longer make our own things. We buy them ready-made. And it must be so, or else the quantity and variety of satisfactions would be very much less. From benefit of handcraft, instead of machine craft, who could have motor cars, radios, electrical utilities, silk stockings, fine shoes, and so on? Only the very rich, and not the people whose hands had produced them and whose individuality, therefore, was in them.

It is arguable that all this modern standardization is toward freedom from the tyranny of things; and if this be so it tends more to release than to bind individuality. Suppose the people of Denver were to all appearances like the people of Minneapolis, from the fact of wearing the same styles, having the same things, living in houses all alike—and that people all over the country were in these appearances the same. Would the people of Denver be in no wise different from the people of St. Paul, or people anywhere else? They would be very different. They would be Denver people still, with that strange way of setting their hands in fire for their principles, their loyalties and their prejudices; more so, perhaps, since they would be thinking less about life's externals. The people of Colorado could no more be like Texans than Texans could be like Californians. As appearances become more and more alike the less value attaches to them, and from this it might easily follow that people all the more would differ in character. Which may rest upon observation.

The change of collective individuality—that is to say, in the dominant character of people—as you pass from state to state is very surprising and increasingly to be remarked. In the East the different regions were differently settled, so that localism or differences of character may be said to represent differences of original culture. Not so in the West, for the West was settled indiscriminately out of the East. For a long time it was what you would expect. That is to say, it had a general pioneer character and a milling population. Nobody had been born there; none was native to any environment. Gradually, however, the environment selected and eliminated. Texas selected Texans, California selected Californians, and so on. Those who disliked the environment moved on to another. Now, in the different Western environments you find true natives, a generation born there, descended from people whom the environment in the first place selected. Thus a kind of regional character develops. The change from one character to another may be so abrupt that you become aware of it on crossing the state line. That will be the case where a boundary line coincides with a definite change in the natural environment. In other cases the change is gradual, as where Eastern Colorado and Western Kansas roll together, without a ripple. The boundary line there is political, not geographical, and the difference between Colorado and Kansas people is at first hardly noticeable. Later it becomes distinct enough. You could hardly mistake it.

SALINA, KANSAS.

A wheat country and no spectacle of harvest. Kansas began with power. For that reason it is a land that never knew the ancient scenes of harvest and the festival that followed. It did, however, require a great deal of migrant labor at this season and it was a time of many strangers, all with one anxiety pursuing the golden ripeness of the grain. Nobody asked who they were or whence they came, or cared, only so they had in their hands the honorable trick of making five bundles of grass to stand fast in a shock against wind and rain; for it was thus, after cutting, that the grain was left to cure. The strangers then followed the sickle bar north, and when they were gone and the moon came up, the endless fields of shocked wheat made a fragrant picture, one you would not soon forget. Then the steam threshing outfit, and that made a picture too. Within one Kansas horizon you might see three or four at once, noisy, friendly monsters, unable to move and thresh at the same time. Men with teams converging on it from all parts of the field hurled the bundles to it. Out of its stack a thumb of smoke, out of its tail a cloud of chaff, piling higher and higher, and out of a spout the stream of hard, clean grain.

Shades of the Vestals!

But a steam threshing outfit in Kansas now has the sad, obsolete appearance of one of Nature's waddling antediluvian creatures. It has been displaced by the combine, and this has all occurred in four or five years. The combine is a square, compact mechanical animal that cuts and threshes at one stroke. Two men drive it, motor tanks attend it to receive the grain and rush it away to the elevator, the straw falls where it grew, and there is nothing to see. The mighty fall of the proud wheat as the cutter takes it—you see not even that. Simply, the combine passes and the wheat is not there. The moon will rise on stubble. The opera of harvest is by this efficiency destroyed. However, those who most enjoyed the vanished theme did not themselves produce it, and those who did produce it now have the time for pictures at the movie house.

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

Interviewing a reporter from The Star:

"Do the people of Kansas City appreciate their Liberty Memorial?"

"Why, yes, I think they do."

"Do you?"

"Well, for myself I don't know. It's very unusual."

"That seems to you to be the most striking fact about it?"

"Maybe it's the size of it. Not the size exactly. Well, the design and all, and then where they put it—right there in the middle of the city, with thirty-eight acres around it. It is unusual, isn't it? Do you know of anything like it?"

"Nothing quite like it. Who did it?"

Continued on Page 70

800,000 ADDITIONAL TELEPHONES ARE GOING INTO USE THIS YEAR

A million and a half dollars a day

An Advertisement of the

American Telephone and Telegraph Company

MORE than 200 new Bell telephone buildings are going up this year in the United States, 800,000 additional telephones are going into use and new switchboards to care for 3,000,000 additional calls a day. Thousands of miles of new cable, millions of miles of wire, new carrier systems, vacuum tubes and loading coils. These are a few of the things in the 1929 construction and improvement program of the Bell System which will cost more than 550 million dollars—a million and a half a day. Telephone growth is essential to the new American civilization of better opportunity for the average man. The Bell System employs more than 400,000 workers, is owned by 450,000 stockholders, and serves the people of the nation.

Every day the Bell System is extending its lines to more people, increasing the speed and accuracy of its service, giving greater comfort and convenience in telephone use. All of this is done that each individual may get the most from this means of all inclusive and instantaneous communication and that the nation may be one neighborhood.

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Radio's greatest name "DE FOREST"

THE first radio tube was invented by Dr. Lee De Forest in 1906. He called it the Audion. It was a great moment in radio history. Since that time his patents have been the very basis of the radio industry.

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Insist that your radio tubes bear the greatest name in radio history.

An interesting booklet, "Radio Simplified" by Dr. Lee De Forest, will be mailed free on request.

DE FOREST RADIO CO.
JERSEY CITY, N. J.

De Forest AUDIONS

(Continued from Page 68)

"It was done by popular subscription."

"But who was the architect?"

"I've forgotten that. You'll find it in that folder you have in your hand from the Kansas City Chamber of Commerce."

"No, it isn't there. The folder speaks of the Memorial as a great æsthetic center and quotes something the winning architect said about it, and then forgets to mention his name."

"That's funny. I'll find his name when I get back to the office, and telephone it over to you."

"The folder also says there is a crucible at the top of the shaft in which a fire will burn constantly. The fire is not there."

"Not in the daytime, no. You will see it there at night."

"Why only at night?"

"I suppose because you couldn't see it in the daytime."

"But it was to burn constantly."

"That's the idea, of course. It isn't fire, you know. It's electricity. And for the daytime, steam. If you didn't see the steam, maybe they had it turned off. But I'm sure you will see the fire any time after dark, up to midnight."

"Midnight?"

"They turn it off at midnight, as a rule."

"An eternal flame that may be steam by day and is at night an electrical effect, switched off at twelve! Why the crucible?"

"Sounds funny, doesn't it? I don't know myself what the idea is."

"The building passion is strong here."

"Very. That old hotel across the street—and it isn't so old, either—is coming down to make room for a thirty-story tower. It isn't building only. There's going to be a Kansas City University with a lot of modern ideas in it. The thought is to make Kansas City the cultural capital of the Southwest. It is that already, as a matter of fact. In my own time I have seen a decided increase of interest in such things. Art and letters, and so forth."

"How does it show?"

"You can sense it. More talk about paintings and music and sculpture. For example, I remember that when an artist came to Kansas City, The Star used to give him a paragraph or maybe a stickful. Now, if he's any kind of artist at all, he gets half a column."

The Kansas City Function

The Kansas City Chamber of Commerce senses it too. Its folder recommends you to visit the Art Institute, saying: "Here information as to art in the Southwest may be obtained and the visitor can see the wonderful work being accomplished by artists who have gained national renown." It thinks you will wish to see the Pioneer Mother statue in Penn Valley Park, and tells you it cost one hundred and thirty thousand dollars. Also the country-club district, which has been "developed according to the topography instead of the checkerboard plan, with marvelous architectural control and landscape design."

Are we looking in the right direction?

This city's contribution belongs to fundamental American phenomena, and we take all that for granted. As an emotional symbol, the Liberty Memorial may or may not be a valid form. As a symbol of power it is terrific. Take the elevator to the top of the shaft—such being the practical use of it—and from there look down. Below you is the Union Station, third largest in the world and therefore of monumental size; but the shape of it, wherein lies the feeling of power—that is functional. Look, then, at the freight yards, not as a magnitude of terminal facilities but as a physical organ. From every direction come freight trains like jointed worms, some a quarter of a mile long. First they lose their heads and tails. Then they break into car parts, and thousands of cars, all at one time, go up and down from track to track, each seeking another that has a directional affinity. As they find one another in that principle a train forms, and when it is long enough it receives from somewhere in that appalling confusion the head it needs and the right tail, and departs, knowing its way. Day and night, unceasingly, this complex organic activity. There is, you see, besides a Kansas City, a Kansas City function vital to this system of life. There could be a civilization without such an organ in it. For thousands of years there had been; and there were cities, too, but they were cities such as each might be unto itself, much more served by life than serving it. One city might devour another and basic life would still go on as it was before. In this new system cities become organically related to one another, and all of them to the whole, and this relationship is functional in a vital sense. The event is irreversible. This civilization is founded on it. Yet how suddenly it happened! Here one hundred years ago was a trader's log cabin and nothing else. First the town of Kansas, named for the Kanzan Indians; then the city of Kansas, then Kansas City.

Ashland's Bid for Glory

What will it be like one hundred years from now? Not as it is. Perhaps no more like it is than it is like what it was. It is changing as you look at it—changing not because it grows but growing because it changes, and there is the secret of its vitality and power. This system is not finished. No organ in it may be supposed to have found its final form. All is evolving. The difficulty is to see what is taking place. There is almost no vision of it in art.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

This city has at length decided to make itself over. The old-fashioned people who loved it as it was gaze at the purposeful ruins with a kind of horror. They are unused to such turmoil and tension, and go to and fro with dismay in their feet. Traffic drives harder in St. Louis than in any other great city. All nerves are taut. It is a magnificent task and must be ruthless.

ASHLAND, KENTUCKY.

What city or town in the country would you say had the cleanest face and hands and the nicest dress? It is Ashland here, and this is not a matter of opinion. It is verdict. In the window of the Chamber of Commerce is the silver mug awarded by the National Clean-up-Paint-up Campaign Bureau. The least you can say is that there need be no hurt feelings. The mug came to a place that is very clean and very painted and very neat, and all the more credit, since it works in coal, iron and clay.

NEW YORK.

From a motor drive to the Pacific Coast and back you will come to New York again with strange eyes. Nothing is quite the same. Not less but more.

Do you remember the Santa Fé Trail through the last of Arizona, the descent to the mad Colorado River, the first God-forbidding view of California? Do you remember thinking at the time what that view must have done to the men who saw it with total surprise? They had suffered months of incredible hardships to get so far. They had walked to save their animals, and for another reason. All day long they picked up twigs and bits of dry moss—anything that might burn—and were lucky by evening to have enough to make a little fire on which to cook their supper. No refreshment stations; a barrel of water tied to the wagon; temperature, 110. Those awful mountains, saying, Go back! Nothing on them but snakes. The Mohave Desert yet to cross. And still they went on. Do you remember wondering why they went on? Why they had come? Gold. The economic motive. Yet these were men who had abandoned comfort and economic opportunity. For each pennyweight of gold that might be ahead of them there was a pound of wealth behind them. Was it the lure of gold? Or was that only what they thought it was?

You gave it up then. Perhaps, after all, it was gold. Man is compounded of fantasy and reason. Now, here in New York you doubt it. Was it not the power of a people going west? They had to think there was something to go west for, and they said it was gold. There had to be for the individual a reason he could pronounce. Forget the individual and think of it as a movement of people. The power that crashed the wilderness of the East and the power that overthrew this awfulness of the West to gain the Pacific Coast—was it not the same? Then, in a tidal manner it kept rising again in the East and moving west. Railroads, agriculture, industry, cities. Always for economic reasons given; always, nevertheless, beyond any reasoned economic necessity. Suddenly, in the East, a tower form appears, rising higher and higher. That also goes west. What is this new architectural form but a symbol of that same power? The vertical thrust of it?

With the mind's eye take a panoramic view of the country as a whole. Look in any direction and what do you see? Surplus. Actual surplus or the potentiality of it. Commodities of manufacture, food, fuel, minerals, all manner of things—and this new word—which is "surplus." What else do you see? In every direction an uncontrollable anxiety, almost a frenzy, further to develop our powers of production. More water to be impounded for agriculture, though there is already an agricultural surplus; more iron pipes to be driven into the ground in search of oil pools, though we have already more oil than we can use; more engines, more mills, more facilities, the means to a greater and greater output of raw materials. All explained by the economic motive.

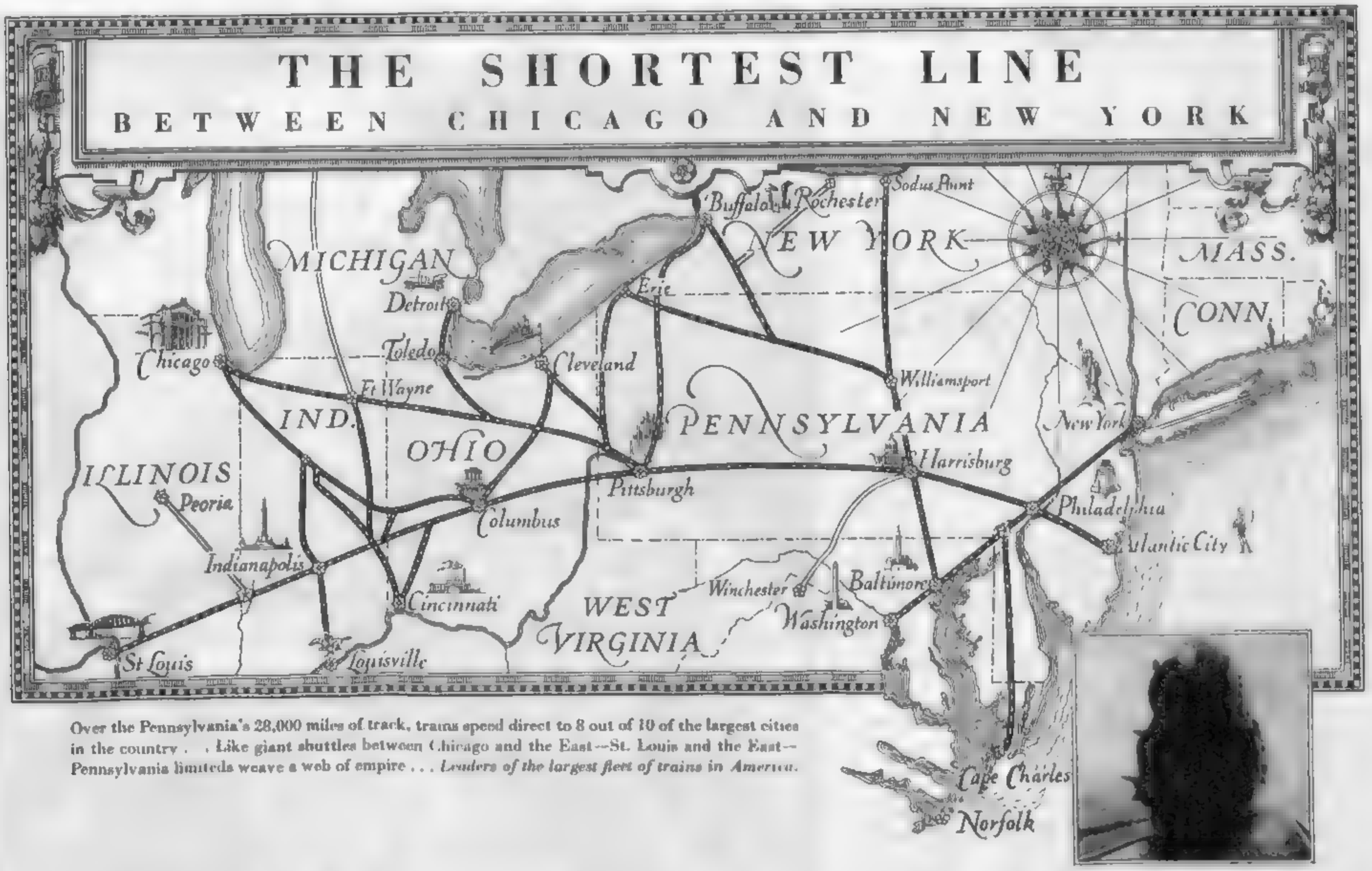
An Echo of the Pueblo

Well, no doubt that is a very strong motive. But suppose you had never heard of it. Suppose you were merely looking on in a naïve manner, observing what people do. Then what would you think? You would say, "Here are people behaving as if they had in them the intuition of a time to come when they shall need to command the whole of their strength. They are in great dread lest it come before they are quite ready. Hence the haste to explore and develop all sources of their power." If they should say, "But we do this for private profit," you might ask, "Profit of what?" and disbelieve them. Certainly, what they say would not make whole sense.

From seeing the West, you will go to see things in New York you have not seen before. It may be the Medical Center. Many New Yorkers have not seen it, but people from all over the world, visiting here, ask where it is and go out to look. In the modern material it is one of the great buildings of the world; and it appeared there whole in one year. The size of it is shocking. You cannot see it with the eyes alone. You have to seize it with all your senses, and by the imagination too.

In a curious way it keeps reminding you of something else you have seen—something far away in the West. And this other thing turns up to be the Indian pueblo at Taos, New Mexico. There are aspects of the Medical Center in which it does echo the central structure in that Indian village. Square forms stepped one upon another.

The Taos pueblo is made of mud and straw, and has endured for centuries. The medical center is of steel and concrete and brick. How long will it endure? Ask anyone's opinion and then remark it, for it is popular opinion at this point that becomes significant. Some will say thirty years, some forty, some fifty. Nobody will say one hundred years. The reason why the Indian structure at Taos, built of mud and straw, has endured so long is that the Indians do not comprehend change. The reason nobody can imagine that the Medical Center will be there still one hundred years from now is that Americans embrace change. And this, perhaps, is the first secret of American power.



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Three 20-Hour Limiteds

WHETHER you wish to leave Chicago at 9.50 A. M.—12—or 2 P. M., you will find a Pennsylvania 20-hour train at your service . . . And these trains run on fastest schedules made between Chicago and New York.

For the special accommodation of travelers between these two great centers, the Pennsylvania Railroad has made recent extensive improvements in its service . . . There are now three 20-hour trains—four 20-hour 50-minute trains—three other trains daily . . . From 8 in the morning till 9 at night, a steady stream of fast Pennsylvania trains leaves Chicago for New York.

The three 20-hour trains are The Fast Mail, the Broadway Limited, and The Golden Arrow . . . Traveling the shortest line to New York, these trains have a margin of distance which means speed—*with comfort!*

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3 o'clock . . . BROADWAY LIMITED
Lv. New York—3.00 P.M. . . . Ar. Chicago—10.00 A.M.

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Women now can obtain Cellophane for home use through the new Household Packages shown below. Rolls may be had in clear transparent and in gold, red, green and violet colors.

Go to your nearest stationery or department store where Dennison goods are sold. Or for samples and prices write to Dennison's—Dept. 200, Framingham, Mass.

Cellophane DU PONT CELLOPHANE

NOBLESSE OBLIGE

(Continued from Page 19)

Napoleon, and walked up the Champs-Élysées to the Arc de Triomphe.

For four days he hunted that elusive gayety Harriet Fordham had told him about. And then he couldn't stand it any longer. He went back to the American Express to exchange words in the American language with the accomplished colored man who shines shoes in the basement.

"The trouble with you," the colored man explained as he polished Benny's shoes—"the trouble with you is you ain't got no friends. Any city is lonesome if you got no friends, and Paris is worse than most cities, because everybody in Paris has got friends. But you stick it out. You'll run into somebody you know any minute, and then you'll be all right. It won't matter what you think of them back home, you'll be glad to meet them here. You'll be glad to meet anybody you ever saw before, and when you do meet them you'll like Paris. Because Paris is the finest city in the world outside the U. S. A. I been in all of them. I been in London, Berlin, Rome, Vienna, Madrid, Constantinople, Cairo, Hong-Kong, Yokohama, Vladivostok. I been all over, and there ain't no city in the world that's got anything on Paris except, of course, San Francisco and New Orleans and Chicago and Philadelphia and New York and all of them other cities we got back home. Paris is a real friendly city, once you know somebody, but there ain't no city that seems friendly like when you don't know nobody."

Benny Powers grinned. It was painfully true. But it was a relief to have the painful truth so clearly stated. He went out into the Rue Scribe. Across the way was the Opéra. He did not care for the Opéra. He wanted somebody to talk to. He wanted somebody to talk to so much that for a moment he paused on a traffic island and debated whether to go to a gymnasium near the Salle Wagram, where he'd meet a couple of American prize fighters he knew. But he walked resolutely on. He wouldn't be limited to people in the fight game. He had to find the other sort.

He saw suddenly the awnings of the Café de la Paix. It was late afternoon and the *terrasse* was crowded. He remembered what Miss Fordham had said: "Sit on the *terrasse* of the Café de la Paix and somebody you know will come by. Sit there long enough and everybody you ever knew will come by."

Benny found a vacant table and ordered a coffee and watched. He watched hopefully at first. After two hours he watched doggedly. He ate his dinner in the restaurant of the café and went back and sat on the *terrasse* until midnight. The next morning he went back to the *terrasse*. At noon he saw a manager of fighters he had known in New York walking by. Benny half rose out of his chair before he remembered that he wasn't going to do that. He was going to find somebody outside the profession to talk to.

He sat under the awning of the Café de la Paix for two days. And then, after dinner, on his last evening, he heard a voice he knew. He turned and looked. She was grown up now. When he had seen her last she was a girl of fifteen. But she had the same cool, delicious voice, the same bird's-wing curve to the eyebrow, the same gallant poise of the head. She was with a young man—a big, broad-shouldered, handsome young man. They took a table not six feet away.

Her name was Ann Hoyt, and once for a whole term he had sat near her in algebra. He had never known her outside of school. His father was a drunken sign painter. Her father owned the town. He had gone to the annual high-school dance in the hope of seeing her. She was there. He hadn't quite dared to ask her for a dance. He had stood in the stag line under the balcony of the school gymnasium watching her. He'd at last got up his courage to ask a girl who went around in Ann Hoyt's crowd, but who wasn't so popular or the daughter of so important a person as Ann Hoyt's father. He had walked up to the other girl and asked her for a dance, and she had turned on him and smiled superciliously and said she was sorry, but she was tired—much too tired to dance. Three minutes later Benny had seen her dancing with somebody else.

He hadn't gone home. He had stood there stubbornly, staring at the dancers on the floor and trying to act as if nothing had happened.

He had stood there for half an hour, swallowing his hatred and despair. And then he was suddenly aware that Ann Hoyt was standing beside him.

She said, "Hello, Benny."

He said, "Hello, Ann."

He went on staring at the dancers. Ann Hoyt stood beside him. She stood so close to him that her shoulder touched his.

She said, "Benny, how long will I have to stand here before you'll ask me to dance?"

So he had danced with her after all. He danced three dances with her. He guessed that the other girl had talked. She'd said something about turning Benny Powers down, and this was Ann Hoyt's answer.

Benny looked across at her now. He could not hear what she was saying or what the man was saying. But it was plain they were arguing about something. Benny got up. He had to speak to her. There was no reason why he shouldn't speak to her. He was entirely presentable. And she wouldn't know he was a prize fighter. She wouldn't connect him with his fighting name. He had begun fighting as Young Griffin so his mother wouldn't know, and the name had soon become too valuable to change. Benny slipped between two tables and stood in front of Ann Hoyt and bowed, hoping she'd recognize him.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Hoyt," he said.

She remembered him; she looked up at him and smiled, and held out her hand as if she were really pleased to see him after seven years.

"Why, Benny," she said. She introduced him to the big young man, whose name was Hugo Pritchard. She made Benny sit down, and explained to her young man that Benny Powers was an old, old friend.

For five minutes he gossiped with her about the home town. But neither of them had been there for years. Their mutual reminiscences soon ran out. There was an awkward silence. But only for a moment. Ann Hoyt turned to Benny and smiled a rueful little smile.

"We've been having a grand row—Hugo and I," she said. "We're making the boat train in the morning. At least my mother and I are. And Hugo ought to. He may have to wait two or three weeks for a passage if he doesn't make the boat. And if he's only one week late his father will be furious and he'll blame me, and things won't be so good."

Benny guessed that she and Hugo Pritchard were engaged to be married.

"I'm making the boat train," Hugo Pritchard said.

"The boat train leaves at 8:30 in the morning," Ann Hoyt said. "And do you know what Hugo wants to do tonight? He wants to go out to Montparnasse and beat up a waiter. If he does he'll be arrested, and if he's arrested he'll not make the boat train. Can you imagine anything more collegiate?"

Hugo Pritchard flushed. He wasn't any older than Benny Powers. He wasn't more than twenty-three or four.

"I don't care if it is collegiate," he said. "I've got to do it."

"But you don't have to," Ann Hoyt said. "It really isn't your affair."

"But it is," Hugo Pritchard insisted. "It's any American's affair, and it's mine especially. Monte's about the best friend I ever had."

"They wouldn't have thrown him out if he'd been behaving himself," Ann Hoyt said. "He undoubtedly deserved to be thrown out."

"Undoubtedly," Hugo Pritchard said. "I'm not objecting to that part of it, Ann." He turned to Benny. "It was this way," he explained. "Monte went out to Montparnasse and got tight, and they threw him out of a café. Fair enough. But this low thug of a waiter wasn't satisfied with that. He kicked Monte when he was down. He kicked him in the face and broke his nose. He kicked him in the stomach so hard they had to take him to a hospital. I went out to see him this afternoon, and it's pretty bad."

"I think it's horrible," Ann Hoyt said. "But I don't see what good it's going to do to beat the man up and get yourself arrested and miss the boat train. A beating isn't anything to a man like that. They say he's an ex-prize fighter."

"They say that about every café bouncer in the world," Hugo Pritchard said. "The café owner starts that story to scare out college boys. And this Louie person has all the Americans in Montparnasse scared. This isn't the first time he's pulled this sort of stuff. He's famous for it. He's famous for picking on Americans when they've had a few drinks and haven't a fair chance. He likes to kick them in the face. He likes to use a bottle too. He broke one college boy's collar bone with a bottle." Hugo Pritchard looked at Benny. "You see how I feel, don't you?"

Benny nodded. He wanted to back up Ann Hoyt, but he couldn't.

"Why, Benny!" Ann Hoyt cried. "You mean you agree with Hugo? I always thought you were so sensible."

"I know how he feels," Benny said. "I suppose it's foolish. But after all, you can't let them kick your friends in the face."

Ann Hoyt gave up gracefully. "All right, Hugo," she said. "If you've got to do it you've got to do it. I won't argue any more."

"Perhaps," Benny Powers said to Hugo Pritchard—"perhaps you wouldn't mind my going with you."

"Thank you," Hugo Pritchard said. "That's awfully kind of you. But it really isn't necessary."

"Hugo is awfully strong," Ann Hoyt said. "He stroked his crew in college."

"I'm bigger than that waiter," Hugo said. He looked at his watch. "It's nearly midnight," he continued. "I promised to call up Bob Clarke. I'll go in the café and do that, and then I'll have to take you home, Ann, and get started."

When Hugo was gone Ann leaned across the café table. "I wish you would go with him, Benny," she said. "Maybe you can get him out of the place when he's knocked that waiter out. At least you'd be a witness. And if you could get him to the boat train I'd be ever so grateful."

"I'm going with him," Benny said.

"Is it a lot to ask?"

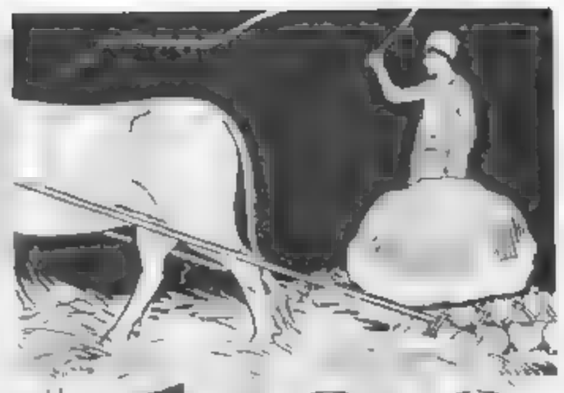
"No," Benny Powers said. "I want to go. And even if I didn't want to go, nothing you could ever ask would ever seem a lot to me."

He saw that she remembered that night at the high-school dance.

"That was such a little thing, Benny," she said.

He shook his head. "No, it wasn't a little thing. It was a big thing. I was sore on the world that night. I'd found out that I had to quit high school and go to work. I wanted to go to college, and I had to quit high school at the end of my first year. I had a chance to start in running errands for a bootlegger. I was to get thirty dollars a week from the start, and I knew as soon as they'd tried me out and found I could be trusted, it would be sixty dollars a week. We needed the money at

(Continued on Page 76)



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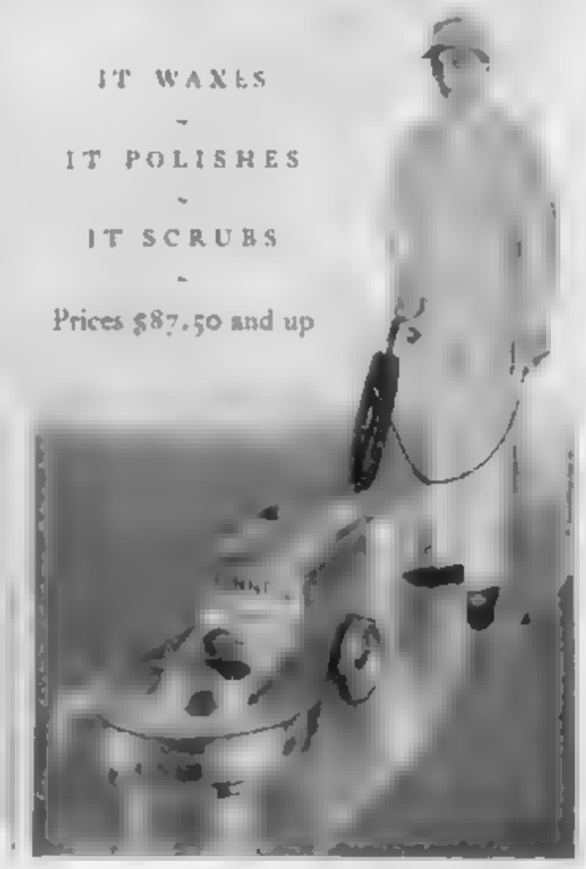

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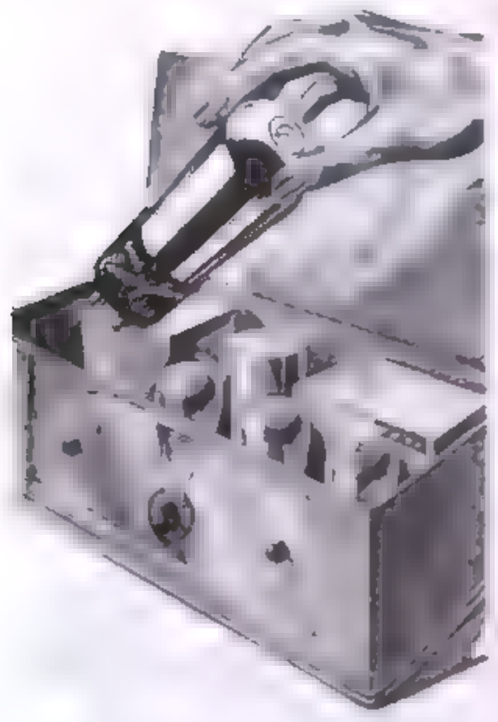

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(Continued from Page 73)

home. And I'd have done it if —" He paused, remembering the bitterness of the old days.

Ann Hoyt smiled at him. "You wouldn't have done that, Benny. You weren't that sort."

"You don't know," he said. "But I know. I had it in for nice people. Somehow, being a bootlegger was getting even with the nice boys—the boys who could go to college and join the country club and dance with all the prettiest girls. And when that girl turned me down and made an excuse for not dancing with me, it was all settled. I stood there a while to show I wasn't hurt. But I was going to tell them I'd take the job. I'd made up my mind. I was going in for money, no matter what I had to do to get it. And then you came and I danced with you and I wasn't sore any more. I went to work in Johnson's machine shop the next day, at thirty cents an hour. If it hadn't been for you I'd have been a racketeer."

"I don't believe you ever would," Ann Hoyt said. "You couldn't. But I'm awfully glad I did ask you to dance with me."

"It made the difference," Benny Powers said. "It simply made the difference."

III

HUGO came back just then and said he couldn't reach Bob Clarke. They got a cab and drove Ann Hoyt back to her hotel.

Benny sat in the cab while Hugo escorted Ann into the lobby.

"It's awfully good of you," he said to Benny when he came back. "It's awfully good of you to go along. But all I want to do is take one good crack at this waiter and go home."

"I'd like to go with you," Benny said.

"But you see, this thing might possibly end up in a free-for-all," Hugo Pritchard explained. "I'm so big these little Frenchmen can't hurt me. But you're not big. I hope you don't mind my saying it, but you're not husky. You might get beaten up."

"I'd like to go along," Benny said.

"Oh, all right," Hugo Pritchard said. "Have it your own way then." He told the driver of their cab to take them to the Dome.

The corner where the Boulevard Raspail crosses the Boulevard Montparnasse was one Harriet Fordham hadn't mentioned. Benny was impressed. He guessed there were three hundred people sitting in front of the Dome, and as many more across the street at the Rotonde and the Select. The Coupole was ablaze with light for three stories above the street.

Hugo Pritchard pointed to a café.

"That's the place," he said. "We'll go inside and sit at one of Louie's tables, and I'll see if I can make him hit me first. If I can't, I'll have to hit him, and then I probably will be arrested. These French make hitting a man first a serious offense. But if he hits me, it's all right. I've got a list of names Monte gave me to call him that should make him hit me. Especially if he thinks I'm drunk. I'm going to pretend to be drunk."

They walked around the street. There was a door between the *terrasse* and the café proper. There was an alley between the tables on the sidewalk that led to the center of the café where the bar was. Behind the bar rose tier on tier of bottles, all the liquors from all the world.

"This way," Hugo said. He led Benny Powers around to the left of the bar, where there were several empty tables, and sat down.

The waiter who came to take their order was a stockily built man with a badly scarred face. Benny knew he'd seen him before As the waiter bent over the table Benny saw that he had a cauliflower ear. Then he remembered. It was the first cauliflower ear he'd ever seen. The waiter was no Frenchman. He was the Saginaw Kid.

Hugo Pritchard did a good job of pretending to be drunk. He ordered *fine à l'eau* for himself and Benny.

"What do you think of him?" Hugo Pritchard asked when the waiter had gone to get the brandy. "Isn't he pretty?"

"He must weigh a hundred and eighty," Benny said. The Saginaw Kid had been a middleweight. He'd been able to come in under a hundred and sixty once. He weighed a hundred and eighty now, but he wasn't fat.

"I weigh two hundred and twenty," Hugo Pritchard said, "and I'm not five pounds over my best weight."

Benny said nothing. He knew he was in for it. He didn't see any use in telling Hugo Pritchard about the first and only time he'd seen the Saginaw Kid. Benny had fought his first preliminary bout as a boy of sixteen. He'd won his six-round bout and afterward he'd watched the fifteen-round final between the Saginaw Kid and Hook Thomas, and learned what really dirty fighting was like. The referee hadn't been up to his job. The Saginaw Kid had butted Hook Thomas. He'd punched Hook Thomas at the base of the brain every time they clinched. He'd had his thumbs in Hook Thomas' eyes. The Saginaw Kid had cut his man to pieces and knocked him out in the ninth round.

"Monte was coxswain of the crew I stroked," Hugo Pritchard said when the waiter had brought the brandy. "He's a little bit of a chap. He didn't have any more chance with this Louie person than you would."

Benny said nothing. He knew he didn't look like a fighter. Few lightweights do look like fighters to the unmitiated, and the best ones least of all. And besides, he was wondering if he could get the Saginaw Kid with his left. He could get him with his left if he hit him exactly right on the button. If he hit him exactly right he could put him down, even if he did weigh a hundred and eighty and knew how to take it.

Hugo Pritchard clenched an enormous fist. "I think I'll hit him in the solar plexus," he said. "If I hit him on the jaw he'll go out like a light and never know what happened. But if I hit him in the stomach he'll feel it. He kicked Monte in the stomach, and when I get through with him he'll wish he hadn't."

Benny Powers said nothing. There wasn't anything to say. He knew from the way Hugo Pritchard clenched his fist that he didn't know how to hit. His clenched fist wasn't hung right on his wrist. Hugo Pritchard was big and he had powerful hands. Benny would have bet that Hugo Pritchard could choke the Saginaw Kid to death with those hands, if once he got them on the Saginaw Kid's throat. But he'd never hit the Saginaw Kid.

Hugo Pritchard sipped his drink and pointed out celebrities on the *terrasse* to Benny Powers.

"That," he said, indicating a man as big as himself who sat slumped in his chair with a brandy-and-soda in front of him—"that is the greatest fullback who ever lived. That's Homer Budlong. They say he's been sitting at that table all summer, and only waking up every hour or so to ask for another *fine à l'eau*. Paris does that to some of them."

They sat for an hour ordering drinks that they mostly poured out when the waiter wasn't looking. Hugo found his list of names no Frenchman would stand, and conned it over until he was sure he had it by heart.

"The time has come," he said. "I'll order another *fine*, and when he pours it I'll begin calling him these names." He rapped sharply on the table.

Benny Powers felt of his right hand under the table. He had taken the bandage off that morning. But the hand was still tender. He couldn't use it. He couldn't use his right but once in any case, and if he used it once with everything he had behind it, his right would never be the same again.

The Saginaw Kid came with a bottle under his arm, and fresh glasses. As he set down the glasses, Hugo Pritchard started in on his list, pronouncing each fighting word loud and clear. The Saginaw Kid paid no attention. He poured brandy. Hugo started in again on his list. The Saginaw Kid affected not to hear. Hugo Pritchard was exasperated. He flung a trio of four-letter English words at the waiter, who refused to get angry.

The Saginaw Kid tucked his bottle under his left arm, and without a word or a sign of emotion, he hit Hugo Pritchard with a short right, with one of those short right jolts that hardly travel six inches.

Benny Powers knew that Hugo was out by the slow way he sank in his chair. Benny got up and faced the Saginaw Kid. He feinted with his right. He feinted with his right as clumsily as he knew how, as if he, too, were a college stroke oar who didn't know how to box. He knew by the gleam in the Saginaw Kid's eyes that it had worked. He knew, before he did it, that the Saginaw Kid would step in close to land another of those short stiff rights. And as the Saginaw Kid moved in, Benny let drive with his good left hand. He caught the Saginaw Kid precisely on the button, and down he went.

Two more waiters rushed Benny. But neither of them was a Saginaw Kid. Twice Benny's left went out and twice a waiter went spinning among the tables.

The football player awoke from his long sleep. He awoke at the sound of crashing tables, and rose to his feet and took up the seltzer bottle he'd sat in front of so long. He did it methodically, as if he'd long dreamed of doing this precise thing. He didn't take the bottle by the metal top, as most men would. He cradled the bottle along his arm, his big hand inclosing the bottom, as if the bottle were a football and he was making a forward pass. His arm swung forward and the seltzer bottle sailed across the café square into the middle of the tiers of bottles behind the bar.

Homer Budlong smiled a beatific smile at the resultant crashes.

"Hail, hail, the gang's all here!" he yelled. "Let's go!"

He yelled "Let's go!" and charged a group of taxi drivers at the curb. He might as well have waved the American flag. It seemed as if all the Americans within the sound of Homer Budlong's voice rose up and started in to avenge themselves for all the times they'd been gypped by taxi drivers and insulted by waiters.

Benny Powers was swept out into the street. He was swept out into the street, ducking, blocking, side-stepping and hitting with his left. For ten long minutes he kept his right close to his body and never used it once. For ten long minutes Frenchmen tried to hit his bobbing head and missed. Then he saw a chair raised high, and knew it was all over.

When they start using chairs the time for art is gone. You can duck a fist. You can duck a bottle. But you can't duck a chair. And of what use is the most beautiful straight left in all the world against a boob with a chair?

Benny worked his way back to Hugo. Homer Budlong followed him. Homer Budlong didn't object to chairs. He merely liked a café table better. Homer Budlong swung a little iron table with a marble top above his head, not caring what he hit, so long as he hit something.

Benny got back to Hugo in time. Hugo was on his feet and fighting. Hugo knocked a taxi driver down with a thumping swing. And he was standing there grinning and the Saginaw Kid was sipping up behind him with a bottle in his hand Benny yelled, but Hugo didn't hear Hugo just stood there waiting for it Benny would have shot his left, but somebody had his left arm. There wasn't time to wrench his left arm free. There wasn't time to pick the spot to hit. He had to shoot the right. He had to shoot the right with everything he had at the Saginaw Kid's hard head.

His right landed flush on the Saginaw Kid's cauliflower ear, landed with a smack

(Continued on Page 78)

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(Continued from Page 76)

against the heavy skull. Benny felt the bones go in his bad hand. The Saginaw Kid went down and Homer Budlong dropped his café table on him.

Benny stuck his left arm through Hugo's arm. "Come on!" he yelled in Hugo's ear. "It's time to beat it!"

The crowd almost filled the Boulevard Montparnasse, and through the crowd ran those odd ripples and surges that mean a fight. Off to the left the French police were whacking away with their white rubber clubs, splitting the crowd in two. They would split it in two, and then, if it didn't disperse, they'd split it into quarters. Benny knew. They worked exactly like the New York police. The police were the same the world over. It was all finished but the arrests and the wagon.

To the right the sidewalk was still clear. Benny steered Hugo to the right, urging him on. He had to get Hugo away from the police. He rushed Hugo down the street. After a quarter of a mile he found a taxicab beside the curb. The driver was asleep at the wheel. Benny shook him.

"Rue Scribe," he said. "Rue Scribe."

For once a Paris taxi driver understood Benny's pronunciation of a French address.

IV

BENNY sat in the dark while Hugo Pritchard slept. Benny couldn't sleep. The pain in his right hand was too great. His thoughts were painful too. There was no use trying to kid himself. His right was gone. Maybe he could fix it up back in New York. Maybe they could fix it so he could fight again. But it would never be good enough to put the champion down. He wondered what Joe Brady would say. He wouldn't blame Joe Brady for being sore. He and Joe Brady went fifty-fifty. Joe Brady would lose as many grand as he did.

Hugo didn't want to wake up. Benny shook him.

"You've got time to shave and get to your hotel and find your baggage and make the boat train," Benny said. "But you've got to snap into it."

He got Hugo Pritchard into a taxi at eight o'clock. Ann Hoyt was waiting with half a dozen others at the boat-train gate in the Gare St. Lazare.

"So," she said to Benny Powers, "you did it. I asked you to get him here, and you did."

"Yes," Benny Powers said, "we did it." He kept his right hand in his jacket pocket. His right hand was swollen to twice its normal size.

Ann Hoyt stepped close to Benny Powers, so she could whisper in his ear. "I can never thank you," she said. "It means everything to me to make this boat."

Benny Powers smiled. He meant to smile and say good-by and get away and meet Joe Brady's train at the Gare du Nord. He meant to say good-by without explaining anything. They were all so friendly and so grateful. He'd never see them again and they'd never know that he was a prize fighter, and they'd go on having the feeling about him he wanted them to have. He thought they wouldn't feel the same if they knew. He thought he didn't belong, and when you don't belong, the feeling isn't the same.

He'd have managed it if it hadn't been for a wildly enthusiastic young man who came rushing up to them and called them all by their first names and pointed proudly to a black eye he was wearing.

"This is Bob Clarke," Hugo Pritchard said to Benny. "And this," he said to the young man, "is my friend Benny Powers."

"Benny Powers!" the young man cried. "Benny Powers nothing! Don't you even know who he is? That's Young Griffin. Don't you ever read the sporting page? That's the best lightweight in the world, and it's only a question of when he gets the champion in the ring."

He grabbed at Benny's hand. Benny managed to give him his left hand.

"I'm proud to meet you!" Bob Clarke cried. "It was the kind of fight you hope some day you'll see. And the right you dropped that bruiser with was the prettiest thing I ever saw." He turned to the others. "I saw it," he said. "I wasn't twenty feet away. I saw that Louie, with a bottle raised over Hugo's head ——"

Hugo Pritchard leaned forward. "Listen," he said. "Is what he says true? Are you a prize fighter?"

Benny Powers saw that they were all waiting for an answer. Even Ann Hoyt was waiting. He drew himself up a little stiffly.

"Yes," he said, "it's true. I am."

He watched Ann Hoyt's face. She didn't look away. She looked straight at him and smiled that same friendly smile.

"Say," Hugo Pritchard said, "will you forget what an ass I was? Will you? I didn't know. I was an awful fool, telling you that you weren't husky. I thought it was just luck—your knocking him out. I didn't know."

Ann Hoyt thrust her arm through Benny's arm.

"Oh," she said, "you must forgive us; you absolutely must. We couldn't any of us stand it if you didn't."

"I haven't anything to forgive you for," Benny Powers said. "I I ——"

"It would be grand of you if you'd be friends," she said. "Would you come and see us when you get back to New York? Will you come to dinner?"

"Yes," he said, "of course I will, if you want me to."

They had to make their train. They all tried to shake hands with him at once. There were so many of them that each thought the other was shaking his right hand. And then they were gone, running for their train.

Benny got a taxi and drove to the Gare du Nord. It was a bright autumn morning. It was so bright that Paris no longer seemed sad. Paris was positively gay. Because he knew they meant it. They meant that he belonged.

He saw Joe coming down the station platform. He held out his right hand.

"I'm sorry, Joe," he said. "I've gone and done it."

Joe took the hand and looked at it and shook his head.

"It's bad, kid," Joe Brady said. "It couldn't be worse. We'll go back to New York and see what they can do. But I don't know if they can ever fix it. They couldn't fix the last one I saw like that."

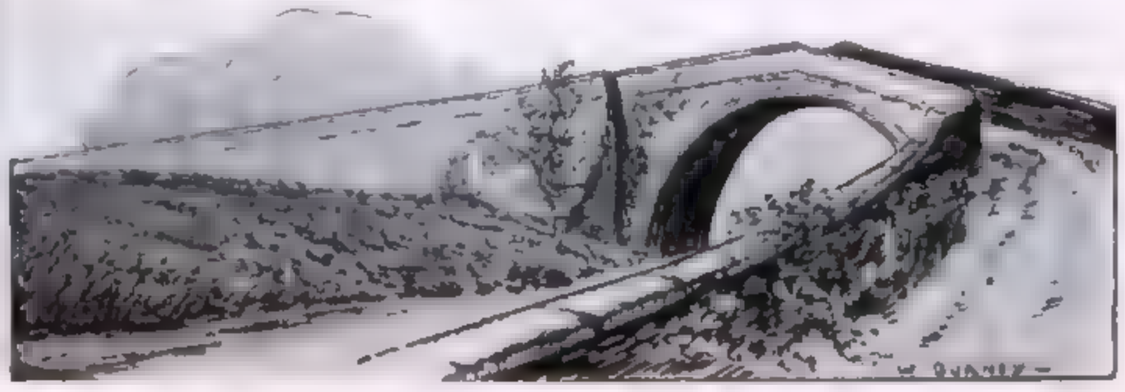
"I was afraid they couldn't fix it," Benny Powers said.

Joe Brady looked up at him.

"How could you 'a' done it, kid? You didn't try to box with it?"

"No," Benny Powers said—"no, I wasn't boxing. I was helping a friend."

"I hope he knows what it cost you," Joe Brady said. But that was all he ever did say. Joe Brady didn't know about *noblesse oblige*. But he knew you had to help a friend.

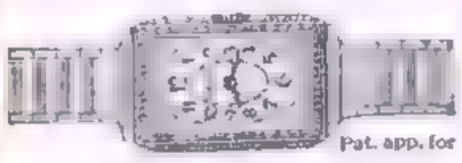


For that finest gift a Guild Watch in solid gold!

Here is the very newest Gruen Guild creation for women—dainty, reliable, smart, neatly engraved, modern in design, with an exquisitely finished 15-jewel movement, a guild watch in every respect. And 14 karat *solid gold*.

Yet the price is only $50! An excellent illustration of how the modern Gruen Guild carries out its purpose, part of its Guild ideal—to give you, in a watch of any type, the greatest value for every dollar you invest.

One of the latest conceptions in the Gruen Mode du Bijou *series of diamond-set wristlets. Most original is this cord attachment of solid gold, looped through the ends of the new marquise-shaped gold case. A luxurious complement for the brilliant interplay of 10 diamonds encrusting the bezel.* $250 *Other diamond-set designs,* $200 *to* $60



Pat. app. for

***Gruen Cartouche,** 14-kt. solid gold Crown-Guard case, with gold-filled flexible Guild bracelet.* PRECISION *movement,* $72.50

***Gruen Cartouche,** 14-kt. solid white and rose gold case, with smart silk cord,* $52 *Other solid gold wristlets,* $100 *to* $37.50

Gruen Cartouche, with gold-filled mesh bracelet, $40

Other ribbon models from $35

Centuries ago, the finest gift even princes could bestow was a guild watch. The same traditions of fine workmanship which once made guild watches prized above all other princely possessions have been revived with the creation of the modern Gruen Watch Makers Guild

What gift - - - *for the one who will head your Christmas list?*

Gifts are of two kinds

There are, of course, the usual little remembrances. For these there is perhaps still plenty of time before Christmas.

But the other kind of gift, the gift which must express the deepest sentiments, should be considered now! No last-minute choice will do

What, for this gift, will compare with a fine watch?

Think how admirably it will serve the purpose! At once an article of daily use and a lasting possession, it will be cherished for many years to come as a constant reminder of the spirit that prompted its giving.

And the prestige of the Gruen name on such a gift is your assurance that the watch will meet with immediate appreciation as well.

This prestige is to be attributed to the spirit of fine craftsmanship which the Gruen Guildsman of today has inherited from his forefathers

Pictured here at the left are a few rich examples of the modern Guildsman's art. In timekeeping service, in beauty, each is worthy to become this special gift

And each is an expression, too, of the guild ideal—to offer you in a fine watch of any type the greatest value for every dollar you invest

Your Gruen jeweler can show you these new Guild watches; also many others to suit the taste of every member of the family, including men's pocket and wrist watches. Prices $35.00 to $27.50. His store is marked by the Gruen Service emblem shown at the left

GRUEN WATCH MAKERS GUILD
TIME HILL, CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

Branches in various parts of the world

Engaged in the art of making fine watches for more than half a century

PRECISION
Trade Mark Reg.

This GRUEN pledge mark is placed only upon watches of higher accuracy finer quality and finish—none less than $50. Made only in the Precision Workshop

Look for the mark PRECISION *on the dial*

This emblem is displayed only by jewelers of high business character and the members of the Gruen Guild

Gruen Guild Watches

Mr. Jamie Heron, *after-dinner speaker and writer, author of "The Measure of a Man," is now working with the Chicago World's Fair 1933 Committee. He is one of many men, prominent in the public eye, who habitually wear Nash clothing.*

After six Jamie Heron *wears* #7433

When Jamie Heron rises amid applause, the guests at the banquet table, although held by his keen Scotch wit, are always conscious of his perfect grooming.

And, recently, when he added to his extensive wardrobe of Nash suits and coats a tuxedo made up from pattern No. 7433, he approved the judgment of 484 other men, in almost as many cities, who chose dinner clothes of this distinguished unfinished worsted.

Of course, you know that this popular pattern is only one of 197 fine woolens and sturdy worsteds for sport, business and evening wear offered to Nash patrons by 1800 tailor-trained resident representatives in hundreds of cities and towns throughout the country.

There's a Nash representative near you. Ask him to call. The A. Nash Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

In no apparel are fabric and cut so important as in the tuxedo. This fine unfinished worsted, Nash-tailored, imparts suave distinction to the wearer.

NASH

394,111 Suits and Overcoats Custom-Tailored in 1928

© 1929, The A. N. Co.

BRANCH OFFICES IN THESE CITIES

ALBANY, N. Y.	CHARLOTTE, N. C.	DES MOINES, IOWA	LIMA, OHIO	NEW YORK, N. Y.
ATLANTA, GA.	CHICAGO			
AURORA, ILL.				
BALTIMORE, MD.				
BETHLEHEM, PA.				
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.				
BOSTON, MASS.	COLUMBUS, OHIO			
BUFFALO, N. Y.	DALLAS, TEXAS			
CHARLESTON, W. VA.	DENVER, COLO.			

ON THE ROAD

(Continued from Page 32)

been doing on his line, and having occasion to make a trip to Chicago, arranged to stop off at Kemperton for a talk with me, as he was sure I must have some ideas that he could pass on to the members of his sales force. He said he intended to stay in town a couple of days and that I must not put myself out on his account, as we could do our talking after business hours. He asked as a special favor if he might use one of the extra desks in the office to attend some work he wished to do.

He said nothing about selling merchandise; my impression, indeed, was that his visit was mainly to get an idea as to my successful methods and that his regular salesman would be along later to solicit my season's requirements. While we went to luncheon together both days of his stay and he insisted on paying the check each time, there was nothing to suggest commercial entertainment. I realized afterward that I talked about myself considerably, but he encouraged me to do so in such an interested manner that I think almost anyone would have done the same. Once he asked me what was the most difficult thing I had to do in my job as manager. I replied that it was the book work; that my years as a salesman had made me impatient of getting my mind down to figures and statistics.

Marley was to leave town at six o'clock the second evening. He had busied himself at the desk I had assigned to him most of the afternoon, and about an hour before train time he came to where I sat, with a long sheet of paper in his hand.

"Look here, old man," he said genially; "I don't see any use of your waiting for our salesman to come around. While I am here I might as well take your requirements. I know how irksome it is for a busy executive to be bothered with figures, so I have estimated the merchandise that you ought to have for the coming season, and have set it down in black and white." He laid the sheet of paper before me.

"All you've got to do," he concluded encouragingly, "is to O. K. this piece of paper. Then one of your troubles, at least, will be out of the way, and the Banning Corporation will do the rest."

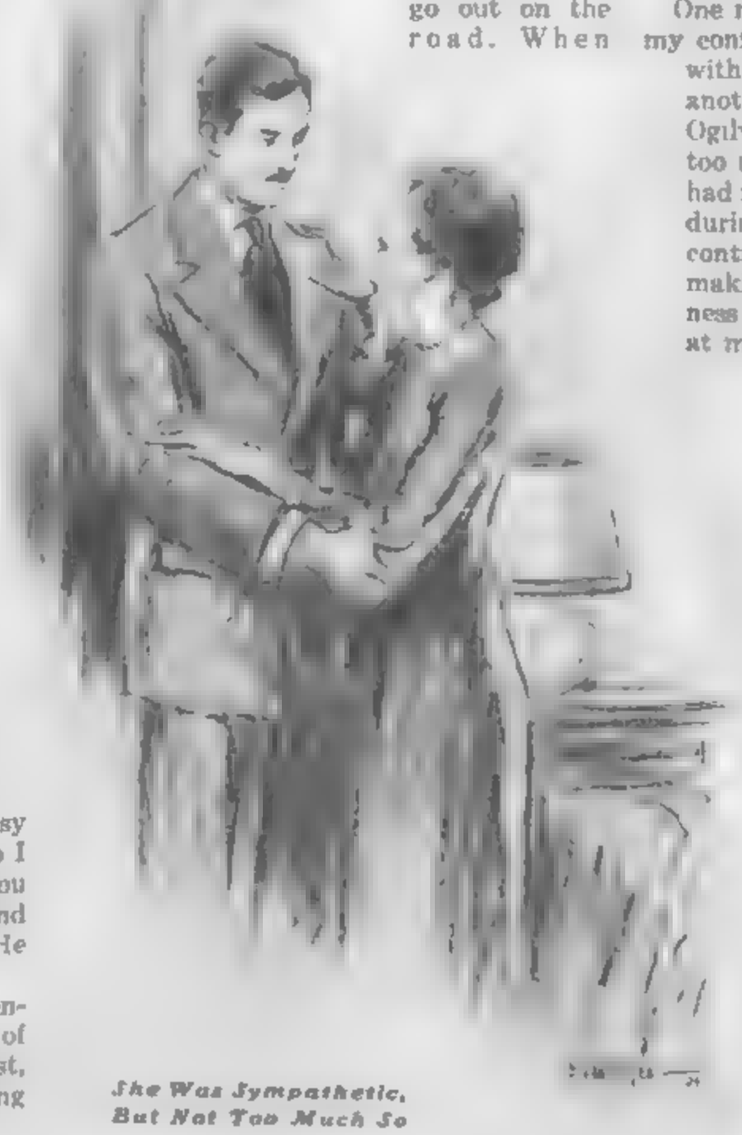
Taken by surprise, I looked over the notations he had made. The order called for quite double the amount of merchandise I had bought from the Banning Corporation the previous season. I started to call his attention to this, but he forestalled me.

"Now don't say that's too much," he laughed, "because you'll be ordering more before the season is over. In my two days here I've come to realize what a splendid job you're doing on this territory. Besides"—he called my attention to a notation he had made at the top of the sheet—"you'll see that by ordering this quantity now you're making some money. I'm giving you an extra 2 per cent cash discount!"

He stood at my elbow, his fountain pen held out suggestively. I ran the proposition over quickly in my mind. The amount involved was really not so staggering. It occurred to me that in case my travelers found difficulty in getting rid of the entire purchase, I could go out for a short trip and sell any balance myself. The extra 2 per cent was attractive. I was anxious to make a record. I signed the order.

Though this was an ill-considered action on my part, I do not criticize Roy Marley or the Banning Corporation. It was Marley's business to sell me as much as he could. It frequently happens that a manufacturer actually helps a merchant by loading him rather heavily with merchandise. Many a merchant who is inclined to sluggishness in his own selling will do his best only when he is a little worried. That, however, is beside the point. I did a foolish thing when I let Marley maneuver me into signing an order that he wrote. Looking back, I can see that I acted as I did because I allowed the salesman side of my character to dominate the executive side. I chose the easy way. The incident represents such an important phase of the eternal conflict between human nature and clear-sighted judgment that I will try to analyze my action in the matter.

In the first place, there is no doubt that I was influenced by Marley's shrewd appeal to my distaste for figures. It was precisely because I disliked bookkeeping that in the old Maiden Lane days I persuaded Charles H. Rennolds to give me a chance to go out on the road. When



She Was Sympathetic, But Not Too Much So

Marley showed me the order he had prepared, and assured me he had done it systematically, it was a tremendous relief to me to feel that I was escaping an irksome half day's work going through a lot of invoices and bookkeepers' records.

Still stronger than this, probably, was Marley's appeal to my vanity. When he said I was doing a splendid job in the Kemperton territory he caught me in my weakest point. I was proud of my ability as a salesman; and stimulated by his compliment, I had the sudden feeling that it would be no trouble for me to double the sales of the previous season. Added to this—and it is a weakness of all mankind—was my prone[illegible] to yield to the consciousness of power that Marley contrived to excite in me. I had merely to sign my name to a piece of paper and then the Banning Corporation would do the rest. It was a regal gesture that he invited me to make. All the resources of a great corporation, hundreds of miles away, awaited my bidding. By a stroke of the pen I could set it to work on a task of my creation! Does it seem incredible that a business man's judgment should be influenced by such a consideration? If anyone doubts, let him think how many times he has sat at the wheel of an automobile and opened the throttle wide for the sheer joy of mastery.

Besides his appeal to my salesman's distaste for figures and to my human fondness for the exercise of power, Marley's offer of an extra discount doubtless had its influence. Like most young executives—especially executives who have been salesmen—I thought of business in terms of volume of sales. Doubtless I thought I could increase my sales by having an extra-large stock in warehouse. The additional 2 per cent offered me in consideration of my large purchase would be just that much more profit at the end of the year. I failed to realize that 2 per cent gain is but a drop in the bucket compared with the loss that can accrue through accumulation of obsolete merchandise. You buy one hundred dollars' worth more than you need in order to make a two-dollar discount. But if you have fifty dollars' worth left on your hands, your discount doesn't do you much good! Yet, simple as the problem is, a great many salesman-type men fail to master it.

One more thing and I am through with my confessions in regard to my interview with Roy Marley. I am afraid I made another of the mistakes that Duncan Ogilvie had warned me about. I wanted too much to be a good fellow. Marley had made himself exceedingly agreeable during the two days he spent with me, contriving to give the idea that he was making a social visit rather than a business call. When he suddenly appeared at my elbow with an order all written out and only needing my signature, it was as though a friend was requesting me to do him a slight favor. Rather than break the pleasant atmosphere, I did what he asked me.

So that was that. What I did might not have proved serious if I had stopped there and concentrated my efforts on selling the merchandise I ordered so hastily. But human nature is so constructed that it is always finding reasons for acting in accordance with temperament rather than cold logic. I suppose this is the reason copy-book rules have so little effect on human conduct. Two weeks after Marley's visit another situation arose where again I let myself be swayed by my salesman complex.

One morning a card was brought to my desk that bore the name of the Twentieth Century Manufacturing Company, Brooklyn, New York, and on the lower left-hand corner was engraved, George S. Dennett, Special Representative. Mr. Dennett followed on the boy's heels so closely that he might as well have brought the card himself. He was a large, red-faced man, beaming with hearty good humor, and a booming voice. He shook my hand cordially and called me "brother." I recognized him as the type of salesman who employed a method that the Maiden Lane travelers used to describe as the "rush act." I had no wish to be rushed into anything, and asked him a bit stiffly what I could do for him.

Mr. Dennett laughed jovially and took a seat on the corner of my desk.

"It isn't what you can do for me, brother," he boomed. "It's what I can do for you!" He winked mysteriously and tapped the bulging inner pocket of his coat as his voice sank to an impressive basso: "I'm like the Queen of Sheba. I come bearing gifts!"

If the bootlegging profession had existed at the time I should have believed Mr. Dennett was about to offer to sell me something special, just off the boat. He leaned over to tap me on the shoulder.

"I reckon you won't believe me," he averred, "when I tell you I have one thousand dollars for you right in this pocket!"

The way he pronounced the words "one thousand dollars" somehow conveyed the impression it was the most important one thousand dollars that ever existed. I was tiring of the buffoonery and asked him to state his real business.

"I knew you wouldn't believe me," he shouted triumphantly. "But it's true. One thousand dollars!"

"No, I don't believe you," I said shortly, "and besides, I happen to be busy. If you're trying to sell me something, tell me what it is."

Mr. Dennett accepted my challenge. With surprising agility for so big a man, he leaped off the desk, straightened himself up impressively, and then, running his hand inside his coat, he extracted a bundle of papers, snapped off the rubber band that bound them and plumped them down before me. The sheets were imprinted with the name of the Twentieth Century Manufacturing Company.

"I have been making a short trip among the merchants of this territory," he said impressively, "and find an amazing demand for my firm's goods. The proof is before you. On every sheet is a bona fide order. The total is more than five thousand dollars."

I thumbed over the sheets and saw he was telling the truth. Each order was duly signed by some merchant. The signatures were undoubtedly genuine.

"Now here is the problem," Mr. Dennett went on: "The Twentieth Century Manufacturing Company distributes its products exclusively through jobbers. I have come to offer you this business if you want it. We allow the jobber 20 per cent commission. On the amount that is represented by those sheets before you, your commission is more than one thousand dollars!"

Here was something to think about. I knew nothing about the Twentieth Century Manufacturing Company, aside from having seen its name mentioned in the trade papers a few times as a newcomer in the electrical-appliance industry. But I could not see where I would be taking any chances in accepting the business that was being offered me. The only possible trouble I could imagine was that in some of the smaller towns where we already had an account, our customer might object to our selling to his competitor. But even though this should occur in a few cases, it was an opportunity to get in touch with a lot of firms we had never sold before. Anyhow, there was a thousand dollars clear profit in the deal for Blake-Ogilvie.

I told Mr. Dennett I would be glad to handle the business, provided the credit ratings of the various concerns were satisfactory. He agreed this was a reasonable precaution, though he stated he had already satisfied himself on that score. We spent perhaps half an hour going through the rating book, and though I found a few whose ratings might have been better, I was fairly well satisfied. Mr. Dennett beamed at me.

"There's just one little thing more, brother," he remarked genially. "I'm handing you all this business, as you might say, on a silver platter. I'm making you a free gift of one thousand dollars. How about buying some merchandise from me for your own stock?"

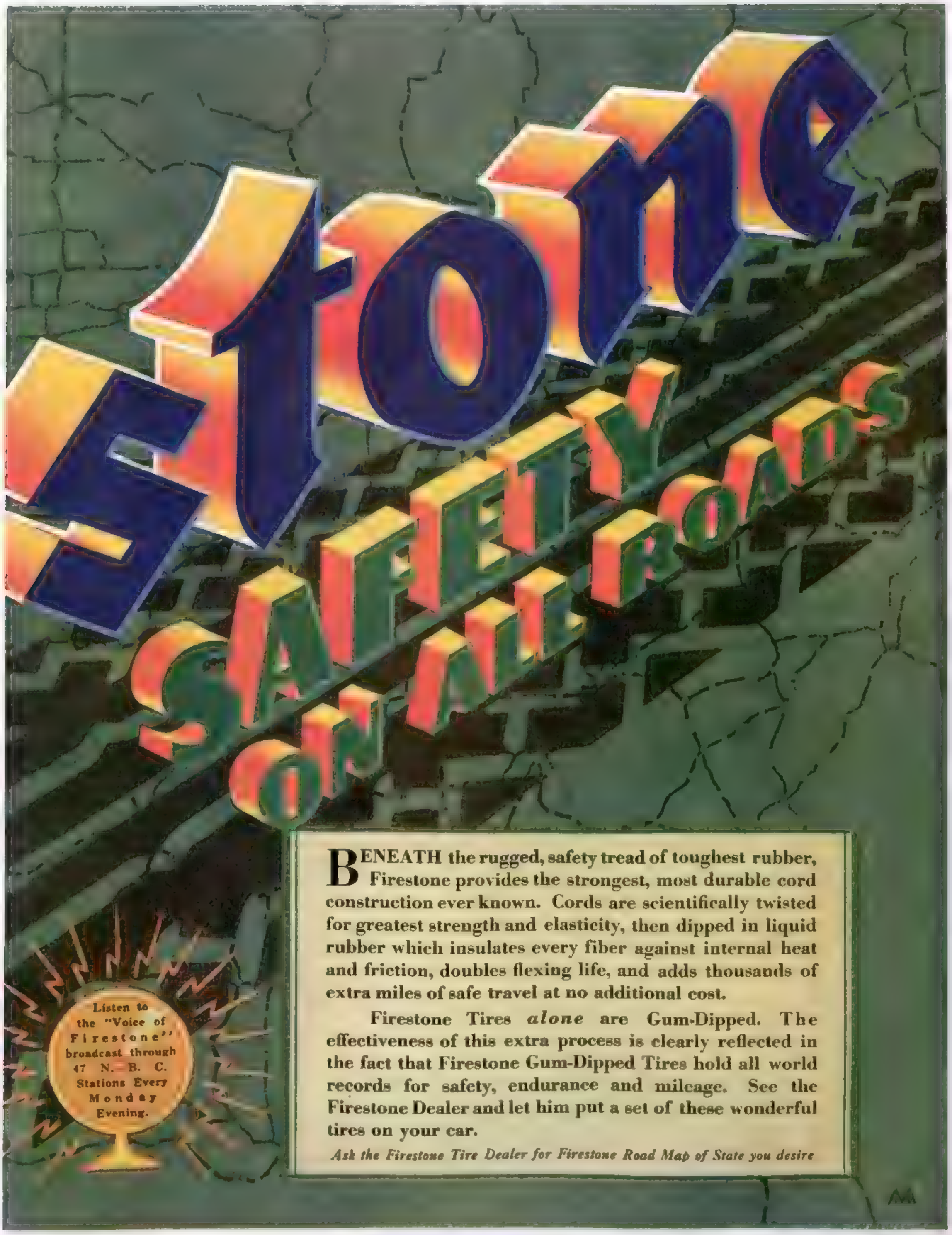
"You don't say anything about that when you told me you were bringing gifts," I answered, a little dashed. "I don't think I want to stock your line at present."

"But that's part of the bargain, brother," Mr. Dennett said earnestly. "You couldn't expect me to hand you all this business without some small return. That wouldn't be fair. Besides, those merchants are going to send in reorders. You'll have to stock the line so as to be prepared to take care of their future requirements."

There was, of course, some truth in what he said. Mr. Dennett had approached me so strangely in the first place that the necessity for carrying stock and filling future orders had entirely slipped my mind. I was

(Continued on Page 84)

Gum Dipped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SAFETY
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Listen to the "Voice of Firestone" broadcast through 47 N. B. C. Stations Every Monday Evening.
BENEATH the rugged, safety tread of toughest rubber, Firestone provides the strongest, most durable cord construction ever known. Cords are scientifically twisted for greatest strength and elasticity, then dipped in liquid rubber which insulates every fiber against internal heat and friction, doubles flexing life, and adds thousands of extra miles of safe travel at no additional cost.
Firestone Tires alone are Gum-Dipped. The effectiveness of this extra process is clearly reflected in the fact that Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires hold all world records for safety, endurance and mileage. See the Firestone Dealer and let him put a set of these wonderful tires on your car.
Ask the Firestone Tire Dealer for Firestone Road Map of State you desire

Tea with the "tang" men hanker for

INDIA TEA . . . rich and rare in flavor! "No finer tea in the world," say foremost experts. Connoisseurs, everywhere, prefer India Tea.

India Tea is distinguished by an intriguing taste and unforgettable "tang" which men hanker for.

You, too, will appreciate this nectar-like beverage after your first sip. And remember, the map of India on the package is your guarantee that there is more than 50% of genuine India Tea in the blend.

Look for the mark → on packages of Tea

INDIA TEA

← This is the emblem of the Importers of India Tea

India produces approximately half the world's supply of tea.

TO WIVES: Cut out this list of brands and ask your dealer for any one of them. Each one bears the map of India.

ABORN'S INDIA
ACORN
ACTUS
AMERICAN LADY
ARBUCKLE'S
AUTOCRAT
BOHACK'S
BOSCUL
BUTLER'S
CELINUS
COLUMBIA
CONQUEST
C. W. BRAND
DARMA
EAGLE
EGYPTIAN
ELCO
FAUST
FESTAL HALL
FOOTE'S TEA
FORBES' FINEST
FORBES' QUALITY
FORBES' PEKOE BLEND
GOLD CAMEL
GOLDEN DRIP
GOLDEN KEY
GOLDEN SIVA
GOLDEN SUN
GOLDEN WEDDING
GOLDEN WEST
GRANDMOTHER'S
GRANT CARLY
GRISDALE
HATCHET
H & R INDIA
HEEKIN'S
HIGH CASTE
HUBBS SUPREME
I. G. A.
JEWEL INDIA
KENNEDY'S SPECIAL
LANDFORD
LANE'S INDIA
LAPPIN'S IRISH TEA
LORD BALTIMORE 2
LORD CALVERT
MAC LEAN'S
MAXWELL HOUSE
MONARCH
NECTAR
OPEKO
PICKWICK
BAZAR WEDDERS)
REEVES BEST
REYNOLDS
RELIANCE
ROBIN
ROYAL CUP
ROYAL GARDEN
ROYAL SCARLET
S. S. PIERCE SAHIB
SANTA FE
SERVUS
SHAW'S INDIA
STEWART & ASHBY
SUPERBA
TAO TEA INDIA
TEMPLE GARDEN
TOPMOST
20TH CENTURY
TYLER'S INDIA
THOS. J. WEBB TEA
UNITED BLACK TEA
WELLWOOD
WHELAN'S TEA
WHITE HOUSE
WHITE LILAC
WHITE RIBBON
WILKINS TEA
WOOLSON'S ORANGE PEKOE
ZVETOLINEY

INDIA TEA

(Continued from Page 81)

already worried a bit about the enormous order for electrical appliances I had placed with Roy Marley only two weeks before. But the interview had progressed to the point where it was awkward for me to back out. I asked Mr. Dennett how much of a bill he would expect me to buy.

"In a case like this, brother," he responded, "it is customary for the jobber to buy two for one. I'm handing you five thousand dollars' worth of business. In return I expect you to lay in a stock of at least ten thousand dollars."

This was the time for me to say no. But the idea of turning down five thousand dollars' worth of business was too much for my salesman nature. I did try to put off my decision by saying I would think it over and let him know the following day. Mr. Dennett was courteous but firm.

"If you don't want to decide now, brother," he said, "it's all right with me. There are plenty of other jobbing houses in this territory. I won't have to go far to find one that'll be willing to take cash money. I'm leaving your city tonight."

Mr. Dennett did leave that night, but with a stock order signed by me for ten thousand dollars' worth of electrical appliances.

Looking back, it is easy to see how foolish I was. But I would be more chagrined about it if I were the only man who ever gave way to the salesman instinct. Many an executive in the electrical jobbing business has since confessed to me that at one time or another he has allowed the desire for bigger sales volume to run away with his judgment.

In my case the results were about what might have been expected. When I took on the Twentieth Century line I invited trouble. There was plenty of opportunity for me to increase my business on the Banning Corporation's line, which I had always carried. With two lines I simply scattered my efforts. But that was not the worst of it. George S. Dennett, special representative of the Twentieth Century Manufacturing Company, did not tell me how he had secured the orders that he dangled before my eyes. He said he found "an amazing demand" for his firm's goods. I learned afterward that this was a figure of speech. The Twentieth Century concern was new in the appliance industry, and to get a foothold, resorted to extreme go-getter tactics. For a month Mr. Dennett, with a couple of high-powered assistants, had fine-toothed the Kemperton territory, bringing every sort of pressure to bear on local dealers. If a dealer had a weakness for gay entertainment, Mr. Dennett entertained him royally and expensively. Mr. Dennett made lavish presents of electric ovens, water heaters, percolators and other articles of his firm's manufacture to dealers and dealers' salespeople. Elaborate dealer helps and offers of cash prizes for window displays were also a part of the Twentieth Century concern's campaign. The expense of this campaign will never be known, but I am safe in saying that the five thousand dollars' worth of orders Mr. Dennett had in his pocket when he came to see me had actually cost more than that amount of money to secure. The Twentieth Century Manufacturing Company fell into the bankruptcy courts a year or two later, a victim of its own high-pressure methods. But, unfortunately, the spirit that actuated its policy still goes marching on. And even now there are ambitious executives of jobbing houses who yield to the lure of business that is tossed into their laps, forgetting to inquire as to the tactics by which the business was obtained.

The major part of the appliance business is done in the fall, and by October I found I was heavily overstocked. My sales had totaled little more than those of the preceding year, in spite of my two lines and my very much greater investment. There had been practically no reorders on Twentieth Century goods. Complaints began to come in from customers who were featuring the Banning line that competitors who had bought Twentieth Century goods were cutting prices and otherwise disturbing the market. I thought I ought to go out on the territory to investigate this and also to see if I could move some of my surplus stock.

I went out for a week's trip in the latter part of October. I encountered considerable dissatisfaction among the merchants who had done business with Mr. Dennett and his high-powered assistants. Some of them, after recovering from Mr. Dennett's jovial entertainment, found they had bought merchandise that they would not have bought under more sober circumstances. One might think their resentment would have been toward Mr. Dennett, the salesman, or the Twentieth Century Company, the manufacturer. But this, unfortunately, was not true. Mr. Dennett was gone, and the Twentieth Century Company was hundreds of miles away. The merchandise they had bought so optimistically was billed through the Blake-Ogilvie Company of Kemperton, close at hand. The Blake-Ogilvie Company, moreover, had collected the money. It was human nature, perhaps, that the Blake-Ogilvie Company came in for the blame. In many towns where Mr. Dennett had worked, the trade was badly demoralized.

A typical situation was that which I found in a city in Ohio. As one of the concerns involved is still in business, I will call the city by the fictitious name of Richland in order to avoid hard feelings. It was a live community of about fifty thousand, and our regular customer on appliances was a large house-furnishing and chinaware establishment, the Neely Brothers Company. One of the clerks on the ground floor told me that Mr. Howard Neely was in charge of the electrical-appliance department. I found the gentleman in the upstairs office, evidently in a bad frame of mind, which became worse when I presented my Blake-Ogilvie card. He glowered at the pasteboard for a long moment and then remarked angrily that I had considerable effrontery to call on him after what had happened. I asked him what it was that had happened and he replied that it was no use for me to pretend ignorance; that Neely Brothers had been good customers of my house for some time; in return we were trying our best to ruin Neely Brothers' business. Finally I convinced him I had no idea what he was talking about, and he told me wrathfully that I could find out by going down the street three doors and looking at the establishment of a competitor named Timothy J. Hurley.

Realizing there was no use of trying to make further conversation with Mr. Neely, I did as he bade me. Timothy J. Hurley was one of the merchants who had put in the Twentieth Century line of appliances as a result of Mr. Dennett's high-powered solicitation. As I approached his place I saw a crowd in front of his big show window, attracted by a most unusual display. The window was piled high with a disorderly assortment of air heaters, coffee percolators, heating pads, tailor's irons and other electrical appliances, and on a huge cardboard sign at the top was printed:

JUNK
YOUR CHOICE 50 CTS. ON THE DOLLAR

I went in to interview Mr. Hurley and to learn, if possible, the reason for his odd enterprise. He was at the office in the rear, a red-faced, hilarious man of middle age, who greeted me with great cordiality. Partly through my talk with him and partly through inquiries that I made later, I learned that Mr. Hurley, originally a mechanic, had got into the electrical-contracting business some twenty years before and had made a fortune of several hundred thousand dollars. The time came when he was dissatisfied with his quarters on a side street and longed for a showy place on the main thoroughfare. He had bought the Main Street building a year or two previously and moved his office there, but had not gone into merchandising until persuaded to do so by the high-powered Mr. Dennett. The latter had talked of the easy money that was to be made on the sale of electric appliances, and reënforced his arguments by a series of gay parties at the leading hotel and at various near-by road houses.

But however talented Mr. Hurley may have been as a contractor, he was no merchant. He went into the new activity with great optimism, spending several thousand dollars on elaborate store fittings, and bought heavily of several makes of appliances besides those of the Twentieth Century concern. In a short time he found there was not the easy money in merchandising that he imagined, and then, with a characteristic burst of temperament, decided to get rid of it all. Unlike some other business men who had fallen under Mr. Dennett's influence, Mr. Hurley was not the least resentful. On the contrary, he laughed uproariously at the recollection of the gay entertainments staged by that super salesman. I am afraid Mr. Hurley was a bit purse-proud, for he told me with great gusto that the money he was losing in the appliance venture was nothing at all and that he could lose ten times as much without feeling it. I surmise that the sign in his show window was a gesture intended to prove to his fellow citizens how little money meant to Timothy J. Hurley, capitalist.

Before leaving town I went back to Neely Brothers to try to smooth out their resentment toward the Blake-Ogilvie Company, but met with little success. Mr. Neely held me personally responsible for having disrupted the appliance business of Richland. When I explained the circumstances of my connection with Mr. Dennett, he remarked grimly that a jobbing house which allowed someone else to do its selling was not the sort of house Neely Brothers cared to do business with.

My fiscal year ended the thirty-first of December, at which time I made up my annual statement and forwarded it to New York headquarters. On paper the year's business showed a fair profit. But the profit, unfortunately, was not in cash. My merchandise inventory was more than twenty thousand dollars heavier than it had been the previous January. This did not particularly worry me however. As I stated in my letter to the firm, I intended to curtail my purchases for a few months and work the merchandise down to its former figure.

Mr. Blake came on from New York a few days later. It will not be necessary to go into the details of our conferences, but I knew from the moment of his arrival that my optimistic outlook did not impress him. Diplomatically, but none the less positively, he let me know that I had not been a success as an executive. He said I might stay on in charge of sales and still hold the title of manager, but it would be necessary to put in someone else to look after the buying and finances. I thanked him, but declined the offer. When I tendered my formal resignation Mr. Blake did an extremely nice thing. He gave me a sealed envelope, addressed to my wife. In it was a check for five thousand dollars and a slip of paper on which was jotted in pencil:

In appreciation of seven years' sincere efforts and with the best wishes of the Blake-Ogilvie Company.

XII

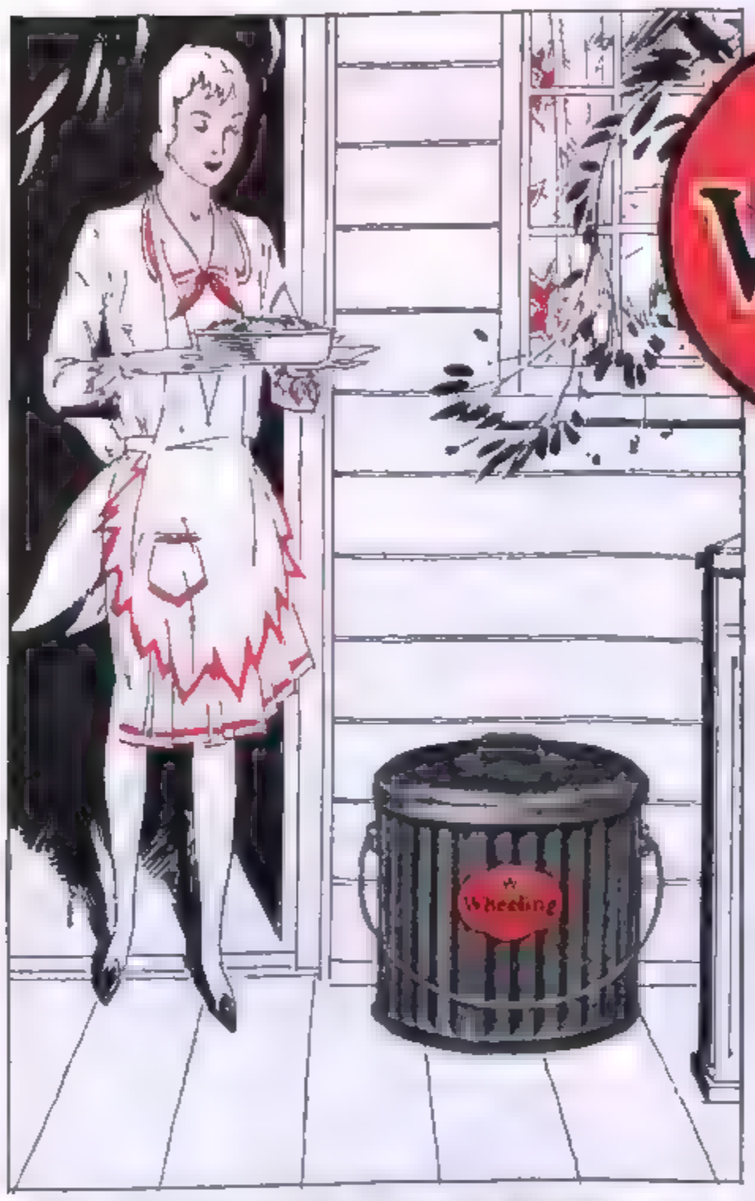
NATURALLY, I was pretty badly cut up over my failure as an executive. I do not think I was more vain than average, but hitherto I had been successful in everything I had undertaken, and to fall down on a position that seemed perfectly within my powers when I took it was a terrible shock to my pride. More than anything else, I was humiliated on account of my wife. Less than two years before she had married the bright young star salesman of the Blake-Ogilvie Company, whose future in the business world seemed assured; now she had for her husband a man who was out of a job because he had not been able to make anything of his opportunities.

I can never be grateful enough to Catherine for the tactful manner with which she

(Continued on Page 89)

Your Best Interests Doubly protected by this Two-fold Improvement

38 years' experience has emphasized the superiority of the Wheeling process of dipping each article, separately by hand, in pure molten zinc. While modern large scale production methods offer quicker and cheaper ways to perform this operation, the slower but more thorough hand-dipping process is carried on in Wheeling factories because it gives a heavier, longer-wearing zinc-coating inside and out.



Wheeling
CORRUGATING COMPANY

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Hand Dipped
in pure molten zinc and also made of this modern and more lasting steel base

COP-R-LOY

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

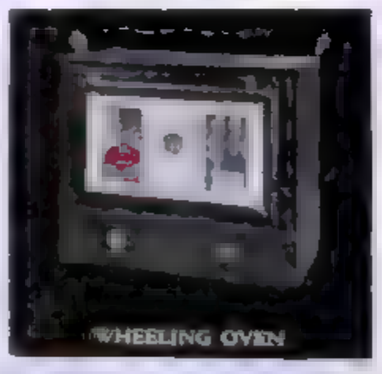
THE COPPER ALLOYED SHEET STEEL

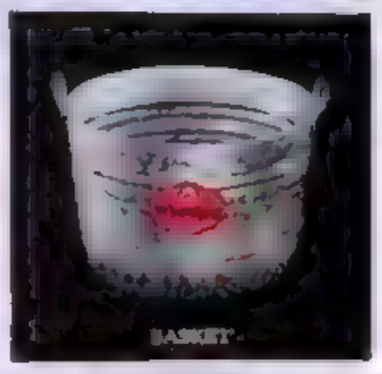
Not only does this quality mean better Metalware—it means more value than ever and therefore greater economy to you. When you see a Wheeling Garbage Can or Ash Can—a Pail or any other Wheeling Red Label product you know that the owner has taken pains to insure that a better, cleaner, more *sanitary* condition prevails in the home.

Over this unequalled COP-R-LOY base Wheeling adds the extra Hand-Dipping process—dipping each piece, separately by hand, in pure molten zinc, for added rust-proof, wear-proof service. Wheeling standards of workmanship are guaranteed by the Red Label—standards which must sustain the reputation earned by 38 years of leadership in the manufacture of sheet steel products.

Don't let your back porch—your kitchen—any part of your home lack the high degree of sanitation and cleanliness which the world now associates with Wheeling Metalware.

Your dealer will supply you—at no extra cost



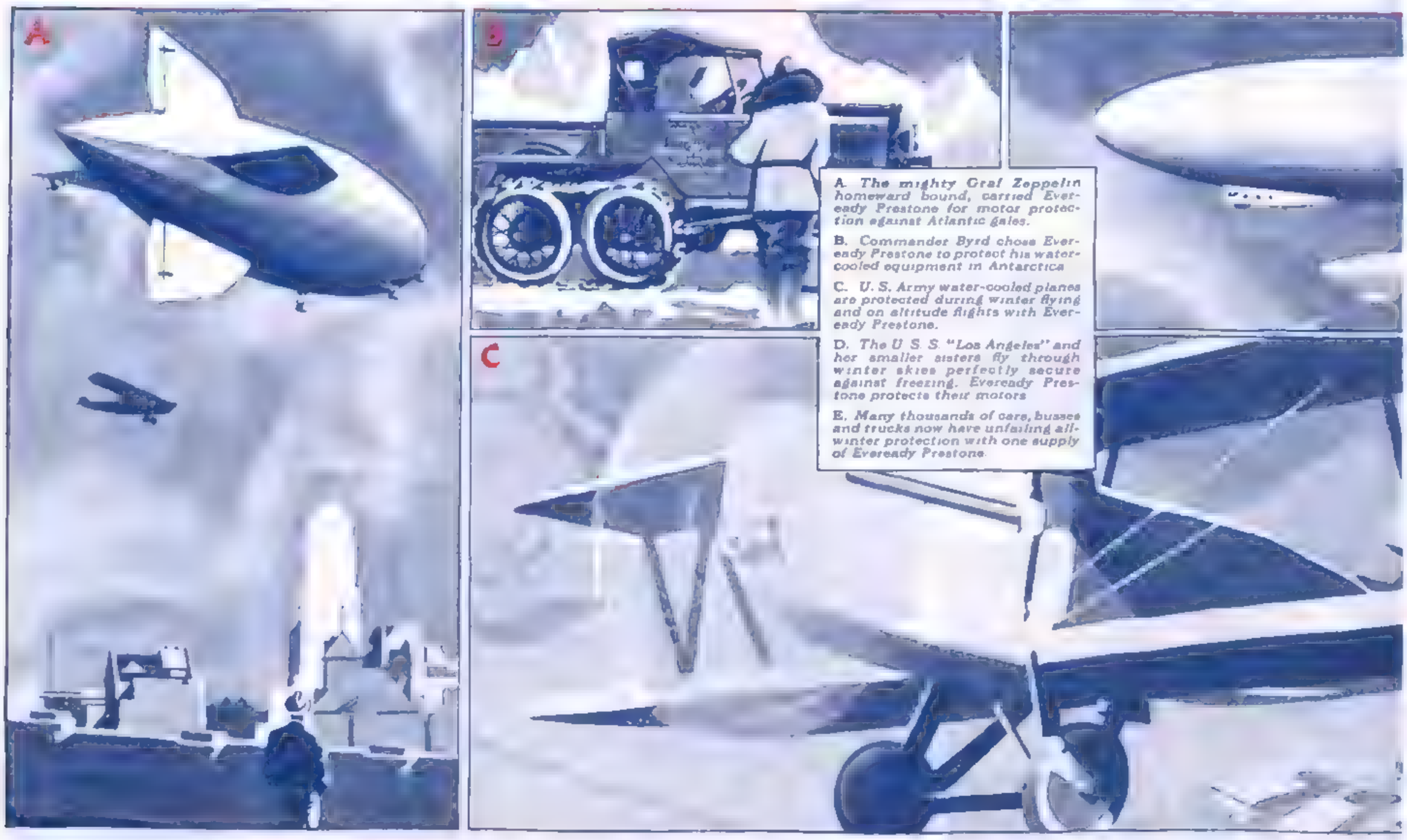


WHEELING CORRUGATING COMPANY
WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA

Branches: New York Detroit Buffalo Philadelphia Chicago Kansas City St. Louis Richmond Chattanooga Minneapolis Des Moines Columbus, Ohio

HIGHER IN QUALITY : NO INCREASE IN PRICES

«THROUGH THE SKYWAYS ON THE HIGHWAYS» AT THE BOTTOM OF THE WORLD



A. The mighty Graf Zeppelin homeward bound, carried Eveready Prestone for motor protection against Atlantic gales.

B. Commander Byrd chose Eveready Prestone to protect his water-cooled equipment in Antarctica

C. U. S. Army water-cooled planes are protected during winter flying and on altitude flights with Eveready Prestone.

D. The U. S. S. "Los Angeles" and her smaller sisters fly through winter skies perfectly secure against freezing. Eveready Prestone protects their motors

E. Many thousands of cars, busses and trucks now have unfailing all-winter protection with one supply of Eveready Prestone

THE unfailing, harmless protection against frozen motors provided by one supply of Eveready Prestone, has won for this perfect anti-freeze the highest endorsement wherever it has been used. When giant dirigibles take the air in winter weather, when a water-cooled Army plane ventures into frigid altitudes, when motors must operate in the intense Antarctic cold, Eveready Prestone is the first thought for protection. It possesses *all* the properties which the National Bureau of Standards has pointed out as essential for an anti-freeze.

Safest, most economical

The discovery of Eveready Prestone has given every motorist the opportunity to discard freezing worries. One supply of this perfect anti-freeze will keep his car in complete safety, *all winter*, no matter how soon it is put in the car or how long winter lasts. Its unfailing protection makes it unnecessary to buy Eveready Prestone more than once—a single investment provides certain, harmless, all-season insurance against any possibility of a freeze-up.

Prepare your car

It is time now to have Eveready Prestone in your automobile. Before you add anti-freeze, however, be sure your car is *ready* for winter. Cold-weather driving demands free-flowing, winter-grade lubricants in crankcase, transmission and differential. Battery, spark plugs and ignition cables ought to be at their best. The all-important cooling system should be in perfect order. Have the radiator and water-jacket *clean* and *tight*—see that all of last summer's collection of scale and rust is flushed out. Vibration and jar tend to loosen joints and hose connections. Make certain that these and all pump parts, gaskets, drain

‹‹‹ EVERYWHERE THAT MOTORS OPERATE IN FREEZING TEMPERATURES YOU WILL FIND THIS PERMANENT, TRUSTWORTHY PROTECTION ›››

9 POINTS OF SUPERIORITY

1 Gives complete protection. 2 Does not boil off.

3 Positively will not damage cooling system.

4 Will not heat up a motor.

5 Circulates freely at the lowest operating temperatures.

6 Will not affect paint, varnish or lacquer finishes.

7 Non-inflammable. 8 Odorless.

9 Economical—one filling lasts all winter.

Thoroughly tested and 100% approved by the American Automobile Association.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.

General Offices: New York, N. Y.

Branches: Chicago Kansas City New York San Francisco

Unit of Union Carbide UCC *and Carbon Corporation*

cocks and radiator are absolutely free from leaks. Then add water and one purchase of Eveready Prestone and your car will be ready for all winter.

Any garage will render this service at small cost

Your car needs this simple preparation and a supply of Eveready Prestone *right now*. Don't put it off until freezing weather forces you to find protection. This perfect anti-freeze is not affected by warm-weather driving. Eveready Prestone is an entirely different anti-freeze that contains no alcohol or glycerine. It is sold in *pure, undiluted* form, and because of its efficient protective qualities one to two gallons, depending on radiator capacity and lowest temperature encountered, is enough for most makes of cars. *You can buy Eveready Prestone at any garage, filling station, automotive supply store, or hardware store. See about it today.*

EVEREADY PRESTONE

PERFECT ANTI-FREEZE

The Testimony of a Face that's Fit

Hear ye! Hear ye! ..... the testimony of a Face that's Fit!

A face that's Fit bespeaks sane living, of course. Fresh air, sunshine, exercise and other things that make for health and vigor. But in millions of cases it tells the further story of daily contact with the Williams Shaving Service—Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva.

First, Williams Shaving Cream—the Williams lather. Lather that has been standard for three generations. In its rich, creamy body is the specialized experience of 90 years. Pure. Uncolored—with no touch of doubtful dye. Moist—holding, indeed, by authentic test, 10% more moisture than any other we know of. Cool as morning. Mild as real cream. The while it softens beards with quick thoroughness it freshens tissues and cleanses pores, working not only for easy shaving but for good complexions as well.

Then Aqua Velva, *for after-shaving*. Scientifically blended for just that. Every morning you'll welcome its pleasant tingle as it healthfully wakes, livens, stimulates the skin.

Aqua Velva cares for tiny nicks and cuts, mostly unseen. Protects: outdoors from wind and weather, indoors from undue dryness. Helps to prevent chapping and roughening. Tends toward firmness and away from flabbiness of skin texture. Helps to conserve the skin's natural moisture, and so *keeps* it, all day long, as the Williams lather *leaves* it, flexible and Fit!

It's to these things that, the world over, millions of close-shaven, well-groomed faces—Faces that are Fit—bear cheerful testimony.

There's convincing evidence in the Free Trial Sizes that we'll gladly send you, if you send the coupon or a post card.

You can't lose this cap!
Williams
Luxu
Shavi
Crea
RGE SIZ
Williams
Aqua Velva
As a luxurious finishing touch to the shave shake some into the hand and apply to the moist face
A COUPON — For the face that would be Fit!
THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
DEPT. 21-10 GLASTONBURY, CONN.
Send me Free Trial Sizes of Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva.
I will use and observe them.

JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

Williams

SHAVING CREAM—AQUA VELVA

(Continued from Page 84)

met the situation. She was sympathetic, but not too much so; she realized, I am sure, that an overexpression of sympathy at the time would have added to the humiliation that I already felt. In our talks she contrived to give the impression that she regarded the whole thing as one of the ordinary ups and downs of life and nothing to be discouraged over. If it had not been for her cheerful attitude I might have fallen into the defeatist frame of mind that is so demoralizing to any man who has his living to make, and particularly to a salesman. Without courage a salesman is absolutely lost. I remembered a man named George Arnold whom I knew when I was traveling out of Maiden Lane. Arnold was a big, handsome fellow in his early forties who made the larger Southern cities for a New England silverware manufacturer during many years. He was not only a salesman of great ability but he must have had more than ordinary judgment, because his concern allowed him free rein in the matter of credits and other matters which usually have to be referred to the home office for decision. I suppose he was about forty-five when his concern went out of business. One would have thought all Arnold had to do was to step into the New York office of any one of a score of silver manufacturers and get a good contract on the strength of his following among leading Southern jewelers. But this is precisely what Arnold did not do. He had never worked but for the one house, and its passing left him completely demoralized. His self-reliance was only skin-deep. I doubt if he ever applied for a job. For two or three years, every time I was in the jewelry district, I saw him standing about the entrance of the Silversmiths' Building in Maiden Lane, talking dejectedly with salesmen, and looking seedier each time. Eventually he got to borrowing small sums of money, and when this was no longer possible he disappeared altogether. I heard that his wife had started a boarding house for Navy Yard workmen in Brooklyn, and Arnold did the odd jobs around the place.

I thought of George Arnold a good many times during the days following my leaving the Blake-Ogilvie Company. But outside my uncertainty as to the future, we were not so badly off. From my first year on the road I had regularly put away a good portion of my earnings and at this time I was worth around twenty-five thousand dollars, most of it in New York savings banks, so there was no danger that I would have to start borrowing from friends for a while at least. We left Kemperton the middle of February and went direct to New York, where we took a furnished apartment near Union Square and stored our own furniture until such time as we should know what the future held in store.

We had, meanwhile, decided on a course of action. Blake-Ogilvie were willing to take me back as a salesman, but I was unwilling to go and Catherine seconded me in this unwillingness. Not only would it be embarrassing to me but we both felt it would be taking a step backward, and we were determined to go ahead if possible. Catherine never put her thoughts into words, but I know she was anxious for me to get into something where I would have a chance to wipe the sense of defeat out of my mind. In a way the three months we spent in our furnished apartment were among the happiest of our lives. We felt we could afford to wait for the right thing to turn up, and when it did turn up the salary would be less important than certain other considerations. One morning I saw in the help-wanted columns of our newspaper an advertisement that ran: "First-class salesman required by important manufacturing corporation. Must have some executive ability." It gave a blind address, box number so-and-so, in care of the newspaper.

I thought there might be something in this for me, in as much as the advertiser evidently put more store on salesmanship than on executive attainment. I had confidence enough in myself as a salesman; what I wanted was a position where my salesmanship would earn a living and at the same time I would have a chance to see if I could make something of an executive of myself. I answered the advertisement and in due time received a reply, written on the stationery of the Atlantic Works, which stated that I might call at the concern's Fifth Avenue offices for a personal interview. The letter instructed me to ask for Mr. Roger Weeks, vice president of the corporation.

I knew in a general way that the Atlantic Works was a very successful old New England institution, originally making a line of edged tools, and later, as its resources expanded, branching out into the manufacture of various metal products and electrical devices. The control was still in the hands of half a dozen old New England families, descendants of the men who had founded the enterprise in the 1830's. The general sales offices were in New York, occupying the top three floors of the Fifth Avenue skyscraper where I was instructed to report for my interview with Mr. Roger Weeks.

The girl at the telephone desk directed me to a private office on the door of which was painted, Division of Farm Plants. I knocked and a voice told me to come in. Mr. Weeks sat at a flat-topped desk and stood up as he asked me my business. He was fully six-feet-two in height and proportionately big in other ways. I judged him to be about forty-five years old. His great size and extremely cultivated manner of speech gave him an impressive personality. To introduce myself I gave him the letter he had written me; after glancing it over he asked me if I had any idea as to the nature of the position he wanted to fill, and when I replied that I did not, he informed me that he wished a man to promote the sale of farm plants. I said I would have to apologize for my ignorance, but I had no conception of what a farm plant was—whether of the vegetable or mineral kingdom.

Mr. Weeks smiled and pointed to the farther end of the office where stood an exhibit I had not noticed before. It consisted of a small gasoline engine, belted to an electric generator that was connected to a set of storage batteries. He explained that this device was intended for the use of farmers and others who lived in communities which were not served by local electric-light companies. It could be set up anywhere—in a barn or the cellar of a house—and merely by stringing some wires the owner had his private lighting equipment. The Atlantic Works had recently put this farm plant on the market and was promoting its sale throughout the country. The corporation did not do business direct with users, but sold through established jobbing houses in various sections. Mr. Weeks explained that there was a tendency among the jobbing houses to push sales for a while and then to lose interest when the selling grew a little difficult; he wanted a man to visit the jobbers and convince them that they could make money by keeping up a steady sales pressure the year around. Such a position required some executive ability as well as salesmanship. He stated he had had a great many responses to his advertisement, but none of the applicants so far seemed to have the necessary qualifications.

In response to Mr. Weeks' questioning I told him of my experience as a salesman and frankly confessed that I had not been a great success in an executive position. I think I was thus confessional that more than anything else induced him to make me an offer. When I explained some of my branch-manager troubles he laughed appreciatively and remarked that he was an ex-salesman and had been through the mill himself. At the close of the interview he said as a matter of form he would look up my references, but that he was satisfied I would do. A week later he sent for me and informed me of my appointment as special sales commissioner for the Atlantic Works, Farm Plant Division.

I always look back on the years I spent in the farm-plant industry as among the most enjoyable of my life. It was a particularly desirable position in that Catherine could be with me a good share of the time. My field was pretty much the entire country. Usually I spent two or three months with each jobber I visited, working partly in the house and partly out on his territory. At one time I was almost a year at a single stretch in the Mountain States region, with headquarters at Denver.

There is a certain drawback, as many manufacturers have found, in marketing an item like a farm plant through jobbers. A great deal of time and special effort is needed to develop individual sales. The jobber's salesman who goes out to call on retail merchants with a thousand miscellaneous items listed in his catalogue cannot spend much time promoting any one particular item. The same thing applies to the local merchant. He may have a couple of farm plants in his stock and be anxious enough to sell them, but he has so many other things to sell that he cannot be blamed if he neglects to talk farm plants to every farmer who comes into his store.

I think I must have been cut out for a countryman, because in spite of my metropolitan upbringing I always feel very much at home in rural communities and have always been able to get along well with country people. During the early part of my farm-plant experience I was in Minnesota, working with the Twin Cities jobbing house that acted as our distributor. They had agreed to buy a minimum of one hundred and fifty plants a year, in return for the exclusive agency in their territory, but were finding it hard to get rid of that number. I suggested that instead of depending on regular implement dealers or hardware merchants to sell for them, they should advertise for local agents who would go out among the farmers and do house-to-house solicitation. They agreed this might be a good idea and ran a series of advertisements in the agents-wanted columns of the St. Paul and Minneapolis newspapers. One day a letter came from a man named Elbert Scourby, who wrote that he was manager of the telephone company in his community, and as he had considerable extra time on his hands, as well as a wide acquaintance among neighboring farmers, he saw no reason why he should not make some extra money selling our farm-lighting plants. None of the jobbing-house salesmen were in that section at the time, and as the community was only a hundred-odd miles distant, I decided I would go myself to interview the telephone manager.

I drove in a light truck that was rigged up for demonstration purposes, with the gasoline engine, generator and storage battery equipment fitted in the rear. Starting early in the morning, I reached the place before noon. I will call it by the fictitious name of Steubenville. For the benefit of any reader who wishes to identify the community more closely, I will state that a couple of miles north of the corporate limits, on the St. Paul turnpike, there is a house which stands close to the road, flanked by a large red barn, and on the latter is the painted sign:

FRED MOOK
Painter, Grainer, Glass Put-iner

Steubenville was a village of perhaps five hundred people. I found Elbert Scourby at his home, a neat green-and-white house with garage, near the railway station. He appeared very much interested in the farm-plant project. We had a rule that any person who was given a local agency must purchase at least one sample outfit for demonstration purposes. Mr. Scourby at first thought he ought to have the agency without this expense, but after an hour's conversation I convinced him that our rule was inflexible and he said he believed he would take the agency on our terms. We were sitting on his front porch at the time and I started to draw up a formal agreement, when Mrs. Scourby came walking briskly into the yard carrying a bundle of groceries. She was a determined-appearing lady and

(Continued on Page 93)

THE TRADE MARK KNOWN IN EVERY HOME
UNIVERSAL
LANDERS FRARY & CLARK NEW BRITAIN CONN

Waffles!
Crisp-Brown-Delicious
Right at the Table

—to name but one of the innumerable batter cakes and delicacies that are baked to a rich, golden-brown perfection in a UNIVERSAL Electric Waffle Iron.

And baked so easily, too: Press the push-button switch in cord—in a few minutes you will know grids are hot enough for batter by glancing at the New

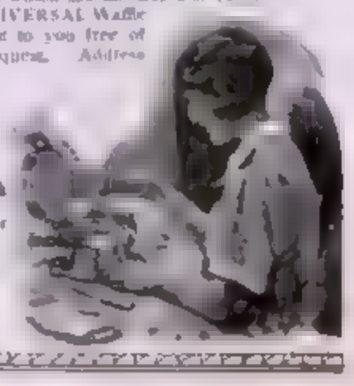
UNIVERSAL AUTOMATIC HEAT INDICATOR

This helpful little device consists of a small metal tongue hidden in a slot in the waffle iron cover above handle. As grids heat, this tongue gradually projects until the word "HOT" is entirely exposed, indicating that iron is ready for batter. It insures "success" in waffle baking from the very start and is a convenience added to UNIVERSAL Waffle Irons without in any way detracting from their handsome appearance and WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.

Learn the delights of electric table cookery with a UNIVERSAL Waffle Iron. You will find at your nearest UNIVERSAL Dealer's a wide variety of beautiful models from which to choose—attractively priced and unconditionally guaranteed to give you perfect service.

FREE WAFFLE IRON RECIPE BOOK

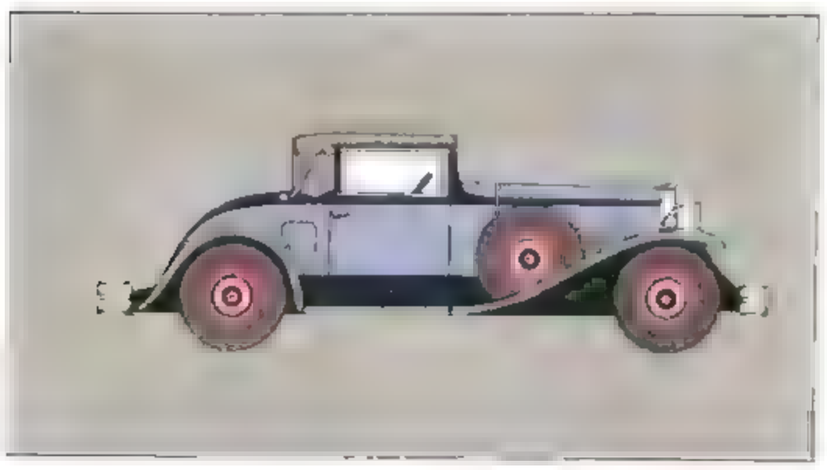
A 25c Cook Book, filled with new recipes of the many tasty dishes which are skilfully and quickly prepared in a UNIVERSAL Waffle Iron, will be sent to you free of charge upon request. Address Dept. A.



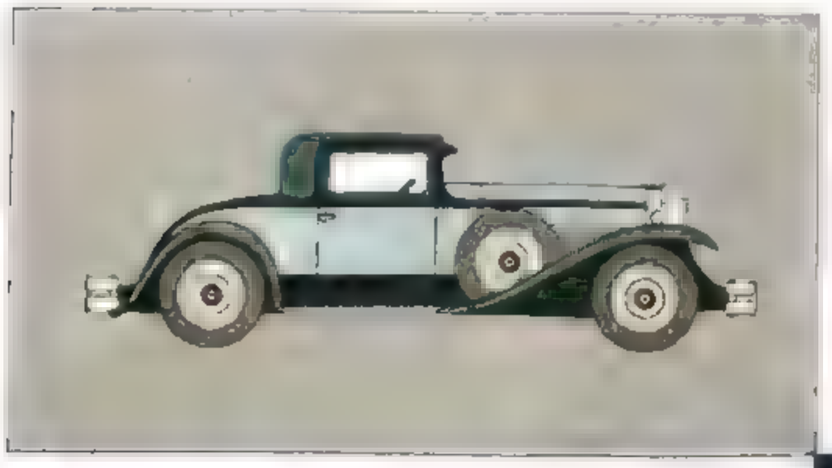
Landers, Frary & Clark
Master Metalsmiths for over three-quarters of a century
New Britain, Conn.

REVOLU

The new 70 horse-power Hupmobile Six



1930 HUPMOBILE SIX CONVERTIBLE CABRIOLET 2 passenger, with rumble seat. This model, with its beige fabric top and broad moulding in color, is particularly smart and striking. . . . Standard equipped $1075 . . . Custom equipment available at low extra cost.



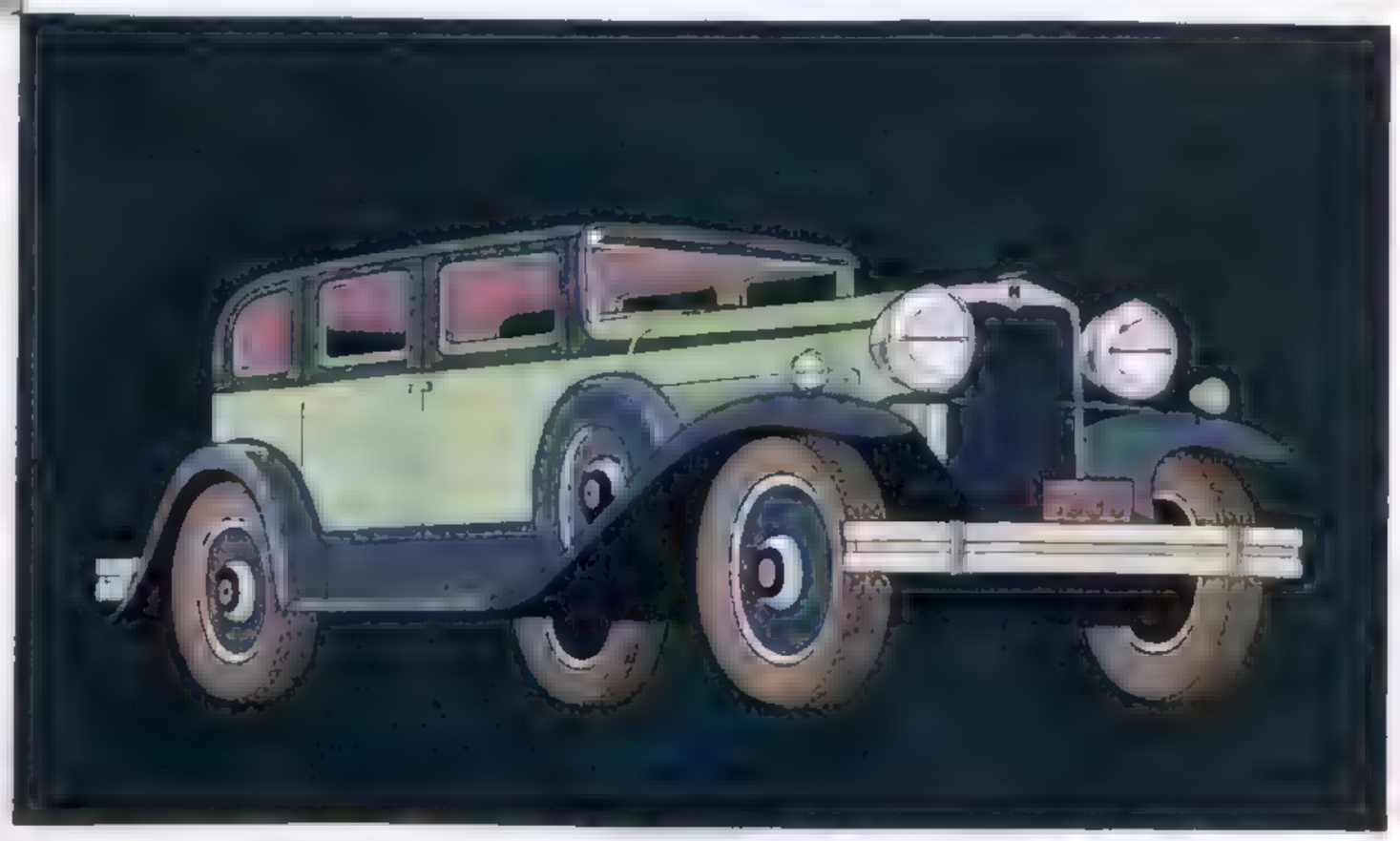
1930 HUPMOBILE SIX TWO PASSENGER COUPE . . . Ideal for business usage or touring. Spacious rear deck of graceful shape and contour holds two steamer trunks . . . Standard equipped $995 . . . Custom equipment available at low extra cost.

Hupmobile has a 21-year reputation for crashing through the barriers of custom and advancing the standards of motor car value . . . Now, when motorists are accustomed to expect certain limits of performance, power, and beauty at a given price, Hupmobile breaks through these limitations by presenting two cars that give . . . Not the *expected* power, but abnormal power . . . Not the *regular* speeds, but extremely high speeds . . . Not the *conventional* body designs, but en-

---

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE NEW 1930 HUPMOBILE SIX

70 miles per hour . . . 70 horse-power. Acceleration from 5 to 25 miles per hour in 7 seconds; 5 to 50 m.p.h. in 20 seconds . . The famous Hupmobile engine improved with counterweighted crankshaft. 4-wheel Hupmobile steeldraulic brakes . . . Foot operated dimmer control . . . A big car, 50½ inches across rear seat, 49 inches across front seat . . . Generous head room . . . Smartened by cleverly tailored sheet metal . . . Sweeping fenders of the new French type . . . New 6-inch chromium hub caps . . . New front fender parking lights . . . All prices quoted f. o. b. factory.



1930 HUPMOBILE SIX FIVE-PASSENGER SEDAN . . . Amazing power and extreme roominess . . . Standard equipped $1060.

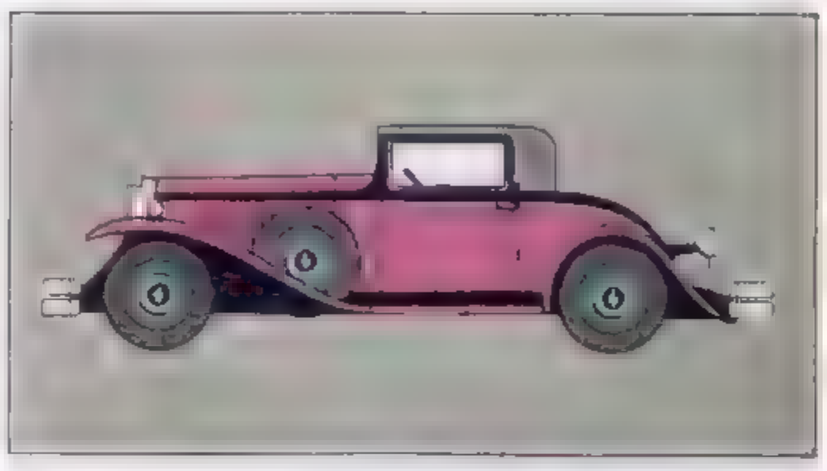
THE NEW 1930

HUPMOBILE

TIONARY

The new 100 horse-power Hupmobile Eight

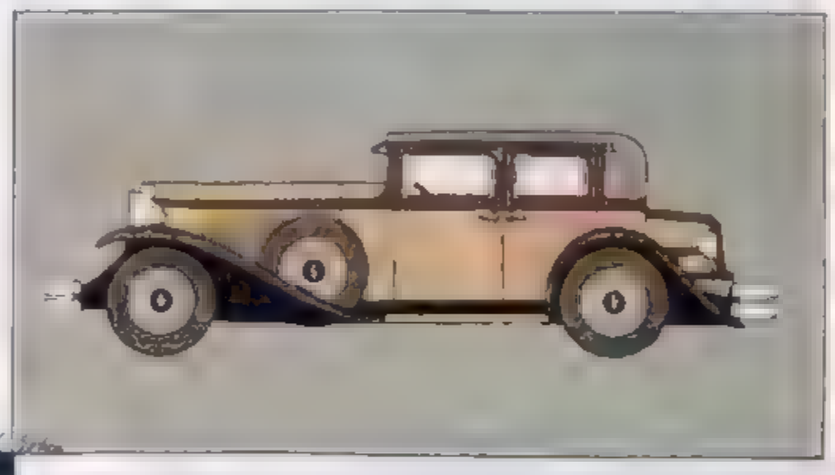
tirely new and modern creations . . . of harmonized beauty. Not the *usual* easy-riding qualities but a new 1930 manner of traveling; restful, luxurious, ultra-smooth and vibration free . . . At prices that completely revise all standards of motor car values . . . Every Hupmobile dealer has these two *original* motor cars ready for you. You should see them. Ride in them. Drive them. In no other way can you become so familiar with the pleasures of 1930 motoring . . . *today.*



1930 HUPMOBILE EIGHT TWO PASSENGER COUPE . . . with rumble seat . . . Smart, speedy, powerful. Note unusual range of vision afforded by wide windows above wide door . . . Standard equipped $1595 . . . Custom equipment available at low extra cost.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE NEW 1930 HUPMOBILE EIGHT

80 miles per hour . . . 100 horse-power. Acceleration from 5 to 50 miles in 16 seconds . . . The first motor car ever designed by which a single style motif is used throughout, presenting a unit of harmonized beauty . . . Dual elimination of vibration by counter-weighted crankshaft in addition to vibration damper . . . Oil delivered under pressure to 53 points in engine . . . New hydraulic shock absorbers, deep cushions, longer wheelbase, more width, greater comfort . . . larger steeldraulic brakes . . . Cam and lever steering gear, safest and most responsive . . . Prices quoted f. o. b. factory.



1930 HUPMOBILE EIGHT TOWN SEDAN . . . A smart body type of pronounced modernity and comfort. Top and rear panels are fabric with landau irons . . . Standard equipped $1670, custom built trunk included . . . Custom equipment at low extra cost

1930 HUPMOBILE EIGHT FIVE-PASSENGER SEDAN . . . Styled throughout in the modern manner and powered for exceptional performance . . . Standard equipped $1595 . . . Custom equipment available at amazingly low extra cost

SIXES & EIGHTS

For Colder Weather

NOTHING can equal all-wool clothing. It gives you complete protection against the penetrating cold, without the discomfort of excess weight.

But even pure wool varies in quality. Only high-grade wools, carefully woven, can produce cloth that will look well, wear well and hold the style that is tailored into it.

Ram's Head Fabrics represent the highest quality production of the largest producer of woolen and worsted cloth in the world. Every fabric is made from high-grade wool, fast-dyed for lasting color. Every yard is rigidly tested and guaranteed in quality.

When you select suits and overcoats for winter wear, look for the Ram's Head guarantee label. It offers you the widest variety of colors and weaves and gives you absolute assurance of high-grade wool in the clothing you buy.

American Woolen Company

Selling Agency

American Woolen Company of New York
Dept. H, 225 Fourth Ave., New York City

Ram's Head Fabrics

"STYLES THAT SET THE STYLE"

(Continued from Page 89)

her voice had an authoritative note as she asked her husband what the business in hand might be. He explained he was about to accept the agency for the Atlantic Works' farm-lighting equipment, and upon her further questioning admitted that he contemplated purchasing a sample outfit. Mrs. Scourby plumped her package of groceries down on the porch floor and pointed an accusing finger at her husband.

"You ought to know better than that," she said tartly, "after your silo business and your automobile business. I won't let you. That's all there is to it!"

She walked into the house. Mr. Scourby shook his head sadly and said he believed he would change his mind. It appeared he had once taken the agency for a silo and at another time the agency for a car. He had been unfortunate in that he had never sold either a silo or an automobile, and still had his sample purchases. Not having any wish to cause family dissension, I said his decision was all right with me. Yet I had made a one-hundred-mile trip, and it seemed to me I ought to find out what prospects there might be for my lighting plants in the community. I asked Mr. Scourby if he would set down the names of a few prosperous farmers and take a ride with me around the township that afternoon.

He agreed to do this, but I had to give his wife my solemn promise not to inveigle him into signing any agency contract. Mrs. Scourby seemed to believe I possessed some kind of hypnotic power. We drove out of the village along what was called the Creek Road and stopped at a number of farmhouses. I made no effort to sell, merely sounding out the sentiment of the people we talked with, to see what chances there might be for a local agency. Along toward evening we drove into the premises of a man named Lucas Bryant, who, Mr. Scourby said, had considerable influence in the neighborhood. There was a large white house, a horse barn surmounted by a cupola that had a brass horse for a weather vane, and a huge red cow barn. Mrs. Bryant came to the sitting-room door to ask us our business. She was a pretty woman of perhaps thirty-five whose left arm was in a sling, evidently the result of some recent accident. She showed a keen interest in my lighting plant, and after I explained how it could furnish electric light in the house as well as the barns, she said she wanted her husband to see it. She rang the dinner bell that was on the top of the woodshed at the rear of the house and directly he came up from one of the back fields where he was at work. While we waited she explained that her broken arm was the result of a fall from the platform in the woodshed one dark night a month previously, and she was naturally keen for a system of lighting that would prevent such accidents in the future. Under such conditions a sale was almost a foregone conclusion, and when Mr. Scourby and I left for town I had in my pocket a signed order for a lighting plant.

Mr. Scourby was highly elated. The sale amounted to a little more than eight hundred dollars, on which the agency commission was 25 per cent, and as we drove along he began to figure how much his profit would amount to. Much as I disliked to break in on such a pleasant occupation, I felt obliged to inform him that he was entitled to no commission because he had already refused to take the agency, and the best I could do would be to pay him wages for the time he had spent on our trip. The commission would have to go to some man who was willing to sign up in regular form and purchase a sample lighting plant. Before we reached town Mr. Scourby was asking for the agency as a favor. I reminded him of the promise I had made his wife, and he said he was sure he could get her consent. In the end, upon the request of both Mr. and Mrs. Scourby, I signed him up as agent, but only after a number of heart-to-heart talks in which I impressed upon them that business would come only through active solicitation, not through buying a sample lighting plant and waiting for customers. I stayed with them a number of days and helped secure two more orders, so their commissions equaled the amount they had to spend for their sample plant.

I kept in touch with the Scourbys by mail for several years and understood they did fairly well with the agency, though I am bound to say I believe their success was due more to Mrs. Scourby's determined character than to great ability on the part of her husband.

I have always looked back on this incident as a turning point in my life. I was trying definitely to train myself to act like an executive rather than like a salesman only, and I think I did just that. If I had followed my natural salesman instincts I would have been content to sign up Mr. Scourby as agent under any circumstances, just so he purchased a sample plant, and let the future take care of itself. As it was, I stayed on the job until I started him out properly and satisfied myself that he would become a source of future business for the Atlantic Works. I treated the situation from the standpoint of permanence rather than from the standpoint of immediate profit.

During the time I was in the farm-plant business I ran across many a case where too great emphasis on immediate profit brought on unnecessary trouble and loss. Just before I went to Denver, the jobbing house there which distributed our plants in the Rocky Mountain territory had sent out a crew of specialty salesmen to work with local agents. These men were hired mainly for their go-getting qualities; they got a flat sum of money for each sale, and as none of them expected to go over the same ground twice, some of the deals they made were a bit fantastic.

One day Mr. Allen, vice president and treasurer of the jobbing house, asked me if I would go to see a man named Gregg, who had a general-merchandise business about one hundred miles by train from the city and who was local agent for our farm plants. Mr. Gregg, it appeared from his letters, was extremely angry at the jobbing house. None of his communications was quite explicit as to the cause of his anger, but enough was said to convey the information that a farm-plant sale was at the bottom of it. On one point, however, he was easily understood. He owed the jobbing house quite a sum of money and would pay none of it until someone came from Denver to straighten out his farm-plant troubles.

By taking an early morning train I arrived at Mr. Gregg's station just after noontime. He had the only store, a long frame building, across the front of which was painted "Everything from a Ratskin to a Ranch." Questioning Mr. Gregg, I learned that two of the go-getter specialty salesmen had been in his community and sold a number of farm plants for him. Most of the sales were made on the installment plan and Mr. Gregg had accepted the farmers' notes. He was having trouble to collect on some of these notes because of the exaggerated claims made by the eager salesmen.

Mr. Gregg said the main source of his irritation was a deal that had been made with a man named Hugo Kaufman, who lived a couple of miles from the station. Mr. Gregg could not leave his store, but loaned me his flivver to visit this customer. I found Hugo Kaufman to be a citizen of responsibility, but with a mottled face that hinted of a too great fondness for stimulants. Across the road from Mr. Kaufman's home lived a less prosperous neighbor, Ed Shirley, who also was given to occasional bursts of intemperance.

Mr. Kaufman told me he was refusing to pay the installments on his farm plant because it would not work. I asked to look it over, and after some hesitation he escorted me to his cellar, where it was installed. I found it would not work for the simple reason that there was no gasoline in the tank. When I pointed this out to Mr. Kaufman he confessed the real cause of his refusal to pay his installments. It seems the two high-pressure specialty salesmen had come along one day just after wheat harvest and asked him to purchase a lighting plant. He told them he did not want to spend the money. They suggested he might cut down the expense by running wires across the road and selling current to his neighbor. This interested him and they all went over to see Mr. Shirley. The salesmen had a complete plant on their truck, with an arrangement of red, white and blue incandescent bulbs; they drove into Mr. Shirley's barn, where they produced a gallon jug of applejack and invited the farmers to imbibe. After several potations one of the salesmen began snapping the colored lights on and off, which somehow made the machine tremendously desirable. The first thing Mr. Kaufman knew, one of the salesmen handed him a paper and told him where to sign his name. Ed Shirley had already signed it. It was not until two weeks later, when his purchase arrived, that Mr. Kaufman realized he was in partnership with his neighbor. But Mr. Shirley never had any money to pay his share of the installments, and Mr. Kaufman was unwilling to pay it all, in as much as he felt he had been the victim of high-pressure tactics.

I confess I rather sympathized with Mr. Kaufman. I got him to go back to Mr. Gregg's store with me, where, after some argument, he paid the past-due amount. It seemed the matter might go along to a satisfactory conclusion; but resentment once aroused is hard to suppress, and before the debt was paid in full Mr. Kaufman stopped making his payments on four different occasions, on the grounds that his lighting plant was not giving satisfaction. Each time the jobbing house had to send a man from Denver to service it. Once the trouble lay in the fact that there was no gasoline in the tank, as I had found it. On each of the other occasions all that was needed was a new fuse.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

When you have a

LEAKY ROOF

this quick action saves you money

Thousands have profited by following this advice. You can profit, too. Here is a method that is simple, dependable and inexpensive. At the first sign of a leak in an old roof, or when the roof looks badly worn, give it an all-over coating of Rutland No-Tar-In Roof Coating. It's as easy to do as painting. It makes the roof good as new for years to come at a fraction of the cost of a new roof.

Asphalt and Asbestos

Anyone can ask for roof coating, but those who *know*, ask for RUTLAND—guaranteed to be made *only* of asphalt, asbestos and a slow-drying mineral oil. There's not a drop of tar in it. After you put it on, the oil dries out and leaves on the roof a tough, mineral coating of asphalt bound together with asbestos fibres—thoroughly, lastingly waterproof.

When a product like Rutland is available, why buy a new roof? Why bother with frequent small repairing jobs? Why risk leak damage?

You can use Rutland Roof Coating over any roof except a shingle roof. It comes in liquid or paste; colors, red and black. Ask for Rutland Roof Coating at dependable hardware or paint stores. Dealers who sell it are the kind who build their business on quality and customer satisfaction. If you can't find it locally, write us.

Send coupon for free booklet "How To Renew Old Roofs"

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Gentlemen: Please send me a free copy of your booklet "How To Renew Old Roofs", and name of nearest dealer
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RUTLAND

ASPHALT & ASBESTOS ROOF COATING

ALSO MAKERS OF RUTLAND PATCHING PLASTER

JUST AS a skyscraper owes its towering beauty to the foundation extending a hundred or more feet underground, so the new Buick owes a large measure of its leadership to a structure which is rarely seen—the masterly Buick chassis. This is the foundation upon which Buick supremacy is built.

Match this chassis with the chassis of any other car selling within a thousand dollars of Buick's price. Look beneath Buick's smart new Bodies by Fisher to the frame, Buick's great new Valve-in-Head engine, and other vital units which are the fountain source of motoring satisfaction. For here in this sterling mechanism are unequaled strength, simplicity, fine engineering and performance-ability. Here is value so outstanding as to make it next to impossible to purchase anything but a Buick, once you have studied this chassis.

The Culmination of Twenty-Six Years of Progressive Engineering

This superb Buick chassis did not spring into being in one year—nor five years—nor even ten. It reveals the perfecting influence of steady growth. It represents an investment of millions—an investment which few manufacturers are in a position to make. Twenty-six years of intensive development by Buick's master engineers have made it the standard of fine car engineering.

The mere fact that motorists have purchased more than 2,000,000 Buicks—a far greater number than any other fine car—testifies more strongly than any list of features to the advanced design and sturdier construction which people everywhere freely attribute to this chassis.

These owners have driven Buick cars literally billions of miles. They have found Buick so able, so responsive, so eternally dependable that they start forth on the longest trip, winter or summer, with perfect confidence. They *know* they will arrive, not merely on scheduled time, but with a deeper joy in their cars' performance, as well as a delightful freedom from that fatigue so frequently associated with motoring.

And, having proved these facts so thoroughly, more than 100,000 of these Buick owners come back for new Buicks every year. They introduce other motorists to the striking advantages of Buick performance. And these motorists, in turn, graduate to Buicks, just as they have been doing by tens of thousands since the advent of the fine Buick of today. All express the same thorough-going satisfaction, all report the same deep-rooted preference for Buick, based on their daily experience with the flawless operation of the Buick chassis. The Buick foundation is right—and all Buick owners' months and miles of motoring are right as a result.

Quality Leadership—Sales Leadership—Value Leadership

The matchless quality of this chassis, plus Buick's greater beauty and luxury, has enabled Buick to maintain unrivaled sales leadership throughout a long period of years. And that sales leadership, in turn, has made it possible for Buick to establish a new order of value by bringing forth this greatest Buick of them all, at new low prices. The result is that demand for Buick for 1930 is sweeping to new high levels, far surpassing the record of any previous Buick and ranging from two to five times as great as the demand for any other fine car, from $1200 on up to the highest price.

Facts such as these regarding owner preference for the Buick chassis are impressive even in cold type. And they become irresistible when you compare this chassis—the staunch foundation of Buick leadership—and prove its superiority on the road. Make this comparison before buying any automobile, regardless of price. Then trust your own preference for Buick.

Ask your Buick Dealer for a booklet containing a detailed description of the Buick chassis

* * *

118" Wheelbase Models ..... $1225.00 to $1295.00
124" Wheelbase Models ..... $1465.00 to $1495.00
132" Wheelbase Models ..... $1525.00 to $1995.00

These prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich. Special equipment extra.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Canadian Factories McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ont. — *Division of General Motors Corporation* — Builders of Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

THE NEW BUICK

Smart · Reliable · Beautiful

Twenty-six years of fine engineering have evolved the Buick chassis . . . and two-to-one sales leadership in its field has made possible Buick's low price

No Store *"Around the Corner"* At the South Pole

So the Byrd Expedition Couldn't take a Chance

Exploring dangerous and unknown regions, with serious injury and death stalking every footstep, scientists take no needless risks. Dependable radio battery power might mean the difference between life and death. That is why four successive Byrd Expeditions have used Burgess Radio Batteries . . . why the Wilkins South Pole Expedition, and countless others—both in the past and right now—are relying upon them.

Scientists take nothing for granted. Boastful, or misleading statements are ignored. Entirely! Numberless tests . . . electrical, chemical, physical, mechanical . . . prove absolutely and conclusively that Burgess Radio Batteries have no equal in power, capacity, length of service, dependability and uniformity.

They are the best to be had . . . and it will pay you in many different ways to use, in your own set, Burgess Radio Batteries.

ASK FOR THEM BY NUMBER:

"Super B" No. 21308
Made especially for heavy current consuming sets
$4.25

"Super B" No. 22308
Designed for general, all-around use on sets requiring only average power
$2.95

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY - General Sales Offices: CHICAGO

Other BURGESS Products

SECRET ENVOY

(Continued from Page 37)

on his other side was the wife of a man whose name had become synonymous with wealth throughout the world. She leaned over and spoke to Diane, however, of some mutual acquaintance in Vienna whose title was distinguished, and the newspaper owner's attitude of indifference underwent a change.

"I ought to know you," he said. "We met at Mrs. Adriance's."

"So we did. The night you heckled our State Department friend and the British ambassador." She did not add that she had profited by this meeting.

Beadlestone scowled. He had lost money on the Zuetania transaction.

"What kind of a man is Lamond? Is he stupid as he seems, or is that a mask?"

She defended Phil. In the course of her argument she told him of the skillful handling of various problems for which he was responsible. The publisher became more alert. He turned in his chair to fasten his small dark eyes upon her. When she had finished he was silent for a moment. This was such a rare occurrence that she was surprised.

When he spoke, it was in a low tone, in striking contrast to his usual loud and commanding manner.

"I want to talk to you after dinner. Suppose you come back to the hotel with Mrs. Beadlestone and me when we leave here. No, we'd better not go together. You come on down afterward. Our apartment's 732."

He seemed to take her acquiescence for granted. He turned again to his other partner, and although Diane talked to the man on her right, she could overhear Beadlestone's interrogations about herself.

A feeling of adventure came over her as she went up in the elevator two hours later and made her way to the designated number. She could not imagine why she had been asked to pay this late call, but she was convinced that it would prove diverting. Her only hope in the world was to be able to forget Jerry Cross for a few moments. Any distraction was to her as welcome as anæsthetic to one in constant physical pain.

Beadlestone himself let her into the large chintz-hung sitting room. His wife rose from the chaise longue on which she had been stretched, but after a perfunctory sentence or two she asked her visitor to excuse her and took her opened book into the adjoining room.

The door was left open, but from the publisher's caution in moving two comfortable chairs to the far end of the room, it was evident that he wanted no one to overhear.

"Let's not waste words," he began. "I'm going to put my cards on the table, because I think I can trust you. Even if I can't convince you to do what I want you to do for me, I feel sure you won't let it go any further."

"No, I won't."

"Fine! Now this is what I have in mind: I judge, from all I can hear, that you are one of the brainiest as well as one of the most popular women in Washington. That interests me because, if you don't mind my frankness, you've got nothing to offer in a material way. This town is filled with people who have money and big houses and nothing to do but to entertain in them. In addition, there are others who have a great deal of influence because of their political pull. You have neither, yet everywhere I go I see you and I hear both men and women praise you. Yet you're not truculent and you're certainly not stupid. Now we'll get down to brass tacks. I need someone like you in the capital and I'm willing to pay well for it."

Diane blinked. "I can't write."

"Write nothing! I don't want a journalist. I can have those by the dozen. I want information."

She sat upright. "What kind?"

"Every kind. The most trivial personalities, chiefly. The big things are covered by reporters. I want you to sit down and write me, say, once a week, all that you've seen and heard in a purely social way."

"But that is writing."

"You misunderstand me. The letter is to be addressed only to me. It is not to be published. You see, Miss More, there is more going on here today than in any city in the world, with the possible exception of London. The country hasn't discovered it yet. It thinks of Washington as a pretty place where the White House is located and ambassadors and senators go out to dinner. But they don't know that those various dinners sometimes yield results that affect, let us say, the far corners of China. They certainly affect Wall Street. What I want you to do is to remember every word you hear, every affiliation or friendship or enmity you observe, and let me know about it. Don't you think you could do that?"

It was impossible to answer. She hoped that he would go on, so that she could discover for herself just what was his ultimate goal.

"I've made a success of my papers because I learned early in life that all people could be divided into two classes—those who had something they wanted to put in the papers, and those who had something they wanted kept out. Down here the latter group is in the majority. I intend to make it my business to learn what it is they don't want published."

"And then publish it?"

"No, not necessarily. I'm not in this game for fun. As you may know, I have interests in all manner of things in various parts of the world. For example, suppose it would serve my purpose to have Russia recognized or Germany put on her feet. I would know the men in the House and Senate opposed to it. Now how could I hope to persuade them to change their minds? Sometimes it can be done by open publicity about the issue itself. My editorial writers talk about the humanitarian and even the religious side of the question. Sometimes the ministers and professors and women's clubs fall in line and send petitions and what not to the recalcitrant politicians. But that's old stuff."

He drew in a deep breath. "Phew! I've talked more indiscreetly to you than I've ever talked to a woman in my life."

"Go on," she urged. "It's fascinating."

"A safer method—one which doesn't make my own part in it so obvious—is to be able to go to each individual man and say, 'Now, look here, senator; I've got the proof about that little episode in France last summer.' Or 'How would your constituents feel if they knew about the little restaurant just over the Maryland border?'"

"It's blackmail!"

He did not heed the scorn in her eyes. "You can't bribe men these days with money the way you once could, but in our country, where a public man's private affairs are considered everybody's business, not even the strongest man is willing to have anything known which reflects upon his personal reputation. In Europe they draw a line between a man's ability in politics or diplomacy and his outside life. Here we don't."

Diane stood up. She caught sight of her reflected image in the gilt wall mirror and saw that she was pale as her silver dress.

"This has been tremendously interesting"—her voice was unsteady—"but I'm sorry that you thought I was the person who could help you."

"Oh, well, you never know." He picked up a cigar from an open box. He rose. His shoulders were not on a level with hers, but the top of his great head, with its thick black hair, made them the same height. "You have to take chances in this world. Of course, you may go out and tell everyone you meet about this. But I don't think you will." His gaze held hers. "As I have said, everyone either wants something put in the papers or kept out. Which shall it be for you? Would you like your photograph and a description of your blond beauty?"

"Oh, no!"

"I see. You'd rather have something kept out."

She clasped the chair tightly. Could he know? Panic seized her. She was sure that in some diabolical way he had learned everything. Her impulse was to beg him not to reveal it. Then she caught the faint sparkle of amusement in his eyes, and she laughed out loud.

"It's a wonderful trick! I'm not surprised that the senators succumb to it. I'm afraid there are few people of any class who wouldn't feel guilty if a question like that were put to them."

As quickly as she could she told him good night. She knew now that he had only been testing her and that his cleverness held no personal menace, but it made her uncomfortable. Mrs. Beadlestone came in for a moment. The publisher rang for the elevator and apologized for not going down with her.

"It might be just as well for us not to be seen together. But remember to let me know if I can ever do anything for you."

When she reached home a yellow envelope lay on the table in the hall. She tore it open and read Justinian's telegram:

SHALL I BUY ONE OR TWO HANDKERCHIEFS
RUTH

Crumpling it in her hand she went slowly upstairs.

The next morning she telephoned Phil and asked him to lunch with her. He was plainly delighted and suggested meeting her at a restaurant near the State Department at half-past one.

"I'll have to make it earlier." She tried to benumb the loathing of herself which this cost her, by saying over and over, "It won't harm him and it will mean all of Felix's future."

"All right. I'll see you at one."

"You've more color than you've had for months, Miss Diane," the maid noted approvingly as she pulled a small hat over her short curling hair, which the sun's rays made more silver than gold.

Phil had not arrived when she entered the restaurant. She glanced at her watch. It was five minutes after one. Justinian had said he must be absent from his office from one to two. Perhaps something had gone wrong

The head waiter spoke to her; then, as she turned back to the door, she saw Lamond hurrying in.

"Sorry I'm late." He handed his coat and stick to the attendant.

As they made their way to a small table along the wall she thought: "Then everything's all right so far." She remembered Justinian's insistence that the entire affair had been arranged and it would be better for Phil himself if he were away when the message was read. But her mind was not at rest.

After they had ordered he said, "You can't imagine how happy it made me to have you call me up." The expression of complete adoration with which he regarded her was painful.

"Oh, Phil, don't!"

"All right. I won't, ever again, if you don't want me to."

While they were discussing safer subjects she told herself that no matter how unscrupulous she was being, at least she was infinitely more honest than if she were to counterfeit emotion in exchange for the protection and love which he offered her.

It was just ten minutes of two when coffee was placed before them. He looked at the clock

"I'll have to leave rather early. This arbitration question's being decided."

"Who's that across the room?" She asked the first question that came to her lips, in order to check his possible confidence. It seemed an absurd quibbling, but she made a sharp line of demarcation between using

(Continued on Page 101)

SIKES
CHAIRS FOR AMERICA'S
MOST BEAUTIFUL
CITY HALL....

Los Angeles' $10,000,000 City Hall is the tallest building in Southern California and is called the most beautiful City Hall in the entire United States.

Beautiful buildings are worthy of beautiful chairs and in this instance beauty was sought with an eye to comfort and sturdy construction as well.

Sikes Chairs were selected by Thomas Oughton, City Purchasing Agent—and now grace the more impressive rooms of many departments. Those who see them remark on the manner in which they match their environment. Those who sit in them marvel at their comfort.

"Sikes—Chairmakers to Business, Professional and Institutional America" is neither an idle boast nor an advertising slogan. It is rather a *statement of fact* and one in which we take a pardonable pride.

Beauty of line and finish, craftsmanship—the highest type greater comfort—these are the *ideals* and the *realities* of Sikes Chair making. Perhaps you need chairs now. Chairs of stock patterns or custom made chairs of special design. We invite you to visit the Sikes Dealer.

THE SIKES COMPANY
CHAIRMAKERS FOR 70 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

A complete line of matched office suites and commercial desks is manufactured by the Sikes-Cutler Desk Corporation at Buffalo, New York.

Why do they call it

Do you use the Dentists' dentifrice?

LONG before the word pyorrhea was known to the public, the name Forhan was known and respected throughout the dental profession.

It was the name of a preparation which dentists used regularly as an aid in their treatment of patients. It was also the name of Dr. R. J. Forhan of New York—then a practising dentist of high standing, who had developed this preparation used by dentists everywhere.

What was the function of Dr. Forhan's preparation? It was used as an adjunct in treatment to restore the health of the gums, to firm them up, to relieve them particularly when they were in a pyorrhetic condition. The results from its use were such that dentists began to ask, "Why should the benefits of this preparation be limited to our offices? In many cases the gums need daily care. What can be done to make the use of this excellent preparation an every-day routine in the home?" The response to these requests from dentists was Forhan's Toothpaste—a dentifrice with a double purpose.

First of all—a protection for health of the gums, a safeguard against gum disorders, which everyone should use as a matter of plain precaution.

Second—a protection for the teeth—the safeguard of simple and thorough cleanliness. And keeping teeth clean is *all* you can do to protect them, between frequent visits to your dentist.

Make no mistake on this point—Forhan's is not medicated in any way for the purpose of cleaning teeth.

It contains only the tested and scientific cleansing ingredients which the dental profession has known for years.

It *cleans* the teeth, when regularly used, and does nothing more to the teeth.

But because it contains Dr. Forhan's preparation it also benefits the gums.

If you use a dentifrice, and of course you do, it is wise and safe to use Forhan's. Your dentist will tell you that there is no more thorough and honest cleansing preparation. But he knows that clean teeth are not enough; your gums also must be kept in good health.

And for this purpose, Forhan's is simple and effective to use. It supplements the expert care of your dentist—protects the condition of your mouth between your visits to his office. Its regular use may prevent serious trouble and even the loss of healthy teeth in years to come. That is why the mouth of youth, as well as of middle age, needs Forhan's. Begin to use it now.

Forhan's comes in two sizes, 35¢ and 60¢—a few cents a tube more than the ordinary toothpaste and exceedingly well worth it.

Forhan Company, New York.

Any mouth may have Pyorrhea, and at forty the odds are 4 out of 5

Forhan's

Your teeth are only as healthy as your gums

Ready for Winter *while you wait!*

No special servicing required when you protect your car with Denatured Alcohol

WINTER'S on the way! Stalking down out of the North! Bringing sudden cold snaps . . . freezing temperatures . . . sweeping sleet and snow.

And with them . . . the danger of frozen motors, damaged radiators, cracked cylinders!

But don't worry! At the nearest garage or filling station displaying the orange and green sign there is complete protection waiting.

Just tell the service man you want Denatured Alcohol. He'll consult a handy chart. Find out instantly what your car needs. Fill the radiator with the proper solution. Test it . . . to show you how fully you are protected . . . and you drive away!

No fuss! No bother! No lay-ups from six hours to two days! . . . *and no extra service fees!*

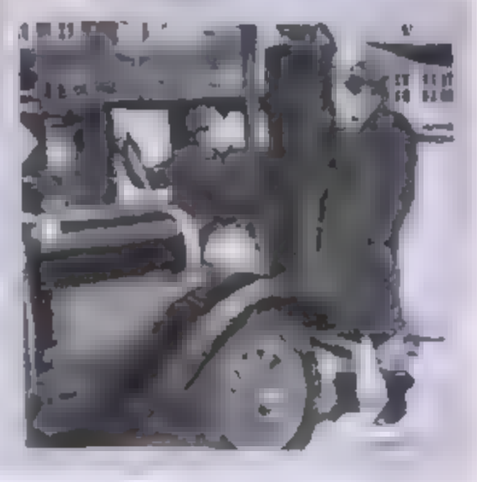
More important . . . no danger of a gummy motor next spring! No chance of rotted rubber . . . corroded metal . . . clogged radiators!

Remember . . . Denatured Alcohol is the most *thoroughly* tested anti-freeze. It has been in successful use for more than 20 years. It is the only freeze-preventive acceptable to *all* motor-car and radiator manufacturers!

At the first sign of cold weather . . . play safe! Put in Denatured Alcohol, the sure anti-freeze.

The Industrial Alcohol Institute, Incorporated, Graybar Building, New York City.

IT IT SNOW! Even sudden storms needn't cause you worry By consulting a protection chart (see left) your service man can tell how much Denatured Alcohol your car needs. And by checking the solution with the Alco-tester (right) he can tell you the exact degree of temperature to which you are protected. Simplest, surest, safest anti-freeze protection known



SEE HOW SIMPLE IT IS! This is all there is to it, really! Just pour in Denatured Alcohol! No overhauling, no tightening up. And it means complete protection

SIX INDISPUTABLE FACTS

You've heard a lot about anti-freezes. Here are the real facts in the case . . . the indisputable reasons why more motorists use Denatured Alcohol than all other anti-freezes combined.

1. An entire season's supply of Denatured Alcohol usually costs less than half as much as one filling of some preparations.
2. Denatured Alcohol is harmless to radiators, engines and electrical systems. It will not corrode metal parts and does not cause leaks.
3. No special servicing is required to make your car ready for winter. Just put Denatured Alcohol in your radiator as it is.
4. Every car manufacturer approves Denatured Alcohol. The firm that made your radiator is also emphatic in its endorsement.
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6. You can get Denatured Alcohol anywhere, anytime. Buy it when you need it, wherever you are.

Save time and money with

DENATURED ALCOHOL

(Continued from Page 97

information Phil might give her and letting Justinian procure it by methods of his own.

"I think it's Cross." He waved a hand at the young congressman. "Yes, it is. Here he comes now."

Jerry drew up a chair. He smiled at Diane with more gayety than she had ever seen on his lips.

He said, "I don't see why people with good cooks come here. My Julia says she's got the misery. So I'm on the town, unless someone takes pity on me."

"I will," she answered promptly. "I'll invite you both to luncheon tomorrow."

"I accept."

"And I."

As she drained her second demi-tasse Diane reflected that by this time the next day they would all be sitting at her table, together, for the last time.

"A penny for your thoughts," said Phil.

But she could not tell him of the melancholy picture which had flashed into her mind. "I was wondering whether you liked sweetbreads."

Jerry leaned toward her. His eyes were decidedly more blue than green. His folded arms, clothed in brown tweed, which rested on the table gave her the strange impression that they were so tightly clasped in order to make sure they did not go around her. She told herself that her imagination was becoming distorted. His interest in her was due to only one thing—his determination to learn all that he could of Justinian's actions.

The check was brought and they prepared to leave. Phil turned to the congressman: "Come down to the department with me. There's something I want to talk to you about."

"Until tomorrow, then." Jerry took her hand in his, but it seemed to her that with reluctance he let it go.

All afternoon she stayed out-of-doors. She walked in the spring sunlight through Dupont Circle, where, as a youngster, she had dug in the sand pile exactly as the bare-kneed children were now busily digging. She went out Connecticut Avenue, seeing, in retrospect, the old-fashioned houses which in her youth had been the homes of her parents' friends, and ignoring the apartment houses and shops with which they had now been replaced. This was a farewell tour. She would never return to Washington, she told herself. And yet she knew that no matter in what part of the world she might live, no matter how much greater beauty or picturesqueness or ease she might find, she would always be haunted by nostalgia for these tree-lined streets. Her European friends would never be able to understand it. To them it was a provincial capital, lacking the splendor and elegance which only age can bring, but to Diane its very defects of newness were endearing.

"I belong to it," she said, as finally she turned away from the entrance to Rock Creek Park and started home.

Justinian's telegram, which awaited her, failed to arouse her enthusiasm.

HANDKERCHIEFS PURCHASED TO EXCELLENT ADVANTAGE

In the afternoon mail a letter from the head of the sanitarium in Colorado told her that her brother's condition had improved greatly since his arrival and that he felt another few months would effect a permanent cure.

"At least it hasn't been in vain." She reviewed the events of the past few months while she was dressing for dinner. She wondered what another person would have done if faced by her problems. "And it hasn't harmed anyone," she argued with that resistant unconvinced part of her mind which seemed to have awakened at the moment Jerry had leaned across the table toward her.

Phil had said he would call for her at eight, but a few minutes before the hour his secretary telephoned to say that Mr. Lamond would be unable to leave the office that evening.

When she arrived at Mrs. Procter's her hostess was coming out of the booth next to the dressing room, plainly agitated.

"Two men have dropped out at the last moment," she said. "Neither Phil nor Jerry Cross can come and I can't find a single man in town to take their places. I've called up the Metropolitan Club and every bachelor apartment and no one is free."

"Why don't you let me go home? That will relieve the congestion a little."

"No, then we'd be thirteen."

It was an uneventful party with one exception. Diane found herself seated next Nan Adriance. To her surprise the widow asked her if she'd seen Jerry lately.

"Yes. I ran into him at luncheon today." She hoped the color which she felt coursing into her cheeks would not be visible in the candlelight

"You did! Where?"

This insistence was puzzling, but she answered it. "That's funny! He was to have lunched at my house. A banker friend of mine was down here who wanted awfully to meet him, but he called up and said he was in a committee meeting and couldn't possibly come. I suggested tomorrow, but he said he had an official party he had to go to."

Diane tried not to smile. She remembered that these were the very words which Jerry had told her on the train he intended to use in declining undesirable invitations. So Nan was out! She told herself it was ridiculous for her heart to leap like an affectionate puppy at this thought.

"Well, it's all very strange. If I didn't know better, I'd employ the old motto *cherchez la femme*."

"Can one ever know?" Diane looked up from the crisp endive on her plate.

"I think one can." The reminiscent dreaminess of her brown eyes expressed as plainly as words the happy egotism which convinced her that a man who did not succumb to her charms must be indifferent to all women.

The next morning, as she gave meticulous instructions about luncheon, Diane thought again of this unconscious revelation.

"If I were a noble person I'd be glad to have Jerry marry her," she thought. "It would help his career."

"Career nothing!" another voice answered. "What's a career? It's only one form of expression. It's the sum total of one's interests that counts."

In a burst of extravagance she ordered jonquils and narcissuses and lilacs from the florist without even asking the price, then spent an hour arranging them throughout the library and dining room. She might never see him again she would never see him again, she corrected herself but this must be a festive occasion. The table was scrutinized critically. At the last moment she remembered that she had no cigars. It gave her a curious pleasure to don her hat and coat and hurry to the nearest shop to buy them. At times she had been flattered when people had complimented her upon possessing a mentality which was masculine in its logic and clearness. But today, as she occupied herself in preparing the most minute details for Jerry's comfort, she rejoiced in the knowledge that she was overwhelmingly feminine.

The bell rang before she had finished dressing. She slipped on a gown of soft silk the color of heliotrope, ran a comb through her glistening hair and hastened downstairs.

The two men stood facing the fire, talking so earnestly to each other that they did not hear her come in. As they turned at her first words she saw with a start of dismay that both their faces wore an expression of strain. Phil's cheerfulness had been replaced by a white, drawn look. Jerry had never seemed so distant or so formidable. Their attempts to meet her cordiality only emphasized their obvious distress.

After they were seated at the square table upon the decoration of which she had spent so much care, Diane glanced at the great sprays of fragrant purple lilacs against the white-paneled walls and reflected bitterly that they might have been the decorations for a funeral.

Then she heard Phil say to the other man: "If only we could find some way of keeping it from his family."

"Tell Diane about it."

"It's a gruesome story. But I can't think of anything else. You see, I found him!"

"Found whom?"

"Strockton, my confidential clerk. He shot himself this morning. He was lying across my desk when I went into the office." Phil covered his eyes with his hand, as if to shut out the actual vision. "And I can't help blaming myself. I could have stopped it!"

She looked away from the misery in Phil's face to encounter Jerry's eyes, which blazed as if from an inner fire.

His voice was stern. "You are not in the least responsible. If you hadn't tested Strockton you might have suspected someone who was innocent."

The maid removed the untouched cups of bouillon, then passed a silver dish of sweetbreads and mushrooms. When she had departed through the swinging door, Cross went on:

"You had to find out the truth, not for your own sake but for the sake of every decent person in the country."

Diane cried, "Oh, please, tell me what it's all about!"

"It's this arbitration thing," Phil began. "I started to explain it to you yesterday, but you weren't interested."

She met Jerry's look of incredulity.

"You see, there's been a terrific battle between two of the biggest oil companies in the world over certain concessions in South America." Lamond explained again all that Justinian had made clear to her. "Yesterday, just after I left my office to meet you for luncheon, a cable was put on my desk purporting to be the decision of the arbitrator. It said that the decision had gone against Filtreum. Strockton was the only person who had access to my office. He read the cable and passed the information on to someone outside."

"Someone who immediately sold Filtreum short in Wall Street and bought all the stock in the other company they could get," Jerry added.

She pretended to taste the food on her plate, but the effort was futile. She crumbled a roll with her left hand.

"How did you find it out?"

"I've suspected for some time that there was a leak somewhere in the office"—Phil drained his glass of water—"so I planned this deliberately. I had the real message sent to my house. It arrived early yesterday morning. I decoded it myself, then locked it up. I arranged to have a fake dummy put on my desk after I'd gone out to lunch."

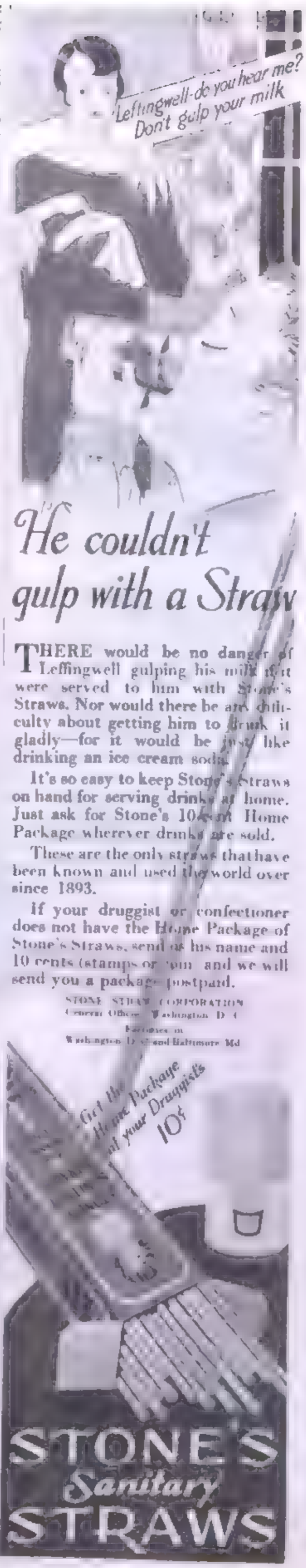
Jerry looked directly at Diane. "You see, the decision was really in favor of Filtreum. So the people who bribed Strockton stand to lose all they've put into it."

"Unless, by some hook or crook, they get wind of the truth before three o'clock today," Phil amended. "We don't dare publish the facts about the decision in favor of Filtreum until we've found some way of hushing up the scandal about Strockton's suicide."

"The Administration papers will be easy to handle." Cross seemed to be thinking out loud. "It's Beadlestone we need to worry about. So far we've been able to keep his reporter away, but if he gets wind of it he'll be hanging around like a buzzard. Lord, they'll never let the story die out! I can see the headlines now. Before they get through, it will sound as if there wasn't one honest man in the whole department. And every policy the Administration advocates from now on will be tied up to this scandal. Worse than that, Strockton's family will find out the truth. His wife may guess now, but his boys are too young to know unless the papers get it. Then all their lives it will cling to them."

Diane pressed the bell for the waitress. Although none of them had touched the entrée, they automatically helped themselves to the next course.

(Continued on Page 105)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Note to the right the units that make up the beautiful installation illustrated above. From left to right is a Sellers broom closet; a utility closet with shelves for the storage of china; the upper section of a Sellers Master Unit with flour bin, storage shelves and "KleanFront"; below it is the master base built with porcelain worktable, cutlery drawer, linen drawers, metal bread drawer, and storage for pots and pans; an extra storage cabinet; a refrigerator with over 11 square feet of storage area; and below it the unit for mechanical compressor or for vegetable storage.

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who tell how to care for your car
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CHEVROLET MOTOR CO.
Service Department—*"Spark plugs should be changed every 10,000 miles, as they deteriorate. New spark plugs mean quick starting, increased power, smoother running motor and less use of choke, resulting in more economical operation of the car."*

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AC is the better spark plug—*standard of the world*, because:

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GASOLINE STRAINERS · AMMETERS · OIL GAUGES · THERMO GAUGES

(Continued from Page 101)

"I had a strange experience with Beadlestone the other night." Her voice was unsteady as she began, but as she went on she controlled it: "Without going into details, it resulted in his declaration that he'd be glad to do something for me sometime. This seems to me the time."

Jerry's eyes did not leave her face as she talked. In them she read distrust and suspicion. All at once she realized that he interpreted her desire to stop Beadlestone's publication of the news as an act of self-interest.

He took out his watch. "It's not yet two. There's still an hour before the Exchange closes."

Desperately she tried to think of some way to convince him of her good faith. He undoubtedly assumed that she would seize the first opportunity to telephone Justinian the truth about the arbitration decision. He knew, as Phil did not, her connection with the tragedy.

Even while she was casting about for some means of keeping him there so that he could see for himself that she had voluntarily given up every cent of money she had in the world, a sense of peace pervaded her spirit. For the first time since she had entered into the pact with Justinian she felt at rest. At last, after a tortuous and dangerous journey, she could be friends with herself.

By going now through the door behind her chair, she could, in five minutes, make a fortune. By staying there while the seconds ticked away she could renounce one. She sat motionless. Now she was purged of guilt. The money which she had thrown upon a sacrificial altar was a tangible symbol which brought solace to her harassed spirit.

To Jerry she said, "I wish you'd come with me while I call up Beadlestone. You know better than I what to say to him."

As she put her napkin on the table he rose, still staring at her as if he could not quite believe she was speaking to him.

In the butler's pantry, to which she led the way, the maid was preparing a tray of coffee. Diane told her to take it into the library and to see that Mr. Lamond had a cigar. She closed the door into the kitchen before she took the receiver from the hook.

While they waited for Central to get New York, Jerry stood close beside her, so obviously bewildered that her heart yearned toward him. She insisted that he write on the memorandum pad the words she should use in persuading the publisher. It was indescribably sweet to defer to his judgment.

Beside them, in the sink, were the piled-up dishes waiting to be washed. Out of the window she could see a row of red-and-white-checked tea cloths flapping on the clothesline. Surely an unromantic setting, she thought; yet, as she observed her reflected image in the glass doors of the cupboard, she perceived that her cheeks were flushed and her entire being seemed filled with happiness.

It took some time, after the connection had been effected, to persuade Beadlestone's secretary that she must speak to his chief directly. At last he was put onto the wire.

"Better not tell him I'm here," Jerry whispered. "Use your feminine guile."

"I want to ask a special favor," she began.

"Good!" Beadlestone did not appear to find this request either unusual or displeasing. "Send me your latest photograph."

"No, this is something I want kept out of the papers."

"Well, tell me what it is and I'll try to do it."

"I want you to promise definitely that you will." As he hesitated, she wondered if she had not overestimated his susceptibility to women. She added: "In exchange, I'll agree never to repeat our conversation of two nights ago."

His answer was spoken casually, but she realized that he was testing her. "I don't think that would interest anyone, do you?"

"On the contrary, I think it would interest a great number of people, both in journalism and out. It isn't every day one has a chance to learn how the great political juggler takes the rabbits out of the hat."

"All right." His tone paid tribute to her superior strength. "I'll agree to keep your little romance out of the press."

"It's hardly under the head of romance." She gave him the outline of information which Jerry had prepared. No mention was made of the arbitration decision. She said that Strockton had died suddenly of heart failure and asked that no comment other than that should be printed.

"That means telling your Washington reporter to keep away from it."

"I'll call him up myself right away. Strockton—heart failure—no comment." He was evidently writing it down. "Then we'll be quits."

"Completely. And thank you."

As she turned away from the telephone her knees seemed suddenly inadequate. Jerry held the door open, without a word, and they returned to the library.

"The lady has saved the day," he announced.

Phil drank his coffee at one gulp. "Thank heaven for that!" He put down his cup and took her hand in both his in silent gratitude.

She sat down precipitately on the sofa. Jerry stood with his back to the fire, looking at the clock.

"It's half-past two," he said, as if warning her.

"I must go back to the office." Phil took her hand again.

Jerry started to leave, but she insisted that he stay. "It's early." After Lamond had departed neither of them spoke for a moment. "Why don't you sit down and talk to me?"

But he paced back and forth, his hands so tightly clenched that the knuckles became white. Once he turned toward her, as if trying to fathom some mystery which her face concealed, then he moved quickly away.

Finally he stood before her. "Are you sure there's nothing you want to do?"

"Nothing at all, except to have you talk to me."

"And what can I say?" He spread his arms apart in a gesture of helplessness, as if to say: "Shall I tell you that you have a beautiful name, Diane? Shall I tell you that you yourself are beautiful? But you know that."

"Diane," he cried sharply, "it's almost three! Aren't you going to telephone Justinian?"

She shook her head gravely. "No."

"You're going to let it go?"

"Of course I am!" She sprang to her feet, indignant at his disbelief. "I'd give anything in the world if I'd never gone into it! They told me no one would ever be hurt by it—that's no excuse, I suppose, but it was my vindication to myself." Her lips twisted into a smile so that she would not cry.

"So you purposely let it go?"

"Haven't you had proof of it? I could have left the table on some pretext or other at any moment—just as you kept thinking I would do. I made you go with me when I talked to Beadlestone, to try to show you. I kept you here after Phil had left so that you could see for yourself."

"It's too good to be true! Oh, Diane, it isn't a delusion then? Night after night when I've lain awake telling myself I was a fool to think you were unique—that you were the only woman in the world—I was wrong!"

All strength seemed to leave her body. She sat down.

"Do you know what I've gone through?" he went on: "Do you know what you've done to me? Since that first night I met you at Mrs. Procter's, my whole life has been changed. All the things I had prided myself on melted away. I thought I was detached, I thought I had an inkling of humor. But I became a fool! Why, when I saw you dancing at that night club with those youngsters, I wanted to take you away from them by force. When you disappeared at Nan's I stalked through those drawing-rooms as if they'd been a jungle. And as for ambition—well, that's gone too! Now anyone can have my job who'll take it! I can't think of anything in the world but you!"

She managed to say, "But you must have despised me when you knew what I was doing for Justinian?"

"I tried to, but I couldn't. If I'd seen you carting money away from the Treasury in a van I wouldn't have been able to help loving you."

He was beside her now. His arms were around her. "I even connived with you. I cut your telephone wires to protect you in case anyone else suspected. I lied to your brother—it was through him I found out—and when he wrote me that he was terribly worried about the money you were sending him, I answered that it was quite all right—that you'd found some way of supplementing your income which couldn't be talked about, but was perfectly legitimate.

"Well, now that you know what a disreputable person I've become, Diane, what are you going to do with me?"

Her head rested on the rough tweed of his shoulder. She sighed happily. "I think I'm going to marry you, my dear."

Suddenly she smiled. "Beadlestone could feature me as the Penniless Bride."

"Penniless nothing! Didn't I tell you? I've started to a dozen times, but my mind seems to have wandered. I just got word today. There are only two orphan girls of the kind your aunt's will specified in the whole country, so eventually most of the estate will come back to you and Felix as next of kin."

But strangely enough, this seemed of little importance.

Diane was amazed to open her eyes and see Maggie coming into the dusk-filled room with a tea tray. "But we've just had luncheon!" She sat erect, trying to smooth her hair.

A faint smile illumined the maid's thin face. "It's five," she said, then closed the door behind her.

(THE END)

An Alaskan Scene

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(1174)

FEATHERHEAD

(Continued from Page 11

them carefully beneath the smothering folds of raincoats and puffing at them covertly while they smothered each tiny glow with the aid of cupped hands and the tunnel-like end of a half-open match box. Orders against showing light were strict. "The glow of a cigarette can be seen two miles away," the lieutenant had said.

Peters entertained troubled thoughts while he awaited the word to move on again. The excitement of the last few days had left him little opportunity to think, but now, on the road, he began to take stock of his unit. Would they measure up to expectations? Squad by squad he went over them in his mind—Godinsky, Rivers, Favelle, Witherbee, and the rest. All good noncoms, yes. Then the privates. The lieutenant's question repeated itself. What about Blaine? Well, in his opinion Blaine was all right. He liked Blaine and he had convinced himself that the man was basically sound. A bit dizzy, yes, but what the hell? Blaine was young yet. That nickname was what held him back as much as anything. Probably if he could force the platoon to stop the use of that word featherhead, the boy would come through all right.

A hoarse whisper of "Forward" brought Peters out of his reverie. He moved along the line to enforce the order. "On your feet. Get goin'," he repeated to the blurred figures. Suddenly a tiny spark arched high into the blackness from among the vague shapes that were staggering to their feet under their heavy packs. Someone had carelessly flicked a glowing cigarette butt into the night. Before it touched the ground a typhoon of blasphemous denunciation and brittle-nerved excitement broke out. "Who did that?" "Kill the ——" "D'yu want us all knocked off?" "D'yu want the artillery on us, you ——?" A few of the more skittish men sought the shelter of the roadside with a tensed "Down." Didn't they know that it was just such little things as this that wiped out whole companies? Hadn't they heard of batteries of enemy artillery waiting through the night for such signs of green troops as this?

Peters broke the near panic before its first flutter was complete. "Shut your lousy traps!" he barked. "You, in the ditch there, come out of that an' get up here where you belong! Get goin' an' close up on the men ahead of you! What kind of tramps are you anyhow, actin' like this?" Realization of the foolishness of their actions restored normalcy instantly. They responded silently to Peters' common sense. "Who flicked that butt, anyhow?" the sergeant asked after a moment.

Several indignant voices answered: "Who d'yu suppose? Featherhead, of course." "Featherhead; just like him." "Not me. Must have been Featherhead."

Peters peered closely at the blurred and ghostly faces as they passed him. "Blaine?" he asked.

"Here," answered one of the shadows.

Peters started along beside him. "Did you flick that butt?"

"No."

"Who did?"

"I dunno."

Several voices broke in: "Sure he did. I seen him."

"Shut up an' keep movin'." Peters grasped Blaine by the shoulder and jerked him out of the column. "Blaine, tell me the truth," he accused in a low tone.

Blaine's dim form seemed to shrink slightly. The background of moving shapes behind him forged steadily past. He cast a longing glance at it and tried to pull away from the sergeant slightly.

"No, honest to God, sarge, I didn't," he pleaded. "I don't know nothin' about it."

"Can you prove it?"

"I don't know who did it, honest, but I didn't, sarge." He suddenly faced the sergeant more squarely. "Why, sarge," he argued, in a voice that had regained confidence, "I wouldn't do nothin' like that. I—I got too much to lose. I—I couldn't afford to do nothin' like that."

"What d'yu mean?"

"What I mean is I gotta be somebody in this war." The voice became husky. "I—I wanta win me a medal. That's what I got on my mind. Remember that time back in camp when you had me in to talk to? That's what I was wantin' to tell you. I gotta win me a medal."

Peters shook the culprit vigorously. "Is this a joke," he asked, "or are you tryin' to get outa trouble?"

"No, honest I ain't. It's true."

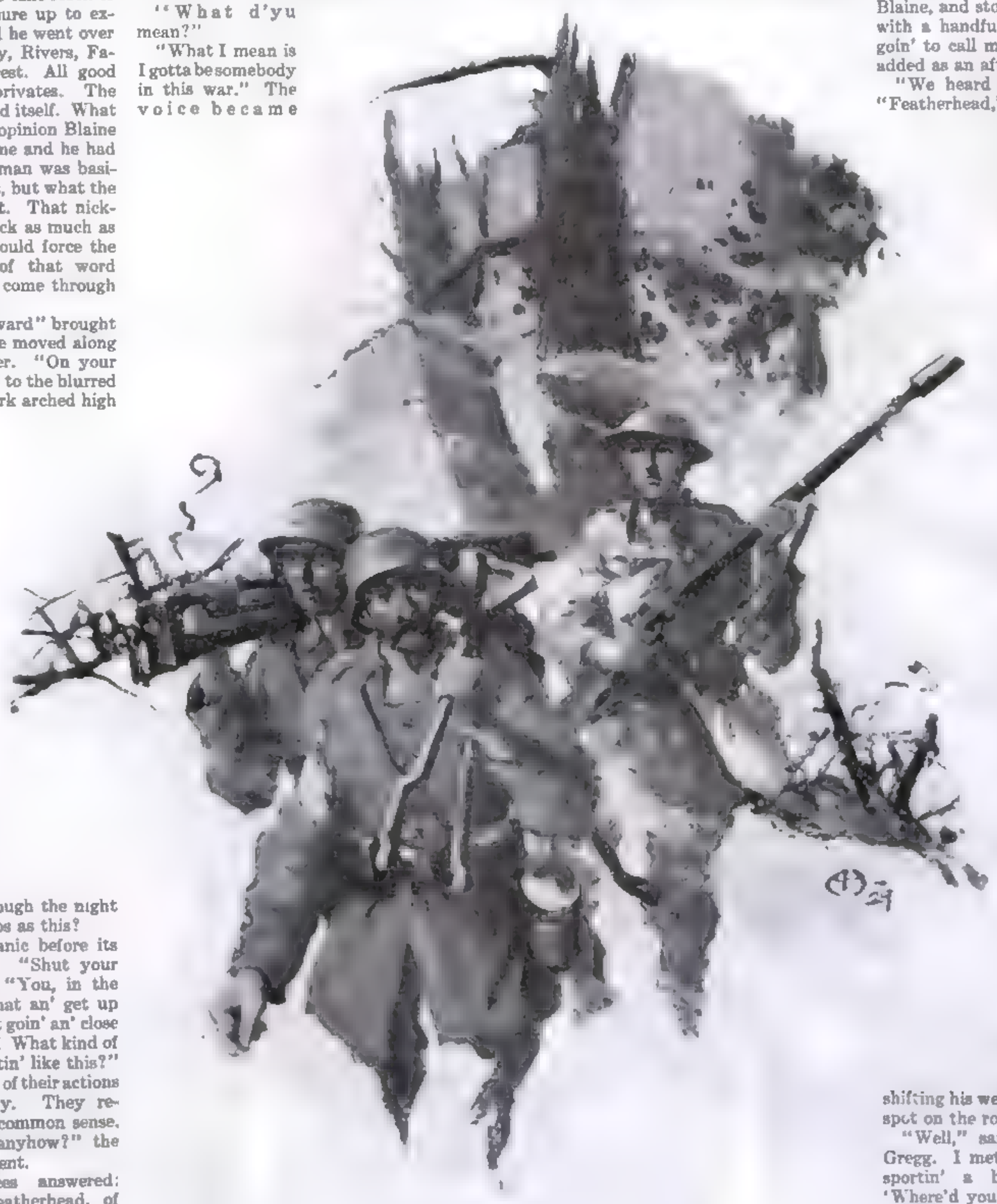
Peters loosed his grasp. "All right," he decided. "I'm goin' to believe you this time, but you listen to me. You gotta show what's really in you. If you don't come through, God help you, because, come reason, nothin' would give me more satisfaction than killin' this name you got of Featherhead. I gotta reputation for always havin' good men, an' you better not be the one to bust it. So next time somethin' happens, you think before you do anything."

A third dim shape, that had joined the two unnoticed by either of them, now spoke. "That's the second platoon passin' now." It was Rivers' voice. "Our tail end must be a couple a hundred yards up." The three plodded forward into the night.

The sun valiantly strove to dispel an acrid reek of stale gas and high explosives that permeated the shell-scarred glen. A rolling kitchen, battered and grimy, gave off odors of stew and coffee that helped to overcome the chemical smell. A cook, khaki-clad, weight braced against one corner of the weird vehicle, mechanically wiped his hands on his badge of office and spat as he regarded the little figure before him

"Naw," he said, in a dead, impersonal voice, "seconds is for fightin' men."

Blaine's thin lips tightened and his watery blue eyes became even more watery. "Ain't I as much a fightin' man as anyone?" he demanded. "Ain't I been in the lines since we got here?"



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The cook grinned. "Yeh, you been in the lines, Featherhead, but it takes two to make a fight, an' you ain't big enough for the Jerries to aim at." He winked at the other two patrons of his galley, Corporal Rivers and a blond six-footer, both of whom stopped gulping hot coffee long enough to grin back at the cook.

"His feet's big enough to aim at," said the six-footer. "He'd be a regular giant if they wasn't so much of him flat on the ground."

"Keep your slum, then," quavered Blaine, and stooped to scrub his mess gear with a handful of dirt. "You guys ain't goin' to call me Featherhead forever," he added as an afterthought.

"We heard that before," said Rivers. "Featherhead," he explained "is goin' to win him a medal as big as a flapjack to take home to his mamma."

"Aw, shut up," said Blaine, putting his mess gear away and starting for the woods. "I'm goin' up."

"You better load that gas pipe," the six-footer called after him. "Them woods is full of Dutchmen."

"It is loaded," answered Blaine, halting to examine his rifle.

"The hell it is," disagreed the other. "The cockin' piece is forward, ain't it? That means you ain't reloaded since you fired last time. If Peters catches you with your firin' pin forward on an empty, you better take distance without command."

"Aw, I just eased it down on a live round," commenced Blaine, drawing the bolt back. An empty cartridge flipped out. The little man reloaded slowly and tried hard not to look sheepish.

"Don't call him Featherhead!" mocked the six-footer. "Go on up an' win yourself that medal, kid, but don't get sniped by any of them squareheads we been knockin' out of trees back of the lines since we took these woods. Him get a medal!" he sneered as Blaine disappeared in the brush. "It'll be a wooden cross if he does."

"I don't know about that," objected Rivers.

"Sees all, knows all," interrupted the cook, shifting his weight to a slightly less smutty spot on the rolling kitchen.

"Well," said Rivers, "look at Soapy Gregg. I met him a couple of weeks ago sportin' a brand-new Croy de Gair. 'Where'd you get the watch fob?' I asks. 'The Frogs give it to me,' says he, stickin' his chest out, 'for keepin' cool under fire.' 'How come?' I asks him, and then he tells me he got caught in a box barrage. Can you beat that? What else could he do but keep cool?"

"But Soapy's at least a regular guy," argued the six-footer. "This guy Featherhead don't know he's overseas."

"That's no lie, but the kid's got a drag with Peters. These old-time sergeants think they can make good men out of anything."

The two men stretched out on the ground. The cook busied himself with his fire. A bee buzzed up from a bush and circled. Far away a gun boomed and echoed. Peace and contentment reigned, but only for a

(Continued on Page 113)

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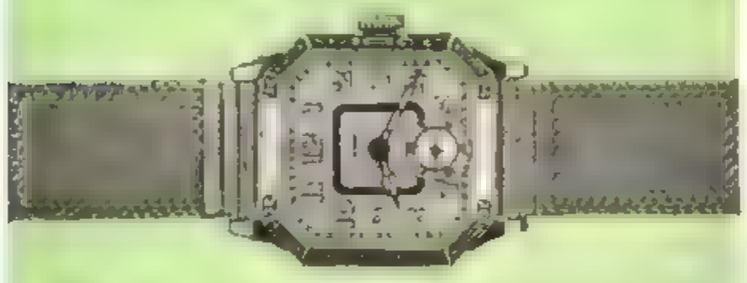

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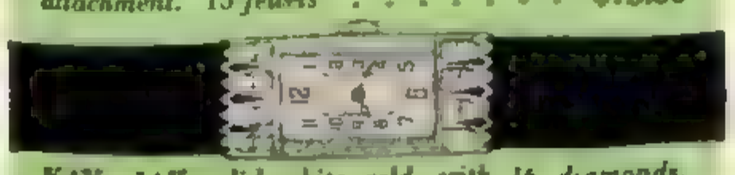

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(Continued from Page 109)

moment. The sudden crack of a shot—or was it two simultaneous shots—rang out near at hand. The six-footer, in one movement, seized his rifle, leaped twice his length, and stretched into firing position with the rifle jutting around the right-hand side of a charred stump. Rivers threw himself behind a handy bush and strove vainly to project his gaze through several hundred yards of trees and underbrush. The cook, forgetting the pistol strapped to his hip, dove into his utensils in frantic search for a cleaver.

The six-footer relaxed after a moment. "Never touched me," he threw at Rivers in a stage whisper. "One of them snipers up some tree."

"Shut up an' get set," returned the other. "I hear talkin' comin' this way." "It's Peters," he added as the voices grew louder, and he stood up with obvious relief. "And Featherhead," supplemented the cook as two men came into the clearing. Blaine, abjectly miserable, was in the lead, feebly attempting now and then to interrupt the tongue-lashing he was receiving.

"You poor heathen," Peters was saying, "you snap out of your hop and get some sense before there's more casualties in this platoon." He caught sight of the three men in the clearing. "This thing here," he explained, jerking his thumb at Blaine, "has made his last mistake. I was comin' back for chow and I come around a corner in the path and find myself face to face with a big German not twenty yards away. He saw me same time I saw him, an' when I pulled the gat an' begun to squeeze the trigger, all I could see was the Heinie's rifle barrel starin' me in the face. Seemed like ten minutes before my gat went off, an' I don't know if the Dutchman fired or not. When he dropped I begun to run. Someone yells for me to come back an' that I got him, an' I went back an' here's this bird rollin' the squarehead for souvenirs." He turned on the trembling culprit. "Where was you?" he demanded.

"Right there in the bushes to one side," Blaine replied.

"Then why the devil didn't you shoot him when you was that close? Did you want to see me get bumped?"

Blaine shook off his crestfallen attitude and turned with the assured air of one who can explain a difficult tangle with a few words. "That's what I been tryin' to tell you, sarge. I would of taken a crack at him, only I seen you had the drop on him, so I held off and covered the flank in case a couple more showed up."

"You saw I had the drop on him?" sputtered Peters. "What of it? Supposin' I missed."

Blaine's assurance faded more rapidly than it had come into being. He raised a shaky forefinger to wipe the sweat from his upper lip.

"I never thought of that," he admitted. "I was only rememberin' what you told me about thinkin' before I did anything."

The six-footer strode forward and inserted the folding handle of his mess kit in Blaine's left breast pocket so that the pan hung like an absurd badge upon his chest. Stepping back, the blond giant bowed low and swept the ground with his helmet.

"My hero," he mocked. "Take your little medal, now, and run home to mamma."

Blaine stood for a moment in struggle against the tears that were welling to his eyes, then he turned and plunged blindly into the underbrush in the general direction of the lines. The six-footer opened his mouth to shout after him, thought better of it, and stooped to recover his fallen mess pan from the ground. The sergeant's face, grave in disappointment, suddenly reddened and became alert.

"You two guys," he bellowed, "get up where you belong! What d'yu mean, goldbrickin' back here?" The six-footer and the corporal fled.

Peters consumed stew and coffee in glum silence, and in glum silence he trudged toward the lines again. The time had come when he had to admit that Blaine was nothing more than a silly clown. He probably never would be more than a clown. He simply hadn't the ability to be a real man. The boy tried Peters admitted that—but he just as certainly failed. Peters felt that he, too, had failed. He had told Blaine to think before acting, which Blaine had done with disheartening results. Now he didn't know what further to tell the man, nor what he could do to straighten him out. Well, it didn't matter much. What happened to Blaine in the future would be none of his concern. The big point was that Peters had such a simpleton in his outfit. A featherhead! "That dumb featherhead in Peters' platoon," others might say. But it couldn't be helped. He squared his shoulders and squinted ahead at an approaching runner.

"Want me?" he asked, as the man came near.

"Skipper wants that machine-gun nest on our right cleaned out," said the runner. "Lieutenant says you gotta dig up a volunteer detail to do it."

"Lieutenant says we gotta furnish the detail? That gun ain't in front of us."

"Yeah. I heard the lieutenant tell the skipper so, but the skipper, he says they're botherin' only us, so we gotta clean 'em, an' clean 'em quick."

"All right." Peters made his way into the platoon area and searched out Rivers. "Rivers, I want three men and a noncom for a machine-gun party. Want to go?"

"Not me," asserted the corporal. "I don't want no medals."

Blaine appeared from nowhere. "I'll go, sarge," he volunteered excitedly. "I know where it's at. I'll go along."

"You!" snorted Peters. "I want men."

"Well, I'm as much as any of them," retorted Blaine defiantly. "An' I can shoot grenades good. Lemme go, sarge." He was trembling with eagerness. His pale blue eyes actually sparkled, but Peters failed to be impressed. "No," he said sharply. "You'll only be gettin' good men killed."

Blaine's face took on a caricature of grim determination. His undersized chin stuck forward. "All right. I'll go alone, then, if you think I'm gonna get men killed."

"Go, and be damned," exclaimed Peters; "only get outta my way so I can collect this detail." He pushed the smaller man aside and moved on around the next traverse, speaking to likely volunteers as he went until he had found four who satisfied him. "You're in charge, Godinski," he told the leader. "You see that big stump we was shootin' at yesterday? All right. Now, see those three scrubs to the right an' back of it? About four hundred yards range an' about thirty yards in from that point of woods. That's as close as we can locate him. You gotta be careful crossin' the open ground in between. Now come on back an' get what you need." The detail moved in single file through a maze of trench and of roughly connected holes that served as trench to a dugout where grenades, hand and rifle, and a funnel-like rifle-grenade discharger were found. Godinski gave the discharger to one of his volunteers, who promptly set it in place on the muzzle of his rifle.

"There's a discharger missing," remarked Peters, looking about him. "There was one more last time I looked."

"Featherhead got it, ten, fifteen minutes ago," volunteered an interested bystander. "He got a flock of grenades, too, an' some extry thirty-caliber. Said it was for you."

Peters straightened up with a start. "Did that fool think I meant it?" he exclaimed. "Where did he go?" Without waiting for an answer he fled forward. Along the so-called trench he went, around corners and past makeshift fire bays. "Sure he went over," men replied to his questions and immediately turned away again to peek over the parapet, defying snipers and desultory enemy fire in hopes of glimpsing a flash of the one-man raid. "He went over right here," Rivers informed the sergeant, "loaded for bear. An' say, you oughta seen him makin' use of cover the first hundred yards. Surprised everybody."

Peters peered over the parapet and caught just a fleeting glimpse of a figure that darted from shell hole to shell hole, not between the platoon and the machine-gun nest, but far to the right. "Flankin' them," he thought. Much good it would do him. He would probably smack into another one, placed for the very purpose of protecting the first. Well, that was the end of Blaine. No use trying to help or rescue him. Any such action would only lose more men. Lead began to spatter the parapet. The platoon, in its eagerness to watch events, was drawing too much enemy attention. Peters moved along the front ordering everybody under cover.

"Boom!" To the right front a rifle grenade burst. No use trying to keep men down now. Peters himself got up to look again. "Boom!" A second grenade. Then a third. Blaine was getting a few cracks in before they got him. Peters had a heady sensation of pride as he realized that Blaine would at least die like a man. Maybe a posthumous citation would square things with him. The lieutenant could be convinced it was due the man.

Since the third grenade had burst, nothing had happened. Then, from near the three scrubs, appeared a figure in short boots and field-gray uniform, a machine-gun tripod on his shoulder. Next came a second gray-clad soldier with the machine gun itself, and behind him, Blaine, alert but strutting, his rifle, with the funnel-like discharger still on the muzzle, held diagonally across his body. Blaine's feet moved up and down with precision, lifting high at each step, as though he were stepping over furrows on plowed ground. Straight across no man's land they came, a unique procession, oblivious to any danger from flying lead.

"Cripes. They'll snipe him!" exclaimed Peters.

"Not the Heinies," answered Rivers at the sergeant's elbow. "They'll never shoot while there's a chance of hittin' one of their own men. But if that egg with the gun on his shoulder ever decides to take a fast swipe to the rear at the featherhead, he'll knock Blaine's can off before he can pull the trigger."

On came the procession, two prisoners and their captor. They stopped and wriggled through barbed wire, were helped into the trench by many willing hands. Peters noted that Blaine had armed himself well for his venture. Two bandoleers of ammunition hung from his shoulders and a pistol, probably borrowed from some runner, adorned his hip. But what the hell? The kid could have an antitank gun, after this, if he wanted it. Peters went into action.

"Rivers," he ordered, "take charge of these squareheads an' hike them back to the C. O. for questionin'. Tell the skipper who got them, an' don't spare any details. I'll report to him later. Now, the rest of you birds"—he raised his voice—"pin back your ears an' listen to what I got to say!" What he had to say was more than he could ever voice. The worst man in his platoon had turned out to be a prize. The man he had given up as hopeless had brought home the bacon. He put one hand on Blaine's shoulder. "You saps has been kiddin' this man for a long time," he barked. "You been kickin' him round an' thinkin' you're better than him. It's his turn now, an' I'm goin' to back him to the limit. From right now until this war is over I don't want any one of you half-baked apes callin' this man Featherhead—not even once. From now on he goes by his right name, an' the first man I hear sayin' Featherhead, I'll bust him wide open. Get me? In plain English, you'll call him Blaine until you hear me call him somethin' different, which I don't aim to do." He turned to the subject of this eulogy. "Blaine," he continued, "I'm proud of you."

His eye passed up and down the scrawny figure. Panting joyously, but striving to look every inch a hero, Blaine was rather ludicrous beneath his burden of extra ammunition. Face and ragged uniform were smeared with dirt. He shifted his rifle slightly and slid four fingers into his breeches pocket. The movement of the weapon attracted Peters' attention and brought a slightly puzzled look to the sergeant's face. He looked at the rifle a second time and let out a prolonged groan.

"Wait a minute. Wait a minute." He reached out and grasped the rifle, looking intently at Blaine as he did so. "Have you done anything to this rifle since you got here?"

"No," answered Blaine in surprise.

"You brought two prisoners in with this?"

"Sure."

"Then tell me. What would you have done if one of them Jerries had turned an' swung at you?"

"Shot him, of course."

Peters held the rifle up. The cocking piece was forward. "Just what would you have shot him with?" He pulled back the bolt and an empty cartridge flipped out. "Forgot to reload," he said sadly. "Came across no man's land with nothin' in your rifle. Too dizzy to know what you're doin'. Well"—he drew the words out—"you—are—a—featherhead."

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FUTURE ASSURED

Continued from Page 23

governors of the Sibling Club to the graduating president, it was everything such a watch should be. In fact, it was worth a lot of money. It could be pawned. The thought he put away at once as revolting. Articles with such associations could not be treated that way. Since they could not, it might perhaps be better to take a room somewhere other than at the club. Not that the university clubs were expensive, but they were too expensive for him. He would attend to it

Richard Clayton was going to be late. He was made later by his failure to realize that he couldn't get into the opera house by the front doors. The process of getting in by the back was interminable, and the person who guided him to an end box seemed to expect something for his trouble. Richard Clayton reluctantly gave him a quarter. A quarter nowadays meant or could mean luncheon at the Not What They Were Club.

The heavy doors closed him in and he hung up his hat and coat next to those which must belong to Jimmy James. Past the curtains, out of the mighty dimness of the house, a voice soared, so liquid it gave him a pleasant tingling up the spine. Lola Pani. He pushed the curtains aside, saw Jimmy's round face turn up in the dusk. Below, on the bare stage, four or five people were gathered informally. An orchestra crouched in the lighted pit. The footlights were on, pitiless publicity for a backdrop conventional and hideous. The singer stood with a hand on the back of a chair, and for an instant Richard doubted if it could be Lola Pani. Her head was hidden by an amazing titian wig, but she was not in costume. Doubts resolved themselves when the voice ceased, left the air shockingly empty a moment. A hand which could only have been Lola Pani's pointed straight into the orchestra pit.

"Imbecile!" rang the instantly familiar tones. "Imbecile with the flute! I will not stay on the stage if that man remains!" She turned to a figure emerging hastily from the wings. "Remove him!"

This person evidently protested. Richard experienced a warm rush of sympathy for the new victim.

"Then I will not sing!" cried Lola Pani, clear across the footlights. "What do I know of your agreements and your unions? It is always the same thing! You cannot! You cannot! Well, now, I cannot! . . . No, I am not patient! I am not here to listen to boys learning to play flutes! Forty-five million mistakes he makes. It gives me the geeseflesh!"

The conductor stepped onto the stage, his bent gray head wagging. He walked heavily to Lola Pani and talked, waving one hand, patting her arm with the other.

"Very well," said Lola Pani, exceptionally rich in *r*'s. "One more opportunity. Do I make mistakes because it is difficult? Do I bray like cows because it is a hard rôle? No! Then why does he? He must have know the music before. All but imbeciles and deaf people know the music, even if they do not have played it. Very well, you want to get on; what are you waiting for?"

A much closer voice said to Richard Clayton, "You'd better sit down. . . . Move over, Jimmy. This will go on for hours."

"Hello," said Richard.

"You're a little late. And I thought you were going to bring me. Mother had to go out. So I waited hours, and finally telephoned Jimmy."

"Sorry," Richard said. "I didn't know you wanted to be brought. You didn't sound very enthusiastic when Mrs. Gonzales mentioned it. Didn't Jimmy like bringing you?"

"Anywhere, any time," said Jimmy.

"What on earth does she wear that wig for?" Richard asked, being as rude to Jimmy as he could.

"She can't sing Melisande without it. It's a little affectation," Molly Burke informed him. "It's like the flute player. She has to take herself out on other people. It's professional, I expect."

"Don't you," asked Richard, thinking what an unpleasant child she was, "like anyone?"

Jimmy James made a faint, deprecating sound. Hardly the moment for wrangling, he implied.

"I don't like fakes," agreed Molly Burke, "and I like them a lot less when they're fakes without having to be. That's what I mean by its being professional."

"Now, now, now," suggested Jimmy James.

"Possibly," said Richard, "she's only doing what she feels is expected of her."

"How did you like it when she did what she thought was expected of her the other night?" Molly asked mildly. . . . "How do you like working in an office, Richard?"

"I haven't any office," said Richard, "much as I would like one."

"Don't you worry," said Jimmy James, relieved.

"No, don't," assented Molly. "It takes a little while, I imagine. Even Jimmy didn't get a job right away. Did you, Jimmy?"

"Took me several weeks," said Jimmy modestly.

"You're certainly to be congratulated," nodded Richard. "That was pretty fast work."

"Celerity is never more admired than by the negligent," Molly Burke said. "Shakspere, Richard."

"I've read him," said Richard, just as dry. "Only as required reading, however."

"Sh-h!" said Molly Burke. "We ought to listen."

Two hours later, Lola Pani twisted a key and pushed the door of her apartment open violently.

She said to Molly Burke, "What we eat will be what we can get. There are things. Every Thursday night I thank God I was brought up in a kitchen. I can eat what I cook."

"Can't you get anyone to stay?" asked Jimmy James.

"Probably," agreed Lola Pani. "But they like to go and I like to cook. So we are all happy."

She let the furs slide off her shoulders before Richard could catch them. They fell half onto the narrow table beneath the mirror, struck against a painted china statuette and carried it along to smash into splinters on the tiling.

"Now," said Lola Pani, relinquishing the furs, "I thank God twice! Sixty times I have attempted to do that. It is a native industry of where I was born. An old man there got a photograph of me, and then what should happen but I get this—I, as Dinorah, about to do the Shadow Song. It was kind of him. What was there but to hope it got broken soon?"

She swept through the darkened drawing-room, through a dining room beyond, and banged open the kitchen door. Molly took the furs from Richard and hung them, with her own coat, in the closet.

"Clean that up, Jimmy," she suggested. "Come in here, Richard, and we'll see what you can do."

Lola Pani was in front of the ice box. "Here are some chickens," she said, jerking them out by the legs, "and some mushrooms which I will cook, and I will make some crêpes Suzette. There is some champagne somewhere. I have a basketful from an admirer last week. It is probably laid, like a fool, with the ginger ale in the ice box. . . . Mr. Clayton, if there is a fire still in there, put something on it, and if there is not, make one. . . . Molly, put something else on the little table and come back here. These men can perhaps amuse themselves."

Jimmy James had collected the broken pieces in the hall, and appeared now, holding them irresolutely. "You may rest," Lola Pani said to him. "Mr. Clayton will talk to you after he has built the fire."

Molly twitched a cloth over the table and laid down a handful of silver, distributing it. When she came back to the kitchen and the door swung after her, Lola Pani said, "I think Mr. Clayton is a nice boy."

"Is he?" asked Molly. "He looks a good deal like all the rest to me"

Lola Pani sang a quarter bar of something while she beat in a bowl. "Everyone looks like everyone else until you know him," she said. "Perhaps you haven't known him very long?"

"Only about three years," said Molly shortly. "He was my brother's best friend at college."

"Maybe, then, it is I who do not know him very well," admitted Lola Pani. "But I had a pleasant first impression. Perhaps you did not. First impressions are maybe either important or not important, as it happens."

She beat in the bowl again. "You might tell those boys that there is some whisky in the cabinet. They might like to drink it. I do not think they are very friendly, and sometimes that helps."

"Oh, they're friendly enough," said Molly; "they're both Sibs. Sibs are always perfectly devoted to themselves and each other."

She pushed the door open and went through the darkened dining room. Richard and Jimmy James were sitting in opposite corners of the couch. Molly halted in the rising firelight and heard Jimmy saying: "The big thing about a successful business man, Richard ——"

She cut in on him: "There's something to drink in the cabinet," she announced. "Mrs. Gonzales hopes you'll use it." She turned on her heel and went back to the kitchen.

Lola Pani pointed at some eggs. "Smash them, if you please."

"It depends," said Molly, preoccupied, "on the person who gets the impression. I mean, what you were talking about." She picked up an egg and looked at it.

"They are all right, I hope," said Lola Pani.

"Oh," said Molly, "yes. I was about seventeen, so almost anything impressed me. I can't see why your impression was so good. You weren't very nice to him."

"Mr. Clayton?" said Lola Pani. "Well, sometimes the best thing to do is not to be nice. I could not have him so foolish. It was because I liked him that I bothered. When did you first meet him?"

"At a dance after a football game," said Molly promptly. "They used to give tea dances up at the Sibling clubhouse. Arthur used to ask me up, or rather he'd ask up a girl he liked from school, and then, I think because mother told him once that I thought it was the end of the world because no one had asked me, he got one of his friends to ask me. It's pretty hard to get anyone to invite your sister, I know, but I thought I was just as attractive as this girl Arthur liked. Only I wasn't, I guess, because ——"

"Who was your brother's friend—Mr. Clayton?"

"No, I forget who it was. He asked me a lot of times and I always came up with this girl."

"I don't," said Lola Pani, punctuating it with the clicks of the switches on an electric stove, "see what Mr. Clayton had to do with it."

"Well," admitted Molly, finally breaking an egg, "he didn't have much of anything. I suppose I'd met him the first time because I met almost everyone at Sib. And some of them asked me to dance with them. After a while I noticed that Richard always did. Then I found out that he was really Arthur's best friend. That's why Arthur wouldn't ask him to invite me up."

Lola Pani laughed.

"That's all right," said Molly, flushing a little. "I really wasn't so terrible, if I do say so. I was just scared to death because Arthur always acted as though he thought I might do something awful and disgrace him. I didn't know what to say, so I didn't say anything."

"It is right to say nothing at such celebrations," nodded Lola Pani. "Only loud and often, no?"

"Probably," agreed Molly, studying the eggs in the bowl.

"I see," said Lola Pani. "Was that all that happened?"

"Well, no. The next year Richard was president of Sib. I was coming out that year, so I didn't have time to go up to the football games. Then all of a sudden he asked me to the winter dance. That isn't a prom or anything. It's supposed to be much more important. Just a Sibling Club thing. I thought it was simply marvelous of him, and so did Arthur. Arthur was in town the week-end before, and told me how marvelous it was. He seemed to be afraid I wouldn't know. He was giving me a long lecture on what I was to wear and what I wasn't to do."

"He knew," said Lola Pani. "Sometimes I have wished I were a man."

"One of the things I wasn't to do," continued Molly, "was to try and take up all Richard's time. So I said I guessed I had some judgment, and besides, Richard wouldn't have asked me if he hadn't wanted me around."

"That is reasonable to me," assented Lola Pani.

"Well, Arthur jumped on me then. He told me that most of the reason Richard had asked me was that I was Arthur's sister, and so Arthur could keep an eye on me when Richard was too busy, and he would be most of the time, so I needn't expect much attention."

Molly paused, out of breath. "Of course, this is all silly now," she said, "but I didn't think so then. I just blew up. I told Arthur he could march right back and explain to his wonderful Richard that I was just as busy as he was, and probably busier. In fact, I was a lot too busy to go to any dances given by college boys. And I didn't go, either," said Molly. "Arthur almost died. It was the only time it had ever happened, I guess."

"Still," said Lola Pani, pouring in her mushrooms, "I do not see how Mr. Clayton was to blame for what your brother said."

"He wasn't," agreed Molly, "but I was learning things then. Jimmy James got out the spring before, and he was hanging around waiting for father to give him a job. That let in a lot of light. Just about the same time Richard asks me to a big dance, the very greatest honor those children could think of. Why? Well, he knew by then that Arthur was going to Oxford, and he thought if he was nice to me he'd have a good excuse for hanging around the house until father took him on."

"Oh," said Lola Pani, "so he does not have any job at present. Would you feel better if he did have?"

"I'm sure it's nothing to me. Only, I'm sick of it all."

"Take these," said Lola Pani. "Well, we will not talk about it any more. I was curious, only. Of course, you are not able to tell how a person works out until you see."

"I've seen all I want to," said Molly. "If Richard had anything in him he'd get a job and not simply wait around."

"Other people, I suppose, could use him?" asked Lola Pani. "Yes. He is not without some charm and, I think, cleverness. Such qualities are now and then found outside of banking."

"Oh, I don't wish him any hard luck," Molly said. "I'm just sick of the whole Sibling bunch."

(Continued on Page 120)

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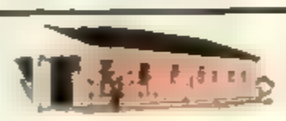
Most steel building materials come ready to install with a minimum of labor	 Reduced labor in erection	Steel shelving, bins, lockers, easy to erect, alter and move
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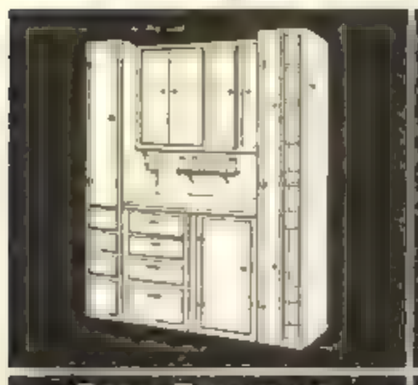

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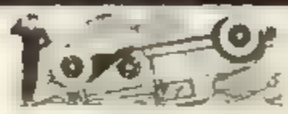
Vermin shun steel cabinets, tables, refrigerators, etc.—no breeding grounds for germs	When lives depend on strength (vehicles, etc.) pressed steel provides safety with light weight	Steel lath makes stairways and halls (the means of egress) safe in case of fire		 All-steel auto bodies do not crush and splinter in an accident
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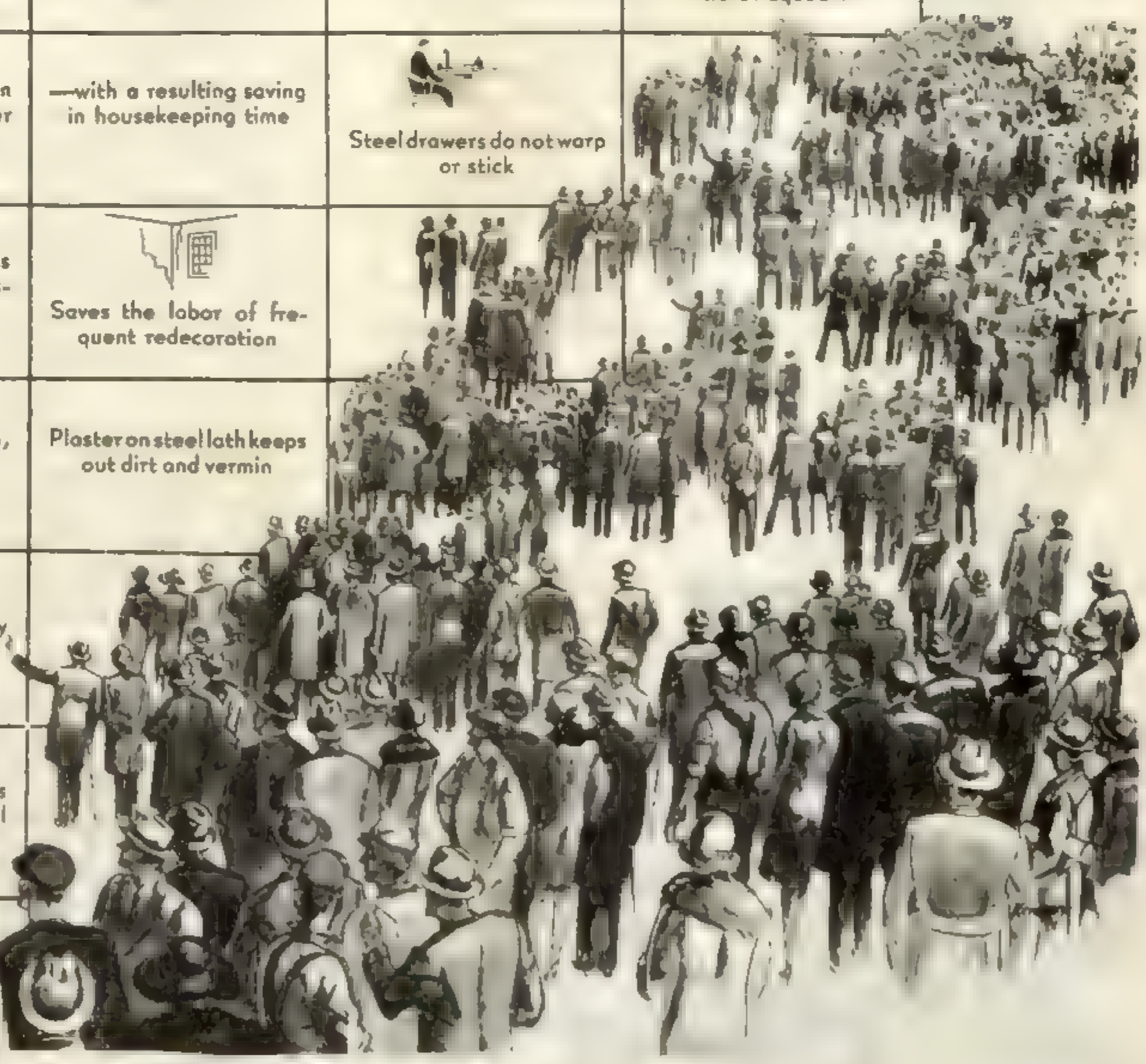

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(Continued from Page 116)

Lola Pani pushed the door open and they went through the dining room. Jimmy James was, as far as Molly could tell, still talking: "Despite what I've said, Richard, I'm not sure that the Philadelphia thing might not be better than nothing. You'd at least be in the firm."

"What's all this?" Lola Pani asked Molly, lowering her voice.

"I expect they're just dividing up daddy's business between them," Molly whispered back.

"We have food for you, finally," Lola Pani announced. "We will eat this before I make the crêpes Suzette." She slid the silver pan onto the chafing-dish stand. Jimmy James flicked out a pocket lighter and lit it. "Come into the kitchen, please, Mr. Clayton," Lola Pani said. "I would like you to open some champagne."

Richard arose and followed her. "In the ice box," Lola Pani indicated. "I hope it is cold enough. I cannot find a pail"

Richard removed a bottle from the ice. "I think it's all right," he said, wrapping a dish towel around it

"Mr. Clayton," said Lola Pani, looking at him, "I will ask you, now, a rude question."

"By all means," said Richard, startled. "Have you at this moment a position?"

"No, I haven't," admitted Richard shortly, busy with the wires.

"Are you interested in having one, or does it not matter?"

"I want to get one as soon as possible."

"Very good," nodded Lola Pani. "Now, if I were to offer you a position as my personal press agent, do you imagine you could do that simple work or would care to do it?"

"Why," hesitated Richard, astounded, "I haven't had any experience. I ——"

"That is not of great importance if you are able to write English and be polite to people. I could not perhaps pay you so much as other kinds of work, but you would be a help to me until there was something else."

"I'd be delighted to try," Richard said doubtfully, "but ——"

"Do, then. Beginning tomorrow at twelve. You will go and see my secretary."

"Oh," said Richard, "you have someone, then? Are you sure that I ——"

"And also I have a manager," Lola Pani informed him, "and quite a lot of other people. If you could mind leaving that to me, you could be thinking that I am a famous woman and my affairs are possibly larger and more important than you know."

"I beg your pardon," said Richard, coloring. "I simply meant that I didn't want to ——"

"Now, you need not explain to me about that. I understand. You will simply come tomorrow at noon, if you please. I will give you a good salary, and I will give you more if you are worth more. And I will ask you to leave with regret, if you are not worth anything. You can say tomorrow whether you will or not. Only I do not think it would be a good thing for you to go to Philadelphia, no matter what Mr. James thinks."

"I'll tell you now that I will," Richard said. The bottle exploded and he tipped the froth into a glass. "I hope I shall prove satisfactory."

"That will be all, then," said Lola Pani. "We will not keep these others waiting."

In the taxi, going uptown, Richard sat perfectly silent. It was not his fault that he was taking Molly home. Mrs. Gonzales had simply said, "Mr. Clayton, Molly wants to go home. Find her a taxi."

Jimmy James had started to say don't bother, he'd—but Molly settled that: "I'll go home with Richard. Even if he can't remember to call for me, I'll trust him to get me back. . . . See you Sunday, Jimmy."

It would, Richard realized, have been rather heroic discipline that afternoon, the meter flicked up new figures with such callous agility. Now that he really had a job, it didn't matter. He could even have been pleasant, if Molly wanted to be, but she gave no indication of it.

Richard said finally, "I was sorry Mrs. Burke couldn't come. How is she?"

"She's frightfully healthy," answered Molly. "She has quite a fancy for you, by the way. I almost forgot. You must be sure and come Sunday afternoon. And she thought you behaved very well the other night when Mrs. Gonzales let you have it. What was that about, anyway?"

Richard hesitated. "Not knowing who she was, I made the mistake of telling her a little about music," he said stoically.

Molly Burke smiled; but not at him, he gathered. "She just can't imagine that everyone hasn't heard of her," she said. "As a matter of fact, I think you handled it awfully well too."

"I had heard of her, and heard her frequently," said Richard. "I didn't know her pseudonyms."

"Of course," agreed Molly, "the Sibs seems to me to have heard of, and heard, everything -frequently. Arthur was always very careful about that. And Jimmy, of course. Only I expect Jimmy really has," she added thoughtfully. "He's been out a while, and he's awfully popular. He goes everywhere. He's a great credit to the club, I expect."

"A matter of opinion," said Richard "I'm not sure we take much satisfaction in turning out such snobs."

"It's queer," said Molly coldly. "I think that 'snob' is a dangerous term. You can almost always be sure that when one person calls another a snob, it won't be because the snob is less popular, or successful, or clever, than the person doing the calling."

"That may be true," admitted Richard. "I probably feel better when I call Jimmy a snob, if that's what you mean. I want to be popular and successful and clever, if you like. But I'd hate to have to be like that to get it."

"I wouldn't try to be like anything," advised Molly. "On the other hand, I wouldn't worry too much about Jimmy. Appearances more or less hint that he can take care of himself. . . . Tell the man to stop, Richard; he's either lost his mind or forgotten the number."

Richard rapped on the glass. He wouldn't have minded much if it had been Molly Burke's head. He told the man to wait, took her latchkey from her and mounted the steps.

"Well, don't forget Sunday," she told him. "Father will be there."

"I won't," said Richard, standing in the dim light of the entry. "I'll certainly try to make it. I've just taken a job, however, and I may have to do a lot of extra work to catch up with it."

He turned the key, pressed the door open, and removed his hat. "Good night," he said. "You've all been awfully pleasant to me."

The light in the hall fell over Molly's face and he saw, not displeased, that something had happened to upset her.

"Good night," she murmured. "Richard."

"Yes?"

"Please try to come Sunday."

"I'll do my very best," he said, bowed to her stiffly, and went down the steps, confident that he would never come back.

Richard had spent Saturday afternoon pasting clippings in a large scrapbook. Mrs. Gonzales' secretary, a plain and efficient woman, gave him a room to himself. The work was not hard for anyone who could open a paste jar, spread out a clipping and put paste on the back. Richard did this carefully and neatly for two hours, improving considerably on previous work in the volume. When he applied to the efficient secretary for further instructions, there were none. That was all today.

"Surely," objected Richard, "Mrs. Gonzales wants me to do something besides this?"

Very probably, agreed the efficient secretary, looking at him as though she doubted

if he could, however. Saturday was a bad day to start things.

"You'd better take a holiday when you can get it," she said. "Come in Monday and I'll try to make more than you want."

Thus he was left with nothing to do but think. He sat in the park, and as he thought, he saw that he would have to revise his sturdy determination about Sunday afternoon. Mere absence was an inadequate retort. The Burkes—Molly—must somehow be made to understand that he didn't want either food or favors. He was not, he told himself, Jimmy James, even if he'd come pretty close to being.

He took particular pains with his appearance on Sunday. Jimmy's remark must have rankled: at any rate, his last gesture would have to be as much in character as possible. He came into the Burkes' drawing-room so perfectly, it might have been the Sibling Club lounge, bent over Mrs. Burke's hand, suffered some introductions and saw that Mrs. Burke was having music. The folding doors were open on the music room behind. The players had not yet come in, but the piano, chairs, stands, were in position. The president of the Sibling Club was not entirely sure that Sunday afternoon was exactly the moment —— New York, he reminded himself, was not Boston, and moved over to speak to Molly

He had seen her look at him when he came in, and the fleeting impression he had was that she meant to be more amiable. Approaching her now, every sign of it had vanished. Her eyes clouded with a deep, rather sullen weariness. Being bored, he supposed with quiet animosity, was the height of her ambition and accomplishment. The result was a sort of lovely sulkiness which had no remedy he could think of, except, perhaps, spanking.

"How charming you look," he said deliberately.

"Thanks," said Molly Burke. "I certainly worked like the devil to. I wonder why?"

"I was just telling your mother how much we enjoyed Lola Pani the other night," he said indulgently. "There are to be one or two rather good things this week." He withheld his tactical trump a moment. The background of chatter from the ten or twelve assembled guests filled the silence of her troubled gaze. "I was wondering if I could ask you and your mother to hear ——"

"I dare say mother," interrupted Molly Burke, "would be delighted. I'm afraid I'm awfully busy this week. . . . What time is it, Richard? I can't see a clock."

"I'm sorry," said Richard; "my watch is being cleaned."

"Find out, will you? I've been sitting here for hours."

"Half-past five," reported Richard, precisely civil. He was sure he didn't care whether she came or not, except that —— "Are you really sure you can't come?" he asked. "I was thinking of the De Siva Quartet. They're very fine and they won't be in town again for some time. I think you'd enjoy them."

"Richard, I'm perfectly certain I haven't a moment. But ask mother, if you want. She might like it." Molly moved her shoulder a little. "At least, I suppose she would. They're the ones who're playing here this afternoon."

Richard took it very well. He wasn't even annoyed at Molly, he found, seeing the reasonableness of her viewpoint. One would, as she said, get sick of fakes. He had been trapped, just as he had been with Lola Pani, in a singularly futile pretentiousness. He acknowledged the justice of it, but it hurt, too, and he said a little stiffly: "I thought I might be able to do something for your kindness to me."

She clasped her hands tightly together, gazing at him, and he was embarrassed into adding, "We don't get on very well, do we?"

"Don't we?" asked Molly Burke. She pressed the hands tighter and said, "I suppose we don't." The sullenness in her face, he saw, astonished, was not actually bad temper but a consuming disappointment. "Why is it, Richard?"

"It's my fault," he said mechanically. "I can't very well help the way I am." He saw the mute quiver of protest touch her lips; and at once he realized, stunned into silence, what Jimmy James must have seen long ago—what must have made Jimmy tell him the other night that Philadelphia wasn't so bad after all—that Richard neither knew how much he cared for Molly nor guessed how much Molly might like to care for him.

The futility of this belated disclosure colored the simple smart of hurt pride, for he saw now how nearly he had held his happiness in his hands, how incorrigibly he worked against a future apart from banking or business or any sort of substantial success. With the fatal clarity and correctness of youth, he saw what was, in fact, the only future of real importance snatched from him when he had hardly seen it. His pride came back, chastened and quiet.

He said, "You've given me some advice. May I give you some?" She looked at him so unhappily, he twitched his eyes away. "Or perhaps you're tired of hearing me talk?"

"No," she said quickly. "No, I'm not, Richard. I don't want you to think I don't feel friendly."

The word fell jingling, stung him into a precise and hopeless calm. "Don't," he instructed her, "get so sure everyone is a fake that you miss a trick sometime. It's like the story of the boy yelling, 'Wolf, wolf.' He got his, right enough. But the men who were so wise that they didn't come, probably felt pretty silly too."

"Richard," rose a voice from the door, "come here this instant!"

He turned and saw Lola Pani, still wrapped in her furs. "It's my employer," he said, striving for a lighter tone. "One moment. I'll come back and say good-by, if I may."

Molly nodded jerkily, not looking at him, her eyes intent on her tight hands; so he went.

"My young friend," rippled Lola Pani, "it seems that I have done a terrible thing. Come."

Her hand fell on his arm, drawing him into the hall. Still pulling, she went rapidly toward the library, paused to push him in in front of her. Mr. Burke stood with his back to the fireplace, twisting a cigar, unlighted, between his fingers. Jimmy James sat on the arm of a leather chair, very spruce and neat. Richard looked at him briefly.

"I hear you have a job, Richard," said Jimmy. "That's fine."

"Thanks," said Richard. "It was kind of Mrs. Gonzales."

Mr. Burke looked at Jimmy thoughtfully. "Jameson," he said, "what are we going to do about this?"

Jimmy James moved his shoulders, smiling helplessly. "Sure I don't know, sir."

Mr. Burke gestured with the cigar, turning his eyes to Richard. "You're too impetuous, young man. What do you mean by getting tied up? . . . Lola, did he sign anything?"

"Agreement of gentlemen," said Lola Pani. "Why do you choose to bully me, John? Do you expect a person of Mr. Clayton's abilities to spend his life waiting for people to be kind enough to think of him?"

"Nonsense," grunted John Burke. "I spoke to Richard long ago. I had some arrangements to make. . . . Jameson, why didn't I hear about it?"

"I didn't want to bother you, sir," said Jimmy James, shifting a little on the arm of the chair. "I didn't think there were any openings, except the Philadelphia one. And it seemed to me, even for that, you would want someone who'd had at least some experience."

"Quite right," said Mr. Burke. "Quite right. Now, Jameson, I think it would be better to start Richard in New York. The Philadelphia office is a great deal of trouble to me. Now, possibly someone like you ——"

(Continued on Page 124)

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Jimmy James stood up. "That's awfully good of you, sir, but I really don't feel that I'm equal to the responsibilities. I have had some experience," he said in alarm, "but I have a lot to learn, and in New York "

"Not a bit of it, Jameson," said Mr. Burke heartily. "There isn't a great deal of responsibility. I know you can go into the Philadelphia office and do something there. Just routine work. I'll be very glad to give you the chance. We'll put Richard in New York, where we can keep an eye on him while he gets started."

"Yes?" inquired Lola Pani. "And about my work?"

"What is this?" snorted Mr. Burke. "A holdup? I'll be hanged if I'll give you a cash settlement, Lola."

"What on earth are you all fighting about?" inquired Molly, standing in the door.

"Lot of foolishness," grunted Mr. Burke. "I need this young man and I'm going to have him." He turned on Lola Pani. "What do you need a publicity agent for? Everyone knows about you anyway. Aren't you ever satisfied? . . . Come, Jameson; we're missing this infernal music." He took Lola Pani's arm and flicked his eyes, sweeping Jimmy neatly out in front of them.

"Richard," said Molly, "just one moment." She brought her hands together against her breast, looking up at him. "Richard, what I wanted to know was what day the tickets you had were for?"

"Thursday," said Richard. "But don't bother. I could turn them in."

"Could you?" said Molly Burke, and suddenly she smiled. "Well, I've discovered that mother can't go Thursday."

"Well, what about you?"

"Oh," said Molly Burke, "I could go of course."

TOMORROW'S POLITICS IN BRITAIN

Continued from Page 29

that a Socialism which is not desired cannot stand. Snowden has said that "the most dangerous and most menacing features of the present time" are "the depreciation of the value, usefulness, honor and dignity of honest work, a desire to get something for nothing, a desire to live at the expense of others"; and that "social reform will be a curse rather than a blessing, unless the result is to call forth reciprocal action and coöperation on the part of all those individuals upon whom it is conferred." In other words, he tells the young men in a hurry that to establish a coöperative commonwealth before the people have qualified themselves to conduct it will be a ruinous failure, and that if a Socialist state is ever to be more successful than a state conducted on tried individualist lines, the masses must be prepared for a quality and an amount of self-sacrifice of which they are at present incapable.

The ministers are shrewd, practical men, with a keen sense of political and social realities. Those who had theoretical wild oats to sow disposed of them in their youth. Their Socialism today is a distant ideal, toward which they propose to proceed by slow steps graduated to the sympathetic understanding of the electors.

For this purpose their policy is, naturally, to dispel fear and to inspire confidence. Hence their frantic hustle to prove that workingmen, used to administrative responsibilities as leaders of trade-unions, are quite as capable of managing the affairs of a state as noble lords bred in *dolce far niente* luxury; and that it is not essential to the conduct of a fair bargain with a neighbor state that the negotiator should wear a monocle or talk with a public-school drawl.

Jim Thomas, in fact, seems deliberately to practice a proletarian dropping of *h*'s. He told Clynes, at one labor congress, that he was suffering from "an 'ell of an 'eadache." "The best remedy I know for an 'ell of an 'eadache," dryly replied Clynes, "is a couple of aspirates." But the lack of aspirates doesn't subdue Jim Thomas to bashfulness.

A Scotchman Caught Young

Another of his colleagues told me that "if Jim Thomas were talking confidentially to the King he would get hold of his buttonhole and call him George." They tell a story of the pathetic bewilderment which he inspired in a noble duke—the scion of one of Britain's most ancient and illustrious houses. "I hadn't been talking to him for more than five minutes," said the duke, "before he began to call me Algy, and upon my word, he was so plausible and chummy that I nearly called him James."

That is one of the remarkable features of the English democratic revolution—these homespun mechanics suddenly promoted to rulership are not in the least overawed by the pomp and circumstance of their new surroundings. Clynes and his wife had been invited by King George and Queen Mary to visit them at Windsor Castle. This obviously implied evening dress. Clynes hadn't got any. He borrowed a pair of black trousers from his son-in-law and a coat, more or less approaching a fit, from a friend. This gorgeous attire was packed in a bag, along with some of Mrs. Clynes' finery. When they reached the royal residence they were shown into separate bedrooms, and Mr. Clynes found himself in charge of a stately valet, his wife of a maid. By and by they came up to dress for dinner. Clynes found his priceless evening raiment spread out, along with a pair of long green silk stockings which had been packed in his bag for the prandial embellishment of his wife.

"I don't know what the valet thought about it," says Clynes, "but the King and Queen chuckled when I told them at dinner."

Another characteristic story of Clynes: When he was Lord Privy Seal in MacDonald's first government, he came down for a week-end to my home in Kent, with Ben Tillett, Member of Parliament for North Salford. The fame of their visit had reached the ears of a local publican, whose holiest feelings were outraged by this intrusion of disreputable Socialist agitators upon our rather drunken but intensely respectable village. I told my guests at supper of the painful effect of their visit upon the fair fame of our Arcady.

"Where is this sanctified pub?" asked Clynes, and put on his hat. Ben Tillett unfalteringly followed. The editor of The Clarion led the way. We entered the camp of the enemy.

"Three pots of ale," we ordered The landlord, knowing me by sight, served us himself. I introduced my friends: His Royal and Imperial Majesty's Lord Privy Seal and the honorable Member for North Salford!

Tableau: Landlord registering obsequious humility, three illustrious gentlemen of England, in debonair attitudes, quaffing ale. Curtain! And a very good curtain too.

Ramsay MacDonald would scarcely fit into that picture. He is too self-conscious, too intensely serious for it. He wears the air of a man with a mission. Not even the temptation of the village publican whose hostile propriety provoked Clynes' malicious humor would have led Mr. MacDonald to forget that he was Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

The incident of the green stockings, if it had happened to him—which it never could—would have inspired him, not with amusement but with horror. He would have felt that it was undignified, and Ramsay MacDonald never does anything incorrect

When the surgical operation recommended by Sydney Smith made the Scots the most humorous people in Europe, young Ramsay's native hardness of skull must have checked its efficacy. He is serious—majestically, impressively serious. He can see a joke, but only, I think, by appointment.

"Much may be made of a Scotchman," said Doctor Johnson, "if he be caught young." But MacDonald's youth was caught by gloomy rather than humorous influences. His native village of Lossiemouth is famous chiefly for its ruins—Kinneddar Castle, the palace of Spynie, Davie's Tower, Old Duffus Castle, and for the murder of King Duncan by Macbeth, which is reputed to have taken place near by. His parents were poor agricultural laborers. He was brought up by his grandmother in a two-roomed cottage on a diet of dire frugality.

To help the home, he started, as a very youthful Lossie Loon, to work in the fields. He was planning to mend his scanty wage by joining the crew of a fishing smack, when the dominie of the local board school, where he had learned to read and write, helped him to more congenial work as a pupil teacher. Here he toiled early and late, before and after school hours, to qualify himself for kirk or college. At the age of nineteen he started his career as an orator by addressing an election meeting of three free and independent people of Britain on behalf of a radical candidate. Then he came to London and earned a meager living by addressing envelopes.

Spurring On the Cabinet

From that he rose to a job as warehouse clerk at twelve shillings sixpence a week, and, having nothing else to spend, spent his lunchtime in the Guildhall Library and his dinnertime at evening classes.

So it went on, to his actual eminence, in alternations of work to live and work to rise. His life is a record of unceasing toil and struggle, whose wonderful climax at the highest pinnacle of British citizenship may well win admiration and applause in that Canaan of successful effort, the United States of America.

The distinctively outstanding fact about MacDonald and his ministry is that they are tryers. Never in our rough island story have new brooms so frantically hustled to justify their proverbial fame. The Prime Minister flies up and down between London and his holiday rest house to settle terms of naval retrenchment with General Dawes. He flouts the Scottish conscience by trying to establish peace on earth and good will amongst men even on the sacred Sabbath.

Interrupting his holiday chats with America's ambassador, he darts off to Paris to talk to the French Premier, then on to Geneva to waken up the League of Nations, then to Washington for the most important job of all, the substitution of a cordial understanding with America for the present madness of naval rivalry.

His strenuous activity infects the whole cabinet. Philip Snowden, crippled by a bicycle accident in his young manhood, is not able to share the cabinet's custom of rushing about, but he returns from his strenuous three weeks at The Hague to take up the burden of a deputy premiership, and to tackle the Sisyphus task of rolling a war debt of a million sterling per day to the top of the hill of industrial difficulty and over the top into commercial expansion.

Snowden is another example of successful struggle against every sort of handicap His father was a worsted weaver. He had no social influence to help him. He is frail and infirm. To walk he has to drag his feet laboriously one after the other with the aid of two sticks. But he is one of the most live wires intellectually, and unquestionably

Continued on Page 126

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Continued from Page 124

the most eloquent orator in the British Parliament. His strength in thought and speech lies in intense sincerity, and derives from untiring work in self-culture.

The Foreign Secretary, Arthur Henderson, having secured at The Hague a success perhaps less sensational, though no less important, than Snowden's, bustles off to Geneva to back up the Prime Minister. He was working as an iron molder at the age of twelve. He has been a Wesleyan lay preacher and a temperance advocate. Jim Thomas, who was an errand boy at the age of nine, and then an engine cleaner on the railway, has flicked off to Canada to stir up trade and search out room for emigrants The Air Minister scuds on the wings of the wind to inspect aerodromes

The Minister of Mines, a half-timer in a woolen mill at the age of ten, and now an old gentleman with a long white beard, spends his holiday crawling through coal cuttings to get first-hand knowledge of the mining industry. Another minister, who started coal mining at the age of twelve, disguises himself as a Weary Willie and slips into the queues at the labor exchanges to find out how the unemployed are treated by officials

Even the Commissioner of Works, a very subordinate official, wins renown by pleading for money to provide sand pits for children in the London parks, and finds loathly capitalists lining up at the early doors to dump the necessary dough

In short, all the ministers, keenly conscious that they had got their jobs on approval, stood on the tips of their toes at the word Go, and have been going full speed ahead ever since.

Disappointment in the Ranks

It is this energy, so conspicuously contrasting with the easy-going methods of their predecessors, which has captivated the wondering applause of the electorate. But it is a significant fact that the applause comes most loud and free from the ranks of the anti-Socialists

The old-time stalwarts of the Socialism-in-our-time school, or Socialism-in-no-time school—as Philip Snowden acidly called it stand by, uneasy and disgruntled. All this activity in well-doing on the lines of conventional statesmanship may be clever, but, they plaintively ask, where is Socialism? It may have been needful to send bombing planes to Palestine, but when is the citadel of capitalism to be bombed and the New Jerusalem of universal brotherhood to be built in its place?

They are sorely hurt in mind by the scrapping of shibboleths which they had come to regard as outward and visible symbols of their own perfect inward self-righteousness. They are woefully disappointed that the millennium, which they expected to see established as soon as MacDonald assumed office, continues to be unaccountably and indefinitely postponed.

But the canny Scot at the head of the Labor Government, ignoring discontent in the ranks, goes steadily on with his business of digging himself in. He knows that the division of parties by class distinctions cannot permanently endure. A Labor Party had to be founded to break down the old order which made the business of government an upper-class prerogative. The divine right of kings had many centuries ago given place to aristocratic rule. Aristocracy had made way for plutocracy. Now plutocracy has been pushed out to make room for democracy, and the Napoleonic maxim of "*la carrière ouverte aux talents*" does effectually prevail in Great Britain.

A Party Come to Stay

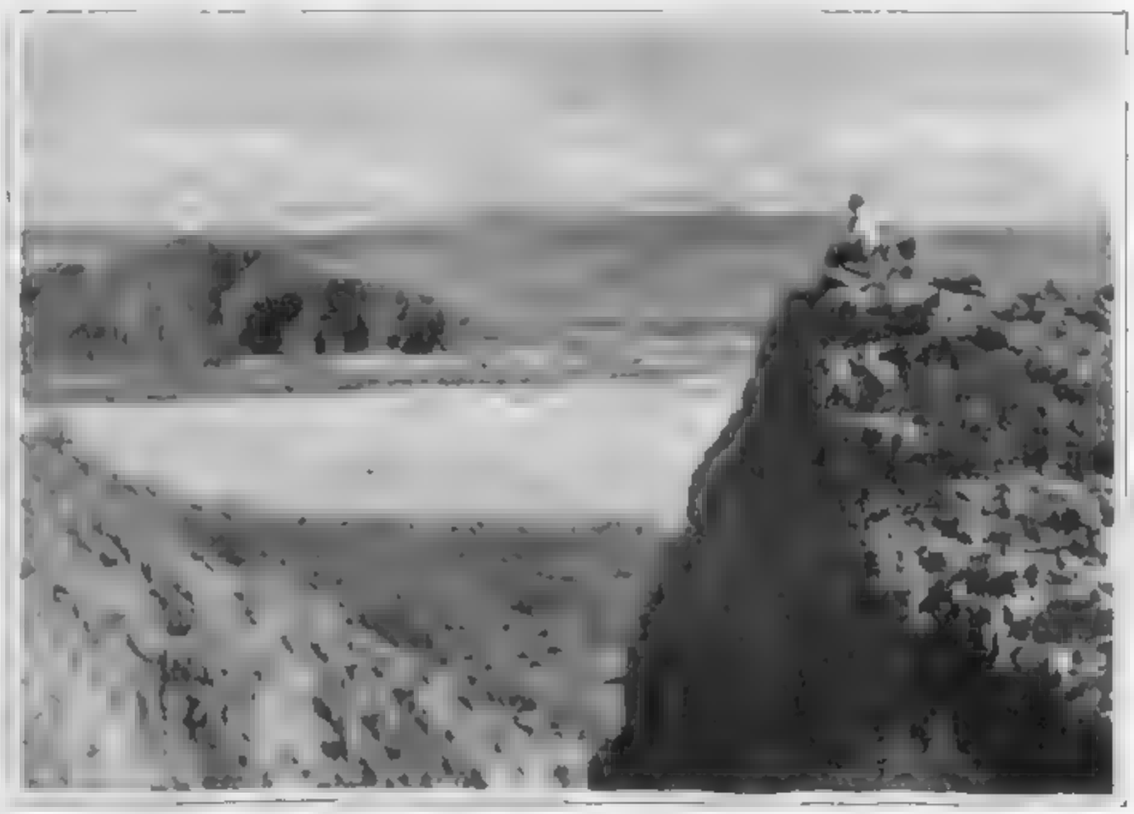
The need for an exclusively Labor party has gone. Labor has pegged its claim. The example set up by the promotion of miners, weavers and mechanics, the dazzling career opened to talent in every social rank, and the steady advance of popular education will henceforth insure the admission of working-class aptitude to the higher places of statesmanship. But the need for a class barrier no longer exists. MacDonald has broken it by admitting distinguished middle-class Liberals to his government.

Besides, as the present situation shows, workmen's views, like the views of their lords and masters, are not all cast in one mold. The fundamental difference is temperamental. Some are quick and keen to reshape the world to their hearts' desire. Others—the more cautious—fearing the risk of too hasty change, conservatively cling to benefits attained and assured.

Mr. Maxton, a long-haired intellectual leader of the British extremists, a master of arts, thin as a lath, with cheeks like parchment and eyes like lampblack pits illuminated from behind with lightning flashes, says that henceforth there will be four parties in Britain. But he is an optimistic pessimist; even if he should succeed in persuading his three—it might be four—supporters to go on shouting to his call, there simply is not room in the British Constitution and Parliament for him as a party. He is quite a big noise, but it is a strain on the voice to maintain an infuriated clamor of the populace on one throat.

British politics are steadily drifting back to the old rule. There will be a progressive party, intent on substituting collective action for uncontrolled competition. There will be another party, repletely wondering why what was good enough last year shouldn't go on being good enough next year. One of these parties will find room for several members of the present Labor Government.

MacDonald's party has come to stay.



La Quinta, a Desert Winter Resort in Southern California

LAUGH OR LEAVE

(Continued from Page 10)

"Your father," said Ellen, with a flash of her red-brown eyes as she returned to her machine, "employs Emotion for his smile. And he is probably smiling."

The typewriter clicked busily and Ellen's hands flew. Mr. Ainslee, Jr., pulled a chair to a rustic table and sat down cautiously, like one very old. He was in her direct vision through the open door.

"Miss Blake, I'd like you to take some work while I have breakfast, if it's convenient."

"I can't this morning, Mr. Ainslee. It's nearly noon, and I'm late to an appointment. I don't work Sundays, except to take your father's letter to your mother."

"Ah," reflected Mr. Ainslee, Jr., looking out quizzically toward the serene blue mountains, "if you could make an exception this one time, Miss Blake, I shall appreciate it very much. It's essential that I get these letters off."

"I'm sorry"—Ellen stopped typing only long enough to insure perfect distinctness for her words—"but I cannot give up my one afternoon of freedom."

"In that case," said Mr. Ainslee, Jr., "it would be worth at least twenty-five dollars to me."

"In that case," said Ellen, "I shall be glad to do it. I need all the money I can get. I'll have your mother's letter finished in five minutes."

She knew that he scrutinized her attentively for a moment. Then he opened his bundle of papers and forgot her.

Before the letter was finished a cautious, burry voice called up from under the balcony: "Hi! Miss Ellen! Look here a minnit!"

She went to the stairs again, to find Wolf Smith below, grinning and in decidedly less ornate raiment than he had last appeared, being clad now in plain, worn leather chaps and a normal felt hat.

"These togs more to your notion, Miss Ellen?"

"Well, I should say so, Wolf. You look like a human being now. . . . Did you saddle Magpie?"

"Yeh. That's what I come over to consult you about. One o' the dudes ——"

"Guests, Wolf—guests. Not dudes."

"Well, say now, Miss Ellen, I'm hanged if I kin make out any difference between these 'guests' and the gangs we bin used to on the dude ranches."

"Guests are friends of the ranch owner. He invites them. Dudes are just the same as people in hotels. They pay."

"I'll say they pay. But d' you mean t' tell me that Old Man Ainslee bought this here ranch an' half the county jest to invite folks onto?"

The chair of Mr. Ainslee, Jr., moved remindingly on the balcony floor, but Ellen's words remained distinct and audible. Since the nonchalant young man had intruded himself in such kingly fashion in what had been granted her as her own private domain, let him take what came.

"Exactly, Wolf. To entertain his friends and to promote merriment. The motto of the ranch is Laugh or Leave. If one of the guests shoots you or pastes you on the neck with a red-hot branding iron, as accidentally happened to Billy yesterday, you're to go down smiling and crying out, 'Let joy be unconfined.'" The chair behind her was very still; Ellen had a feeling that it was poised, attentive, two legs perhaps a little off the floor.

"Well, it's great to be rich," Wolf reflected. "Jim told us when we come that we sure had to wrangle a bloodthirsty bunch; said it took flowin' blood and breakin' bones an' a killin' now an' then to satisfy 'em. I reckon the old days was pretty slow after all. Leastways we didn't have to begin dehornin' steers or brandin' calves the minnit any stranger blowed in."

Again the chair moved.

"But what about Magpie, Wolf?" said Ellen.

"Why, that tall blonde over there with the fishpole cigarette holder wants to ride him down to Crazy-Woman Gulch, this mornin'! She 'lows he's the likeliest piece o' horseflesh she's seen round here. She was fer killin' herself instanter an' swingin' right on him, but I sort of slowed her gait."

"Thanks," said Ellen. "Just tell her he doesn't belong to Mr. Ainslee."

"Oh, I got that far all right. She told me to run over and arrange it with whoever he did belong to. No explainin' to that baby. She's the one that's got her ear notched for the spoiled heir, ain't she?"

Ellen made a silencing grimace at him and felt her face go slightly hot. The chair was very still.

"You know, the tall one with the come-on green eyes," Wolf made more definite. "She's the young flyin' guy's sweetie, ain't she?"

"If she is," Ellen said quietly, "it's all the more reason to keep her off Magpie. Tell her I—Mr. Ainslee's secretary is using him herself in just a few minutes."

"But you've decided to help me, I believe," said the concise, pleasant voice of Mr. Ainslee, Jr. "And Miss Patterson is a splendid horsewoman, I assure you."

Ellen's lips twitched at the sight of Wolf's pantomimed consternation, but she did not smile. "It takes an old acquaintance to manage Magpie, Mr. Ainslee. Besides, I don't wish anyone to ride him."

"I see," said Mr. Ainslee, Jr. "In that case, it will be worth another twenty-five dollars to me if you will please extend Miss Patterson the courtesy of riding your—animal named Magpie."

"In that case, Wolf," Ellen turned half about, so that her words went to both men and her eyes to neither, "let Miss Patterson have Magpie. But I warn you, Mr. Ainslee, in the presence of a witness, that he'll probably kill her."

"Then please have the man explain to Miss Patterson that the horse isn't safe. And ——"

"I already explained it, Miss Ellen!" called the invisible Wolf in a somewhat abashed voice, "an' she said if any woman had ever rode him, she was another that could do it too."

Ellen exhaled a long, weary, disgusted breath. "Your affair, I believe, Mr. Ainslee. Your father explained to me just a little while ago how unthinkable it was to consider controlling your guests. And this seems to be control or kill. So I leave it in your hands."

Mr. Ainslee, Jr., gave her a strong, searching, quizzical glance, which she returned squarely on her way inside. After a moment's silence he raised his voice and with a suggestion of sharpness ordered Wolf to tell Miss Patterson the horse was going to be used immediately.

"I'll tell her, yes, sir," Wolf dubiously acceded. "But I reckon I better bring him over here somewhere, Miss Ellen, and tie him outta sight."

Mr. Ainslee, Jr., went on with his papers and Ellen went on with her letter. After a time, Emotion, beautifully smiling and unsteadily inefficient, deposited a slopped tray on the rustic table. With a look as black as the shining Ethiopian, Mr. Ainslee regarded first the boy and then the breakfast.

"Miss Blake, will it do any good to send this back?"

"Not if you're hungry. I doubt if Emotion would get practice-perfect much before dinnertime."

Emotion smiled and waited.

"I can see why my father hired you," said Mr. Ainslee, Jr., and resigned himself leisurely to the mingled breakfast.

"What he can't see," thought Ellen, "is why his father hired me." And in direct line with her thought was Mr. Ainslee, Jr.'s, first remark, when she presently said, "I'm ready now for your work, Mr. Ainslee."

(Continued on Page 130)

A cooler smoke in a *DRIER* pipe

And that's a promise!

It may not be news to you that pipe enjoyment depends as much on how your tobacco *burns*—fast or slow, hot or cool—as upon how it tastes. Granger Rough Cut qualifies both ways.

As its name suggests, Granger is cut into extra-size flakes. These burn *slowly*, never overheating the bowl, leaving clean, dry ash, fully consumed.

Cut for pipes—and "made for pipes" as well: good Kentucky Burley, ripe and mellow, its full fragrance "sealed in" by Wellman's 1870 Method. Admirably packed, too, to protect the cut and preserve the flavor—flexible heavy foil, glassine-wrapped and air tight; ten cents.

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO

GRANGER ROUGH CUT

...in more pipes every day!

PHILCO adds to its famous line . . .

THE PHILCO LOWBOY

With Screen Grid Chassis	$119.50
With Neutrodyne-Plus Chassis	$129.50
With Screen Grid Plus Chassis	$149.50

THE PHILCO HIGHBOY

With Screen Grid Chassis	$139.50
With Neutrodyne-Plus Chassis	$149.50
With Screen Grid Plus Chassis	$169.50

THE PHILCO HIGHBOY DE LUXE

With Screen Grid Chassis	$195.00
With Neutrodyne-Plus Chassis	$205.00
With Screen Grid Plus Chassis	$225.00

Also a Table Model with Screen Grid Chassis, $67.00, with Screen Grid Plus Chassis, $97.00. Mantel Electro-Dynamic Speaker $32.50. All prices less tubes—and slightly higher in Canada, Rockies and West. Every Philco model, regardless of price, uses a genuine Electro-Dynamic Speaker and TWO 245 power tubes, push-pull.

SCREEN GRID PLUS!

A super-radio for people who want super-performance

PHILCO SCREEN GRID PLUS gives you these entirely new features:

1. Automatic volume control, automatically reducing fading.
2. Entirely new circuit which automatically reduces background noises including static. (And, of course, no hum.)
3. New and literally enormous power, making it easy to get distant stations even in the daytime.
4. New super-sharp selectivity *over the entire dial*, bringing in distant stations even in the midst of strong locals.
5. Almost auditorium volume without tone distortion—the result of the entirely new multiplex detector circuit.

The Philco Screen Grid Plus is a nine tube set built specifically for people whose radio requirements are *unusual*.

Enormous power. We are frank to say that many of its advantages are not needed for normal use. But to the radio owner who lives in a big city where local stations are bunched so closely that they tend to crowd out distant stations, the Philco Screen Grid Plus offers a new thrill by bringing in distant stations in spite of these adverse conditions.

Daylight reception. And to radio owners who live in smaller towns at a distance from good broadcasting, Philco Screen Grid Plus makes daylight reception available, often for the first time, and offers in the evenings a far wider selection of programs than ever before possible.

Fading automatically reduced. To both city and smaller town owners who want distant station reception, the automatic volume control of the new Philco is indispensable, because through this automatic volume control the tendency of distant stations to fade and swell is largely eliminated.

Absolutely linear detection. To families who want almost auditorium volume for entertaining or dancing, the Philco multiplex detector circuit (the first absolutely linear detector circuit ever produced in any radio) makes possible very great volume without the slightest distortion. For the first time in any radio, it is impossible to overload the detector.

Background noises reduced. To critical music lovers seeking the utmost clarity of tone, the new circuit of the Philco Screen Grid Plus presents a considerable lessening of static and other interference noises. And, of course, no hum.

No blare. For people who dislike having strong local stations blare into the room as the radio dial is turned, the automatic volume control to a large extent equalizes the volume of strong and weak stations to whatever level you desire.

Best of all, these super features are automatic. No new controls have been added. Just plain, simple, single dial control

Like the Neutrodyne-Plus, the Philco Screen Grid Plus contains a built-in aerial for use wherever an external aerial is inconvenient.

Philco Screen Grid Plus is a truly super set, creating a new pride of ownership. And, in addition to its own special features, Screen Grid Plus retains all the advantages which make other Philco models so desirable.

The same wonderfully true, clear tone which Philco achieves by exact balancing of electrical units is found in this new Philco, as well as in the famous Philco Screen Grid and Philco Neutrodyne-Plus.

The same handsome cabinets, designed by America's leading furniture designers, and executed in handsome butt and Oriental walnut, bird's-eye maple, arbor-vitæ burl.

The same extraordinary value giving at every price, and in every model from the compact table set to the luxurious highboy de luxe.

Any Philco dealer will be glad to have you test this new Philco against any other radio you desire so that you can prove for yourself that Philco Screen Grid Plus is beyond comparison the finest radio the world has ever heard. Easy payments if you decide to buy.

PHILCO, PHILADELPHIA, PA

Makers of the famous Diamond Grid Battery for Motor Cars, Telephones, Farm Lighting, Motive Power, Auxiliary Power, etc.

* * *

On Sunday, November 3rd, and Sunday, December 8th, Philco again sponsors the broadcasting of Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra—programs worth looking forward to, worth listening to, and worth remembering! The regular Philco Hour continues every Friday at 9:30 P. M.

A CHALLENGE

Philco challenges any radio at any price to match these super features of the Philco Screen Grid Plus.

1. SUPER-POWER—To bring in hosts of far-away stations.
2. Extra sharp selectivity—to suit the most congested districts.
3. The standard Philco tone—marvelously rich, clear, and true.
4. VOLUME! Almost auditorium volume without tone distortion.

AND IN ADDITION

5. *Automatic* control of volume and fading.
6. Actual reduction of background noises *including* static and hum
7. Simplicity of operation, as in all Philco models.

PHILCO

BALANCED UNIT RADIO

TRADE YALE MARK

PADLOCKS *and* DEADLATCHES

What price Security?

PENNY-WISE lock buying is foolish economy. When something of value is to be protected, it pays to buy the strongest lock you can. Your hardware dealer knows just which locks are best for your needs . . . ask his advice. He knows that some locks are meant merely to foil the inquisitive while others are ingeniously designed and sturdily constructed to guard life and property from dangerous marauders. Accept his recommendations as to the type of lock you should use. And when you see the name YALE on the locks he recommends you may be sure that you are getting the most for your money. Since 1868 the name YALE has meant supreme locking security.

Yale Locks and Hardware are sold by Hardware Dealers

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co., Stamford, Conn., U. S. A.

Canadian Branch at St. Catharines, Ontario, Canada

YALE

YALE MARKED IS YALE MADE

Continued from Page 127)

"May I inquire, Miss Blake, how my father happened to employ so severe a person as yourself?"

"Certainly. I was recommended to him by the president of the Sage City Bank. I am ready now to take your work."

"Yes, so you said. Sage City—I don't remember flying over it. How big a place is it?"

"About fifteen thousand. It's forty miles north of here. You probably flew to the south of it."

"Do letters have to be sent there to be mailed?"

"No. We take the mail to the Twin Creek Station, two miles south. You rode by it yesterday, going to the south branding corrals."

"That red section house? Is that our station?"

"Yes. . . . If you're ready now, I'll take your dictation."

"So you have said, Miss Blake; twice said, I believe. Your friend with the badman voice might more aptly have designated me as the browbeaten nuisance instead of the 'spoiled heir.' With all humility, may I submit this first telegram for Bond and Bond, 20 Wall Street, New York?"

Ellen worked with tight lips and flying fingers. She wondered at herself, trying to fathom why she did not hate him hotly. It was a large and impressive half hour. There were orders to stockbrokers. There were astounding figures to submit to real-estate brokers. The irony of it scorched Ellen like fire. For ten thousand dollars cash, Ellen Blake would have sold herself to be cut up in little pieces or for any other purpose. Toward the end of the half hour, Mr. Ainslee, Jr., attended to a few trivial personal affairs. He ordered a trimotored plane from Detroit. He discharged a gardener in Southampton and employed a horse trainer for stables in New Jersey.

His father joined him and sat silently listening, a comic expression of distress on his rotund face.

"Lord, Bob! With your fifteen or twenty efficiency experts, can't you find anybody to do this dirty work for just two weeks? Thought you and Pam were going riding this morning."

"Sorry, dad. But every muscle I've got feels like a shrunken rope pulling the wrong way."

"Humph. You're older than I am, Bob. I'm sorry to have Pam disappointed. I tell you she's certainly a great girl. Enthusiastic over everything. And she's getting better-looking all the time, don't you think?"

"Save your breath, dad. I'm not weakening. Except in the legs. Now, Miss Blake, if you'll whip that into shape, I'll look it over as soon as I'm dressed and——"

"You won't need to," his father assured him. "You've worked enough for one Sunday. Miss Blake's never made a mistake yet."

"No?" Mr. Ainslee, Jr., gathered together his papers and rose, groaning like a lumbago patient, to depart for his own side of the balcony. "I thought she might have made a mistake in her present position. For I rather definitely get the impression that she considers you crazy and me obnoxious."

"You're altogether mistaken, Mr. Ainslee," said Ellen, "about my opinion of your father."

This pleased Mr. Ainslee, Sr., enormously. "I just told Miss Blake, Bob"—he chuckled—"that she was one good secretary you wouldn't do me out of. But I won't loan her to you again if you don't appreciate her."

Bob Ainslee laughed too. "Don't think you loaned me anything, dad. This is a business transaction of my own. It costs me twenty-five dollars. . . . What the devil's that?"

Sounds of confusion, sudden, but oddly scattered, rose from a half dozen directions—not a jubilant confusion so dear to the elder Mr. Ainslee's ears, but tragic outcries as of trouble traveling fast—lifted voices, shouted questions, women's shrieks.

Then one voice outshrieked the rest—the voice of Mrs. Carolyn Patterson: "Help! Help! Pam's being killed!"

Ellen saw and remembered long the look of consternation on Bob Ainslee's dark, handsome face. The three of them stood motionless for the barest instant; there was a rapid dull thud, thud, thud—that was Magpie's flying feet somewhere in soft dirt. Doors banged—that was everyone fleeing to the catastrophe.

Jim Reed's voice shouted, "Wolf! Where are you! Hey, Wolf! Get your pistol!"

Ellen knew. Pamela Patterson had sneaked Magpie, and the devil was to pay. None of the new men knew about Magpie. They'd try to lasso him, and Magpie would lie down and do his daily dozen. Probably Pamela Patterson had touched him with her chic little silver spurs. Ellen stopped thinking and began to act. She sprang to the bureau, snatched her small revolver from the top drawer and began taking the steps two at a time before the two men had moved.

All traffic was trending one way—toward the east corral. Ellen took a short cut, scorning gates. She rolled under the lowest wire of the fence, catching her brown gingham dress on a barb and tearing a three-cornered gash between her shoulders. She jumped a ditch that was just one foot too wide, and so slipped knee-deep into the mud and water. But at that she outdistanced all comers from the ranch house. Several guests from the nearer cottages, in gay pajamas and a few in bathing suits, had reached the far end of the corral, where they clustered, screaming and frantic.

The east corral had been newly repaired, the walls raised two feet higher and its size greatly increased. It was entirely closed. Miss Patterson had evidently put the bars in place behind her when she surreptitiously entered to try out the forbidden fruit. And in the east corral, Magpie was putting on one of the wickedest and prettiest performances of his career, the spectacle enormously enhanced by the persistent presence of Miss Pamela Patterson in perfect but rapidly disheveling attire—a scarlet silk shirt, white breeches, shining black boots and her pretty silver spurs.

And it must be said that Pamela was staying with it. Her blond head was jerking, her slim athletic body tossed violently in the high-horned saddle, and surely nothing less than the hand of the Lord held her boots in the stirrups.

Ellen went over the bars like a squirrel over a trellis and bounded lightly down into the corral. She kept screaming, "Don't spur him! Don't spur him!" but if the tempest-tossed rider heard, it was of no avail, because her feet were no longer hers to command. Sometimes the spurs fell here, sometimes there. And Magpie responded like an electric display to every touch.

Curses, shouts of advice and admiration, screams of terror rent the air. Pamela Patterson's was the only silent throat. Even Magpie was snorting.

Ellen heard Jim Reed yell: "Get me some kind of a gun!" Jim knew about Magpie. But several of the new men had run for their lariats. She heard Jim's voice again, fainter, farther off: "No ropes, I tell you! He'll turn somersaults and kill her!"

She was too out of breath to call out that it was all right; she had her pistol. But she had to get nearer to Magpie—he must think his rider shot the gun: he was used to confusion, gunshots, yells. And Magpie was difficult to approach. The voices outside the bars began now to shout at her. And then Pamela's chic little spur must have touched Magpie's left shoulder. Magpie was a big horse, black, tall, raw-boned, powerful, with white splotches on his shoulders and a white belly. He began suddenly to lift himself swiftly and rhythmically into the air, his four feet closely together, like a foreshortened camel. With a few leaps he attained an unbelievable speed.

He must be stopped. No one but Magpie's own mad owner had ever been able to withstand this trick; many a good twister's bones had broken in the trying. Ellen ran desperately. He must not reach the end of the corral. She lifted her right arm and fired straight up. There was no sound.

"Oh, God! Oh, God!" she cried.

She fired again. No sound. Mrs. Pat had not liked a loaded gun lying in the bureau drawer. It was all too fast to tell. A swift, low-running figure flashed beside her, his long, straight hair streaming out from his head—a figure long of waist, with moccasined, flying feet. Old Crow-Caws-in-the-Trees knew about Magpie too. And he did not fail. The sound of his rifle rang out in time, with Magpie still two leaps from the corral bars, where he would have sent his rider for a long journey, perhaps into eternity. But at the rifle shot his wickedness passed from him like the flight from a wounded eagle, though even the mightily lessened shock was too much for his rider and sent her gently floating over his head, above the bars, into the arms of the onlookers.

And then, an unbelievable thing. It happened so closely on the heels of the other that Ellen stood statued an instant, trying to comprehend. For Magpie had fallen, too—crumpled down into a quivering, jerking heap. Slowly Ellen remembered, as from a long time past, that there had been two shots. Yes, there was a gun, still smoking, in the hands of Mr. Ainslee, Jr.—a gun still sticking through the bars toward her.

Gradually it was pulled back. Crow-Caws-in-the-Trees had knelt at Magpie's head . . . proud, wicked, precious Magpie; last of the finest horses ever bred on old Twin Creek. And prince, without any doubt, of all Western horses trained for the rethrilling of thrill-jaded rodeo audiences.

Ellen tried to run, but her feet were so heavy that she had to drag them slowly through the soft, trampled dirt. Old Crow-Caws had slipped off the bridle, loosened the cinch and thrown back the saddle. He stood by silently with bent head while Ellen crouched down, sobbing, and pulled Magpie's head into her lap and bent her own bright red head down on it. She was so bitterly sorry for Magpie that for a moment she entirely forgot what this would mean to a suffering, sullen boy who at that very instant sat behind iron bars in a Sage City cell, waiting for her coming with news of his precious horse. Crow-Caws stood silently above them, his rifle across his folded arms; a queer incongruous figure, as solitary as if he stood alone on a mesa.

Presently Ellen knew that Jim Reed and Hank and Wolf had come; their low, angered voices were dimly comforting, but she didn't raise her head. Then Mrs. Pat was there, too; panting, patting her shoulder; her proud, white, pompadoured coiffure still regal, though a trifle off center. Jim Reed was talking in a quick, low voice; both Mrs. Pat and Jim knew why this was a double tragedy.

"Listen, Miss Ellen—listen! You can get a plenty outta the old boy for this! Listen, Miss Ellen. Do yuh hear? You've got to soak him for Larry's sake. Do you hear?"

Then Ellen remembered. "Oh, Jim, he didn't want me to bring Magpie here, but I didn't know what else to do. I thought he'd be safer with me than anywhere. Oh, Jim!"

"But the money, child—the money," Mrs. Pat urged. "The money'll help. I'll swear on any Bible that I've heard you myself refusing two thousand, many's the time."

"Three," said Jim Reed. "It was three you heard."

All of them except Ellen saw Mr. Ainslee, Jr., rapidly approaching. When he was well within earshot, Wolf eased himself very audibly of his opinion: "Sure would 'a' been less loss if he'd 'a' shot the fool girl, 'stead of a horse like this."

At this, Ellen raised her head and struck the tears out of her eyes. No Blake, except Magpie's foolish, headstrong master, had ever met catastrophe ignobly. And Ellen shook her head at Wolf's grim edict.

"He didn't know about it, Wolf. He saw me get my pistol. You'd have done the same thing if anyone you loved was in danger. There's no sense blaming him. He didn't know."

Bob Ainslee, stopping just behind her, flushed as he heard. He was almost as incongruous a figure as Crow-Caws, in his silken pajamas and striped robe. He had lost his sandals. His feet were tanned from lazy naps on sunny beaches. Several toes were bleeding a little. Ellen saw his feet first, and by a mighty effort raised her wet brown eyes as he stepped beside her.

"That's terribly decent of you, Miss Blake. I can't begin to tell you how sorry I am for this. I'd no idea—I mean, of course, I thought ——" He bent down a little, his face earnestly distressed. "There's nothing I can say, but do believe I'm sorry, won't you?"

And Ellen knew that he was. For the first time he was thinking of her as another human being like himself. He must be really sorry, to have left his Pamela to the arms of someone else and to have hurried here. It was a horrible moment for Ellen. If his mere sympathy devastated her reason like this she would soon be betraying herself. Without speaking, she dropped her head again on Magpie's hot, hard cheek

"He was a very valuable horse, sir," said Jim Reed, motioning the men to leave. "One of the most valuable horses in the country."

"Well, I can take care of that part of it," Bob Ainslee said, "but I can't bring him back again."

"No. . . . You're a hell of a good shot. I'll say that, sir. But ——"

"I've heard," interrupted Mrs. Pat very firmly—"I've heard with my own ears Miss Ellen refuse three thousand dollars, spot cash, for Magpie."

"He's worth all of that," said Jim Reed.

"Then I'll gladly give four," said Bob Ainslee.

Ellen reached for Mrs. Pat's hand and pulled herself to her feet, leaning back against Mrs. Pat's ample, bulwarking figure. She had conquered her heart and was again merely part of the ranch equipment—with ten thousand to procure.

"You can pay, not give, me four thousand, Mr. Ainslee. Because Magpie would certainly have earned that much, and more, in a few years' rodeos. . . . Jim, will—will you take care of Magpie? I have to catch that 2:10 train."

"Where does she have to go?" asked Bob Ainslee, likewise addressing himself to the grim foreman.

"Depot. Two miles down. We'll sure see to Magpie right, Miss Ellen. Any place you'd like him put?"

"If it's all right, I'd like to have him buried over on Chinook Ridge. Dad's Midnight is buried there. She was his mother."

Mr. Ainslee, Jr., looked surprised. "Why, did you—did your father use to work on this ranch, Miss Blake?"

Ellen looked at Jim Reed and then at Mrs. Pat, very quickly. They both had opened their mouths. They both closed them.

"Yes, he—ran the ranch," said Ellen. She knew that Bob Ainslee had been told, when she first came, that this ranch was once her father's, but she wasn't of sufficient importance for him even to remember it. "If you'll all go on, Jim, I'll come in a minute," she suggested meaningly.

"Sure, Miss Ellen." Jim Reed went first, his gestures clearing the corral of lingering onlookers. Mrs. Pat followed. Then, thoughtfully, Mr. Ainslee, Jr.

Ellen was not sentimental. But it was hard to leave Magpie here like this. She straightened one of his legs, crumpled under at the knee, and eased his poor fallen head, with the tiny blood trickle between his eyes.

"But maybe you've saved him by this, Magpie," she said, and went away quickly, biting back her tears.

Two of the National Broadcasting Company's most popular stars wear wings . . . and have never read a word of their "fan" mail!

WHEN Blue Boy and his understudy, Big Boy, lovely winged stars of the National Broadcasting Company, began to broadcast over WEAF, thousands of canary lovers wrote to ask if they were real! For it did not seem possible that birds could be taught to sing *in perfect harmony* and rhythm with so many different melodies.

Blue Boy's favorite piece is "The World is Waiting for the Sunrise." He sings this flawlessly, but he is familiar, in all, with three hundred musical compositions, including arias from many operas. When he is required to accompany the orchestra in a number that he has never heard before, he sometimes loses the thread of the melody and then he improvises a sort of tenor, always in perfect harmony.

Both Blue Boy and Big Boy are brought to the studio every morning in a taxi by their devoted owner, Miss Freeman. They travel in state in their Hendryx cages, draped about with a scarf of canary-colored taffeta, topped with a draping of gaily flowered cretonne. A little space is left through which they can thrust their golden heads to view an admiring world.

In the studio they are treated with the deference due great artists. They have their own microphone and Big Boy has a fashion of thrusting his head almost into the "mike" when he sings. Does he dream, clever young virtuoso that he is, that this gives him better radio reception, or does he think that the orchestra may be hidden there? For during the broadcasting the cages are covered on all sides excepting toward the "mike," so that the orchestra is invisible to the birds and a strange face will not distract their attention from the music.

The family life of these winged stars is very happy. Both Blue Boy and Big Boy have wives and Blue Boy has a handsome young son who hopes to sing like his famous father some day. Every morning the radio in the apartment is turned so that Mrs. Blue Boy, Mrs. Big Boy and the youngster can listen in at home while their lords and masters sing for their vast unseen audience. One morning, upon their return, we overheard Mrs Blue Boy saying, with a proud nod of her head: "My dear, you were in wonderful voice this morning. I'm sure you went over big!"

Get your bird a Hendryx like Blue Boy's or Big Boy's

Your canary may not be as famous as Big Boy, but he deserves just as good living quarters. So step into your nearest pet shop, florist, seed shop, hardware, house-furnishings or department store and ask them to show you their newest Hendryx designs. Every one is safe and comfortable for your bird, as well as beautiful in coloring and design from the artistic standpoint. All are moderately priced.

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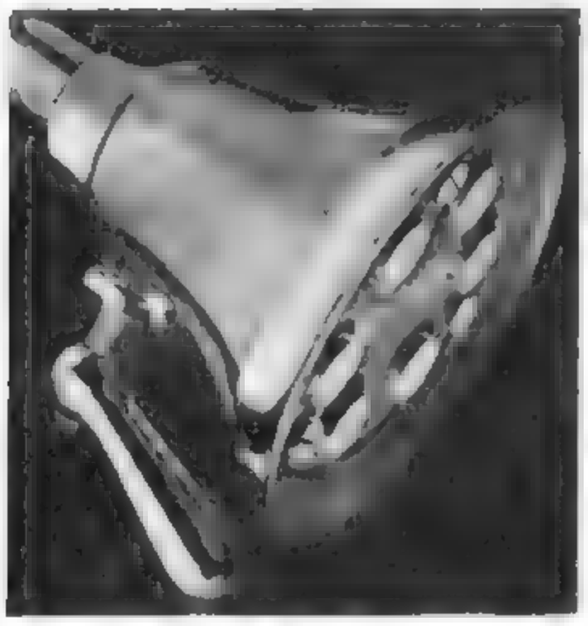
There's a new book of etiquette for showers



Speakman K-3195 Self-Cleaning Shower Head (Patent Applied for)
$15

Showers used to be capricious. Water openings would stop up. Little streams would squirt off at higglety-pigglety angles. Then you had to take the shower head off and clean it.

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SPEAKMAN
SHOWERS & FIXTURES

Bob Ainslee was waiting for her at the foot of the stairs. He had her pistol. She took it and went on up the stairs without stopping, acutely and unhappily conscious of her torn dress and her muddy shoes and stockings.

"The thing wasn't loaded," she said.

"I know," he said. "I must tell you I think you're wonderfully decent about this, Miss Blake."

Ellen stopped and turned at the head of the stairs, inherent honesty having its way with her. "It simply happens that the money means more to me just now than Magpie." It was a mistake to have turned back, but the feet of Lot's wife left a path that women's feet seem foolishly to follow forever. She would have escaped the elder Mr. Ainslee had she gone on; but now his imperative gesture, as he puffingly approached, held her there, miserable.

"Now, now, Miss Blake! Why such a picture of despair? The foreman chap's just told me about your horse. Of course it's unfortunate, very; but you won't suffer by it, I assure you."

"I've taken care of that, dad."

"So I understand. And that was a great run you made, Bob. Great! And by Jove, what a shot! But what the devil you doing here? Don't you ——"

"I thought it might be well to get into some clothes before your West gets any wilder. My feet are hash."

Ellen turned for her door.

"Wait a minute, Miss Blake. I've a message for you. Miss Patterson's awfully distressed—ah—about this. She'd like to see you, if you'll come over to her cottage, please, a moment. . . . By Jove, Bob, she's a wonderful girl! Think of it! Most girls'd be having a collapse. And there she is, gay as a lark. Wonderful spirit. . . . She'd like to see you, Miss Blake."

Ellen knew dimly that she was very, very mad

"I don't care to see her, Mr. Ainslee."

"Oh, now, now, Miss Blake. We can't have any such feelings. Try a smile, Miss Blake. It'll make things seem entirely different. Try one, do."

Ellen was shaking with the thorough, consuming rage of the red-headed. But she controlled herself with gritting teeth and hands tight on the balcony rail. The laugh she flung them was bitter and short and scornful, but it was a laugh

"It's 'laugh or leave' is it, Mr. Ainslee? Well, I can't afford to leave. But I really haven't time to call for Miss Patterson's apology. I have to hurry to catch that 2.10 train."

This time she reached her room She didn't slam the door, but she closed it forcefully.

Except for the strongest of reasons, Ellen would not have returned that night to Twin Creek Ranch and its gayety. When a red-headed, imperious person finds herself beset by an errant uncontrollable heart, the situation is more sweetly deserted than conquered. But Ellen had the strongest of reasons.

Her Sunday's hour with her unfortunate young brother always left her feeling as if she'd painfully survived being put through a steam crusher.

This Sunday was more bitter than any. She called first to see Amiel Wentworth, president of the Sage City Bank. She had hoped that he might accept the five thousand dollars she could now give him, and free Larry Blake. But Amiel Wentworth, whom her father had always called "the tightest decent white man ever born," was gravely firm.

"No, Ellen. The majority of the directors aren't in favor of dropping the prosecution, even if you have the money when the case is called. If it weren't for your sake and their esteem for your father, Ellen, young Larry'd have to take his medicine. And I think myself it'd be the best thing for him. He needs to feel the power of the law, my dear. It may make a man of him!"

"But, Mr. Wentworth, you know Larry only did it thinking his share of the money would clear dad's debts."

"I'm afraid, Ellen, you must face facts. Larry hadn't spent any of his honest salary clearing those debts—as you had. Whatever his reason, however, there can be no reason to justify committing a felony."

"Mr. Wentworth, I believe you hope I can't get the money! How can you?"

"I don't, Ellen. Times are very hard just now, as you must know. And the bank had loaned your father money up to the last, when it was, frankly, almost hopeless. But I didn't recommend you to this Mr. Ainslee without thinking of what might come of it. I knew he would appreciate your efficiency and—well, he is a very wealthy man. If you're not able to sell your homestead he may help you."

"I'd steal, myself, before I'd ask him," Ellen declared unreasonably, and left Mr. Wentworth extremely annoyed with her, because she could not explain to him that love was the reason for her foolish pride. Love, the bad friend that traps one's path with complexes and inhibitions.

Even the Sage City jail was worse that day than usual, its wide corridor surrounding the centering island of cells crowded with curious motley visitors to other prisoners. A few of the callers knew Ellen, and their self-conscious, pitying salutations burned her humiliation deeper. Ellen was always allowed to enter her brother's cell and have a chair beside his cot. Today his shamed, sullen, suffering face was thinner, and his thick black hair was in a tousled mop from having ceaselessly torn his nervous fingers through it. She decided not to tell him today about Magpie. Usually he kissed her perfunctorily and was indifferent, proud. Today he bent his head into her lap and let her caressing hands smooth his hair. With despair weakening him, he looked older, more like her father; her strong, gallant, unbeaten father whose body broke, but whose spirit went out undaunted. There had been a great love between Ellen and her father, as is often true of a motherless daughter who finds double comradeship in a father.

The week's news of Twin Creek always brightened Larry. She began on it with forced cheerfulness while he lay flat on his cot with his gray, hurt eyes half closed.

"Say, sis," he soon interrupted, "why don't you wear your engagement ring any more?"

So some wretched friend had finally told him that too.

"My heavens, Larry, is that why you're so depressed? The Honorable Mr. Cushing jilted me something over a month ago, thereby doing me the greatest favor anyone ever has in this world. So cheer up, infant."

"Yeh, favor like hell. Lord, sis, you're a good guy."

"Oh, be rational, Larry. You know perfectly well, or you ought to, that I was going to marry Chauncey Cushing for just one reason—to be able to send dad away for an operation and to take care of him afterward. After dad—went—well, I was just waiting for some way to get out of it."

"I found you an easy one; no doubt about that. On the square, sis, I've hated spoiling things for you worse than all the rest."

"You needn't, I tell you. I'm telling you the truth. I never did love him, and now I despise him."

There are no ears so canny as a younger brother's.

"Well you don't sound inconsolable, for a fact. What's up? Found an eligible dude, sis?"

"Found nothing. That's no hunting ground for any girl who's poor and—not socially prominent. I'm merely the lesser half of the typewriter. But there're plenty of eligibles for the rich. Mr. Ted Van Horn arrives this afternoon."

"Phew! The yachting cup lifter?"

"None other. And I don't think sunny papa's any too overjoyed to have him. I've an idea, from some of the things papa has written to mamma, that Mr. Van Horn is also interested in their precious Pamela."

"Who's she?"

"The Miss Patterson I've told you about, whom sunny papa is courting for a daughter-in-law."

"Oh, yes. The heir got back this week, didn't he? Did he fly?"

"Yes. With a friend in a gorgeous plane. He's ordered one like it."

"Just—like—that."

"Just like that. His dictation sounds like lines from a burlesque. He never mentions anything that's worth less than a hundred thousand."

"Humph. Can't you do better than I did, sis, and steal a little without getting caught?"

"Don't, Larry! How can you?"

"I can't. I've proved it. Oh, cheer up. Don't mind me, sis. I'm sunk today. Did the young guy bring papa's favorite with him?"

"No, she came two days ago, with her mother. Jim Reed says she lives like an owl—sleeps all day and screams all night, drinks like a camel and swears like a magpie." Ellen held her breath an instant at the sound of this word, but Larry did not think of his horse. "But she's really terribly pretty—very short light hair, and the smartest clothes, and a long cigarette holder."

"She doesn't sound bad. Sounds like the sort of girl who might be interested in criminals. Get her address. Indecently rich, too, I suppose."

"No. Sunny papa told me, in one of his confidential moments, that her charm is her social position. Mrs. Patterson's terrible. She makes it so obvious, trying to hide it, that Pamela's the family grubstake."

"Is the heir very sweet on her?"

"I've no way of knowing," Ellen said, too sharply.

Larry rolled on his side and opened both gray eyes widely. He surveyed her mockingly, with a trace of his old, bantering spirit.

"Sis, I begin to suspect you of an unsecretarial interest in the junior Ainslee. What's he like?"

"Like this, my clever infant brother: 'Dad, will you loan me your secretary?' 'Dad, these two females have the best rooms; let us take them.' 'Miss Blake—that's your name, isn't it?—order my breakfast.' 'Miss Blake, tell the man so-and-so.' . . . Oh, yes, I'm very likely to fall in love with him! Though I'll admit he did descend to a slightly human attitude after ——"

"After what?" said Larry, cannily on the scent. He sat up, facing her. "After what, sis? I know very well something's up. I knew it when you came in."

She tried to parry, but it was no use. So she told him. Instead of the grief she had dreaded, the news of the four thousand dollars brought only a glow of heartbreaking hope into his face.

"I can't mourn for a horse, sis, if it means I can get out of this place. Oh, you don't know! You don't know! I wouldn't mind dying myself, if I could only get out of here to do it! Oh, sis, I'll bet that young Ainslee'd loan you the rest, if you'd go at him right; he sounds like a good sort. He's been around a lot; he wouldn't feel I'd done such a hell of a thing."

"Listen, Larry, be quiet. This place is full of people. I've told you before, Larry, that the Ainslees probably wouldn't have me if they—knew about you. I handle quite a lot of money each week—writing all the ranch checks. They'd be afraid. Mr. Wentworth was very particular that they shouldn't know, when he sent me out there."

"Oh, Lord, sis, you make me sick. Don't you suppose they've heard it long before this?"

"I know they haven't. Mr. Ainslee's not the kind that can keep even his own affairs to himself. They don't know anyone in the country, or want to. They're a little world of their own, and they don't want to go out of it. He only knows Mr. Wentworth because he's the nearest banker. Besides, Larry, for my own sake and dad's, I'd rather no one knows about you who doesn't already."

"Oh, sis, how can you care what those people think, if you could only get me out of here? Sis, if I can just get free, I swear ——"

"Yes, Larry. What?" She took his arms and shook him. "Will you swear on our father's honor, that you'll go straight if I get you out?"

"You know I will, Ellen—you know I will."

"Then swear it, Larry kid, so help you God."

They were whispering. It was the first day Larry had ever broken from his hard, bitter indifference. "I swear I'll go straight, so help me God—and dad," he whispered.

"Then," said Ellen, leaving him abruptly and yanking her hat down over her bright hair, "I promise you, if I can't get the money any other way, I'll beg it of the Ainslees or die trying."

At ten o'clock the next morning Ellen was ready for work. Mrs. Pat reported that the guests had had a big night. "At three o'clock the whole lot of 'em was wadin' in that creek. And it was full four o'clock when the spoiled heir came staggering up those stairs. I thought he'd shake the house down. And after he got up he sang Ol' Man River for half an hour longer. But you have to like him, at that."

"I don't," said Ellen. "Now I'll have to take all this over to the office, for fear of waking him up."

But at the office, Bob Ainslee was hidden behind his father's tall old-fashioned desk, hard at work with many papers. Only a low, indisputably pleasant rumble: "Ol' Man River . . . flowin' along . . ." betrayed his presence. He stuck out a bright, sleep-refreshed face from the side of the desk as Ellen came in and went to her table. He looked as if he had slept for ages.

"Good morning."

"Good morning, Mr. Ainslee."

That was all. They were both very busy. In ten minutes Miss Patterson's boyish-bobbed and ash-blond head passed the window.

"Don't give me away. I'm not here," Bob Ainslee whispered.

Ellen had heard his father telephone Miss Patterson that Bob was in the office, not three minutes before. Mr. Ainslee always yelled over the telephone. And she had seen Miss Patterson glance sidewise in passing the window, so she most probably had seen him. But there was no time to state these observations. Miss Patterson came lightly and swiftly. She was without her usual cigarette holder and without stockings. She was charming and slim and smart in green linen that lent green lights to her eyes.

"Miss Blake?" she said from the doorway. "You're Miss Blake, aren't you?"

"Yes," said Ellen, sitting still, "I'm still Miss Blake."

Miss Patterson had been in the office several times before

"You're alone?"

Ellen nodded. Miss Patterson came quickly to her table and stood with her back turned toward the tall desk in the corner. She spoke in a low, confidential voice, withal most clearly:

"Miss Blake, I must tell you how sorry I am for the rotten trick I pulled yesterday. I realize I was a dirty sneak thief, no less. I can't say half enough. But I hope you'll accept this check for five hundred dollars as a practical apology. Won't you, please?"

"Mr. Ainslee is paying for my horse, Miss Patterson."

"Oh, I know. This isn't for the horse. It's just something I want very much to do. I wish it could be much more than it is. Won't you let me?"

"Certainly," said Ellen. "Thank you very much."

Undoubtedly Miss Patterson had not anticipated this. But she was quick.

"How nice of you. And when Bob Ainslee comes in, tell him Ted Van Horn and I have ridden over to see that trainload of cattle come in."

Continued on Page 136

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EVERY MAN can recall getting at least one shave that was so smooth he wished he could keep that particular blade forever.

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It's all very simple. In goes the blade, a few turns on Twinplex, and out it comes with all edges ready for the 100% shave.

A Word About The Blades

In a tiny Alpine village untouched by the hustle of the outside world, patient workmen fashion these blades as did their fathers and grandfathers before them, thinking only of how good they can make them. The blades are hand tempered by a process closely guarded as a family secret. The edges are hand finished giving them a shaving smoothness no machines can duplicate.

These famous blade makers, now in the Twinplex family, are devoting their skill to producing their part of "The 100% Shave."

you can hunt without a dog

and you can shave without stropping—

but you're missing something

Twinplex "The 100% Shave" consists of a beautiful all nickeled Twinplex De Luxe Stropper with genuine shell horsehide leathers, and five hand tempered, hand finished blades, packed in a handsome case complete at $4.50.

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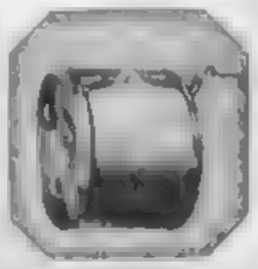

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The 100% Shave

BLADES

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each making just one particular type and grade of shoe, together producing 50,000,000 pairs a year.

14 Tanneries ~
each specializing in one particular type of leather, producing 25,000 sides and skins a day.

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producing 125,000 pairs of heels and 30,000 pairs of soles a day.

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to produce 7,000,000 yards of lining fabric a year.

59 Auxiliary Plants ~
producing welting, dyes, chemicals, shoe boxes, shipping cartons, trunks, gloves, etc., to the value of more than $30,000,000 a year if purchased from outside sources.

a lot about shoes from shinny

WHAT DOES a boy care how much shoes cost or how long they last? "Shinny on your own side" is the battle cry. Life is fun and Dad pays all the bills.

You can't change him—and who wants to? But when you find yourself saying, "What! Another pair of shoes?" don't you sometimes wish they were made of armor plate?

The International Shoe Company, which has never grown up too much to forget its own youth—and hopes it never will—has learned a lot about shoes from shinny. And while it can't make shoes that your boy won't wear out, it can and does make shoes that stand up longer under the punishment that only a boy can give them.

As a result, millions of parents have found the "what-another-pair-of-shoes" day rolling around less often. And they have turned to International for a fourth of all the boys' shoes worn in the entire country.

Six of International's 43 specialty factories produce boys' shoes. Specialists who concentrate on these shoes alone build them with sympathetic understanding of their use—make them sturdy for wear; yet construct them scientifically to support and maintain the young foot in its natural position, allowing the utmost freedom for proper growth.

They are *all-leather* shoes—made of leather that International *knows* has the stamina to stand the hardest service because International makes the leather for just that purpose, within its own specialized tanneries, the largest producers of leather in the world.

Mud puddles, which irresistibly invite every boy to walk through them, will never disclose the slightest substitution for leather in an International Shoe from the highest priced pair to the lowest. Regardless of conditions, regardless of wear, they hold their shape.

Even rubber heels and soles are made in International's own plant, which has more than doubled the wear while lowering the cost of production. And to reduce the cost of distribution, International even makes the boxes which hold the shoes and the cases in which they are shipped.

By concentrating this production of materials within one organization, International not only insures greater quality and wear in its shoes, but produces that quality at a saving of millions of dollars a year compared with buying the materials in the open market.

It has definitely lowered the cost of producing quality footwear. You reap the benefit in the form of greater shoe value—lower prices for International Shoes than for other shoes of like quality.

Such unusual value is the outstanding characteristic of every International Shoe—whether it's to stand the expert abuse of a growing boy or the critical eye of fashion.

Millions who are wearing these shoes are convinced of these values. Each year they buy the equivalent of two pairs of International Shoes for every home in the nation.

INTERNATIONAL SHOES are marketed under the six marks of quality which are shown below. Together they comprise more than 1,000 styles of footwear for men, women, children and infants. They are sold by more than 70,000 leading merchants, distributed throughout every state in the Union. Regardless of the brand you select, the style you prefer or the price you pay, International Shoes represent the greatest shoe value you can buy.

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TEMPLE Intelligent Radio

(Continued from Page 133)

When she was safely away, Bob Ainslee strode from his retreat. Ellen sat looking at the check, angry, elated, contemptuous, and altogether bewildered with herself

"Miss Blake, really! This is too much of a good thing. May I ask you now to name the final price for your horse and let me pay it, and in the future accept no further payments from—our guests?"

Money, money, money. What a terrible thing it could be. But she must have it. She slipped the check under the desk blotter. Inwardly she was flinching, but outwardly she was far more composed than the annoyed Mr. Ainslee, Jr.

"I think you're forgetting yourself, Mr. Ainslee. It seems a matter between Miss Patterson and myself. I understood she wanted to do it."

"She did, of course. That isn't the question."

"What is?"

"Whether or not you should accept that check."

"I cannot believe Miss Patterson would offer a check, wanting it refused. I shan't think of offending her. Certainly I shall accept it."

"Miss Blake, Miss Patterson can't afford to give you that much money."

Ellen pulled out the check and proffered it. "Then do you wish to take it and include the amount in your check?"

"Miss Patterson," he said, not moving, "is not the sort of person to whom I can give money."

Slowly Ellen put the check under the blotter again. Her furious brain was as enraged at herself as at him. "If you don't detest him after this, Ellen Blake, you're a born fool, a total loss, a poor worm." But what was the use?—her heart heard none of it. She bit her lip to keep it from trembling, looked down at her papers, and pretended to go on with her work.

Bob Ainslee went back to his desk and wrote something. He returned with a check to Ellen Blake for four thousand dollars.

"You forgot," said Ellen steadily, "to include the twenty-five dollars for yesterday morning's dictation."

Without a word he reached for his bill folder, put three ten-dollar bills on the table and returned to his desk.

Ellen got two fives from the black cash box in the old safe, put back one ten-dollar bill, and took him his five dollars change.

"Oh, do keep it," he said, not looking up. "Surely your price for making change can't be less than five dollars."

Ellen realized despairingly that her red-headed temper was fast biting through its leash of determined diplomacy. She had all the bills in her hand. Gently she laid them on his desk.

"I didn't suppose you were purposely trying to get out of paying me what you agreed to, Mr. Ainslee. Since you were, I don't want it."

"Impossible"

She stared down, amazed, into his coolly mocking smile. It would have alarmed him to have realized how barely she conquered her impulse to thrust her long yellow pencil into his eye. But he must have felt something of the flame of her fury, for he said quietly:

"Really, Miss Blake, you can't feel that you have any financial complaint. Yesterday's affair, after all, didn't net you so badly. And this morning I heard dad raising your already generous salary ten dollars a week, as I see it, merely because you——"

"Merely because I earn it, whether you see it or not. Your father pays me far less each week than he spends for liquor. And I save him many times the amount every week, because I know this country and whom to hire and what to pay. But no salary on earth can make me tolerate you any longer! If your father wants to keep me and the people I've brought here, he'll have to keep you out of this office and out of my sight! I simply can't stand you!"

She would have preferred intensely not to have stamped her feet, but she did stamp them. At the door, in her flight, she thought of something else, and flung it at him furiously:

"Your precious Pam didn't expect me to take her check, either! She only offered it to me to impress you. Not through any decent sentiment of her own! She knew you were here! Your father had told her! Besides, she looked in and saw you when she came! She's not 'the kind of girl' who takes money! Oh, no! She marries it!"

He was standing now, leaning a little out from one side of his desk; he looked as if he were being pelted with an unexpected shower of rocks.

On the way to her room, Ellen realized that what she had said about Miss Patterson would damn her forever in the eyes of Mr. Ainslee, Sr., even though he had that morning assured her that he couldn't possibly get on without her. So she began packing with hopeless decisiveness.

Mrs. Pat listened, loyally sympathetic. She was loyal, but she was older and wiser; and though her own hair had once been red, one learns many a lesson in the long turning of red hair to snowy white.

"I don't blame you, Miss Ellen. I'll leave tomorrow myself. They're rich trash, and I believe it. But from the first, Miss Ellen, you've rubbed that young man the wrong way. For the life of me, I can't see why. Jim Patrick always said there was no better judge of men and horses than me. And I like that young man."

"Bah! You like any kind of a man, Mrs. Pat, horse thief or sheep herder, if he's good-looking."

This was no time to argue with Ellen. But Mrs. Pat tried again gently: "But, Miss Ellen, you can't afford to give up this job. If you keep in their good graces it may mean a lot. If you leave, how on this earth can you ever hope to get the—the rest of the money?"

"I'll get it," said Ellen. "I'll sue Chauncey Cushing for breach of promise. That won't be any worse than staying on here."

"My good Lord," muttered Mrs. Pat; "and you the daughter of Henry Blake" When she lifted her white head out of Ellen's old-fashioned trunk, she had changed her tactics, but Ellen was too busy to notice it. "I'll go downstairs and get your quirt and gloves," she said.

"Jim Reed can send them with my saddle."

"I'll get your raincoat," said Mrs. Pat. And Ellen didn't notice how long it took. She had the trunk finished and was packing her hand bag when the two Messrs. Ainslee arrived outside her door on the balcony. The face of the elder Mr. Ainslee was undoubtedly rather more pleased than annoyed

His placating smile was even more pleasant than usual. It was not possible that he had been told all that had occurred. Ellen gave one swift glance at the face of Mr. Ainslee, Jr., but the face of that young man was almost Oriental in its blank impassiveness.

"Now, my dear Miss Blake," began Mr. Ainslee, Sr., "I'm sure you misunderstood Bob's inten——"

"Mr. Ainslee, I misunderstood nothing! This time it's 'leave' for me, and you can do the laughing. I don't care to discuss your son with you, for he probably has some virtue in your eyes and I've no wish to offend you"

At this, Mr. Ainslee slapped his grimly grinning son on the back and went into ripples of hearty chuckles.

"Miss Blake, you've no idea how much good it does me that the finest secretary I've ever had actually prefers me to my popular son. You see, most of 'em always fall in lo—"

Here Ellen closed the door. "I can't talk about it, Mr. Ainslee. And I must pack," she said.

"Please, Miss Blake." It was now Bob Ainslee's voice. "You intimated, I believe, that if dad would keep me out of your sight you would stay. And he will, gladly."

"Then what are you doing there at my door?"

She could hear the father's chuckles. "I'm just here to speak my piece. I want to apologize abjectly for—offending you. I was rude, and I'm extremely sorry. I hope you won't desert dad on my account, for I'll do my best in the future not to annoy you in any way."

Mrs. Pat had come in through her own door and had Ellen's arm in a pinching clasp.

"Miss Ellen, now, for Lord's sake, use your sense instead of your temper. Give a thought to that poor kid shut up there, dependin' on you."

"Now, how about it, Miss Blake?" said the elder Ainslee, cheerfully expectant.

"It's all right, Mr. Ainslee. I'm laughing too." But she waan't; she was crying into the comfortable curve of Mrs. Pat's shoulder.

"Of course you are. It's the only thing to do. If Bob'd left his wretched business affairs behind him, as I told him to, none of this tempest 'd have hit us at all. You'd have gone off yesterday on your horse and there'd have been no upheaval of any kind. But don't worry about Bob. He can take his car and hunt up some Sage City expert who isn't so prejudiced against him and ——"

"Why, Mr. Ainslee"—Ellen unburied her face and spoke closely to the crack of the closed door—"I'm perfectly willing to do any work for your son whenever you want me to. I merely thought I should be paid what we agreed upon for my own extra time. I still think so. But I want to tell him how—how—how ashamed I am for saying some things that I said—about another matter."

"Thanks, Miss Blake." After an instant Bob Ainslee's voice came from the edge of the balcony. "The fact is, you spoke rather rapidly, if you remember, and I must have missed what you refer to. Anyhow, I've forgotten it, quite. So I'll just transfer our twenty-five dollars to your desk again, and hope that *après la pluie le beau temps.*"

"*Petite pluie abat grand vent.*" She spoke the old proverb before she thought.

"Now are you two coming to terms or beginning a fresh battle?" demanded Mr. Ainslee, Sr.

"Neither, dad," said the departing voice of his son. "Those are two ways Napoleon had of saying, 'Every cloud has a silver lining' or 'Laugh and the world laughs with you,' as you'd probably translate it."

After that, blue sky prevailed. Every day, Bob Ainslee, pleasantly polite, gave Ellen an hour's or more dictation, and made a few seemingly interested remarks. In two weeks they had established quite a determinedly pleasant acquaintance of each other. Occasionally they drifted into five and ten minute conversations of tranquil Western argument, which left Ellen's heart anything but tranquil, as did also the occasions when Miss Patterson breezed into the office alone or with other of the guests, to perch around briefly and chat gayly with the heir apparent.

Bob Ainslee never mentioned Miss Patterson's name to her or to his father in her presence, until his third Sunday morning. On that Sunday morning he wrote his mother that he was going to be married. Ellen had been tautly expecting the news to break for several days, but at the worst, she had only expected to have to convey it from the elder Mr. Ainslee to his hopeful Henrietta. It was beyond her dreariest imagining that she should have to take it from the lips of the happy young man himself. But that, because of a badly sprained wrist, was exactly what happened.

Climatically, that miserable morning was a very gay one. Soft little woolly-lamb clouds tumbled around in a high fair sky and bumped themselves on the blue mountain tops. South-going robins made cheerful clamors in the cottonwoods, whose glistening leaves were beginning to thin with the first tints of yellow. And Autumn's relentless finger tips had touched the woodbine, too, where it trailed around the office door, loving the log chinks. But the

(Continued on Page 138)

WELCOME

It was Needed

It is Here

THE conquest of time is the kernel of progress. What was once the journey of a month is now the flight of a morning; what was once the effort of weeks for a hundred men is now an hour's job for a loom, or a press, or a harvester.

The development of time-keeping devices has kept step with the phases of progress. Ocean navigation on a large scale demanded the chronometer, and the chronometer, after 40 years of effort, was perfected.

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The time lost in taking watches from the pocket was, in the aggregate, centuries of time—so a movement accurate in spite of constantly changing positions was evolved —and the wrist watch appeared.

But the limit of improvement had not been reached. There remained the problem of human forgetfulness. Watches were allowed to run down. The telephone switchboard lights that represent the hundreds of millions of calls made yearly in America alone to find out the correct time, consume enough electricity to light a town.

Nothing less than a watch that wound itself was needed. *The Self-Winding Watch is here.* Its immediate acceptance where acceptance sets fashion rests on its fundamental utility. Its movement incorporates every principle of accurate time-keeping, and to that movement has been added a perfected device for keeping it wound. It is wound by the normal motion of the arm, and it cannot be wound too tight.

The soundness of the Old is in it, and the convenience of the New. Its symmetry is a pleasure to see. Its great ancestors, the *clepsydra,* the clock, the key-winding watch, have a notable descendant. It is more than a Watch; it is a symbol of the Modern Day.

The Perpetual Self-Winding Watch Company of America, Incorporated, 10 West Forty-seventh Street, New York.

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at mouth temperature, 98.6°

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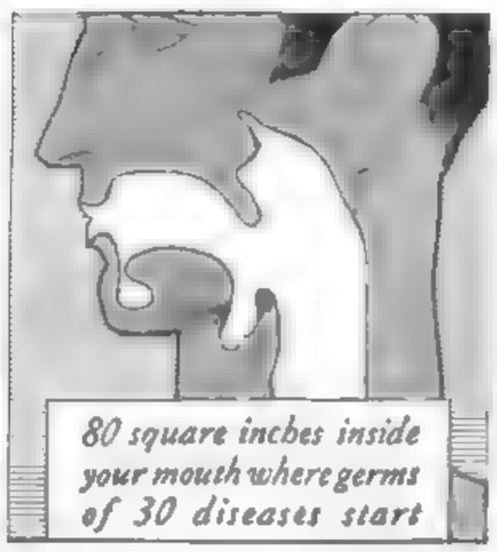

THE taint of an unpleasant mouth is at once eliminated with a daily mouth rinse with LA LASINE. This active antiseptic stops the dangerous growth of decay bacteria. This odor producing bacterial growth immediately forms in the tenacious food film left on the 80 square inches of mouth membrane after each meal. Hot mouth temperature—98.6° provides the ideal foundation for food decay bacterial growth. This obnoxious condition, *always accompanied by its indicative odor*, is not merely covered up by LA LASINE, it is definitely stopped. LA LASINE, by its amazing ability to mix with the mouth secretions, flows over the most secluded membrane areas never reached, never cleaned by your tooth brush and instantly destroys food decay bacteria at their source. Lastingly effective, a mouth rinse with LA LASINE leaves a medication-holding deposit over all the membrane—a definite security of absolute, refreshing cleanliness so vital to your social happiness—and your health. Druggists and department stores now carry the distinctive flasks and bottles of LA LASINE.

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(pronounced La La-seen)

Prevents Food Decay in the Mouth

Bottles and Flasks that guarantee accent of deodorization
(All with convenient screw cap top)

Purse or Vest Pocket Flask (1½ oz.)	10c
Traveling Flask (5 oz.)	35c
Home Size Bottles (10 oz.)	65c
Family and Hospital size (20 oz.)	1.00

(Continued from Page 136)

sun that blazed through the window behind Ellen's bright head was still a summer sun, and the day would be hot. Bob Ainslee, strolling over from the ranch house, wore an open-throated white sports shirt with no tie. Ellen thought she had never seen him look so happy. But of course he was happy; everything, everything in the world was his. The night before she had watched him and his Pamela ride off alone into the moonlit hills, and, disgusted but helpless with herself, she had watched miserably for their return. But it was so long delayed that she went to sleep by the window, cramped and chilly. His light footsteps on his stairs had wakened her. It was one o'clock. And after that he and his father had talked until nearly daybreak.

But now he seemed new as the morning. Sleep was merely a nuisance to these people.

"Good morning, Miss Blake. Great morning again, isn't it?"

"Good morning, Mr. Ainslee. How's your hand?"

"Not to be praised. I wrenched it again, closing a gate last night. . . . You look pale, Miss Blake. Aren't you well?"

"Quite," she said. For less than no reason at all she was glad she had worn her one extravagant dress—a hand-done voile of that leaflet shade of green which loves best red hair and bronze-lighted brown eyes, and is even kindly disposed toward a freckle or two on a straight little nose and a firm little chin.

"I hope dad and I didn't disturb you last night, arguing."

"Not at all. I wonder if he isn't going to want me this morning for your mother's letter. He usually comes at nine."

"He's delegated me in his place, if you don't mind. I never dictate mother's letters, but this confounded wrist ——"

"Why, not at all," said Ellen, lifting her pencil professionally above her red-lined pad.

Dragging the creaking swivel chair from behind the high desk in the corner, he settled himself at a precarious angle in the middle of the office directly in her vision if she lifted her eyes, and stared thoughtfully up into the log rafters.

"'Dearest Mother Hen.' That's a capital *H*. Mother's the proverbial hen with one duckling."

"I gathered as much from your father's letters."

"And from what mother writes me, you've set a new standard for dad's letters. She says he never has written her decent letters before; she's quite pleased with him. Now can you follow me right along, like a business letter?"

"Certainly."

"Good. Stops always tangle me up." His voice swung into a swift monotone: "'Accept my apologies for having to dictate this letter, but I rather over-estimated my skill in one of the essential Twin Creek arts—namely, steer roping—and sprained my wrist the other day. Nothing serious. Not worth wiring or telephoning about. I am, however, especially sorry to have to dictate this particular letter, because it is the long-promised letter you've been praying for. I have swum into safe waters, Mother Hen, and shall soon, I hope, be permanently anchored, with servant troubles and a church pew of my own.'"

So it had come. Ellen's eyes lifted for one swift stabbing glance into the steady gaze of his very dark ones. She felt her wretched cheeks go scarlet. There was a little pause. Then the swift monotone went on:

"'I know how happy you will be about this, and I know that I don't half deserve so wonderful a girl. But, writing as I am, you will have to read some of my natural enthusiasm between the lines. One element you may not like quite so much as I hope you will later, when you have been here and come to see this place as I see it. For we're going to live here, at least for the greater part of each year. This country eats into me, somehow—not to play in but to work in. To live in. I want to see what I can do with it. We both feel this way about it.'"

"The devil she does," Ellen thought bitterly. "She'll love this country just till she gets him and not a second longer."

"'We both,'" his reflective voice went on, unconsciously gaining expressiveness, "'feel that a lot more can be got out of life in these canyons than in the ones of New York City. We believe that new methods and modern machinery can make life here just as profitable as it is pleasant. I'm mighty fortunate to have found a girl who feels as I do about it, a girl who fits into the picture like the clean mountain streams and the steadfast stars—a girl with hair like maple leaves in the sunshine, with red-brown eyes, with perfect ankles and pretty hands, and with half a dozen little freckles on the tip of the bravest chin you ever saw.'"

For several seconds Ellen's tottering pencil had been inscribing a meaningless maze of dots and dashes. Finally it fell. She made herself look at him. Yes, there he sat, seemingly sane as to appearance. He didn't smile, either, but returned her gaze with gentle gravity. Something in it made her feel as if he were approaching her, reaching to her, and she rose quickly and took several steps backward, close to the wall.

"Is this one of—of your morning-after games, Mr. Ainslee?"

"Yes. And every morning after. It's the game—of love, Ellen." He rose with her, but stood unmoving in front of his chair. "I love you. And I believe you love me. I earnestly hope it isn't going to set off your terrible temper, but even at that risk, I must ask if you think we can be married, say about—Wednesday morning?"

"You—you can't possibly love me! How can you act like this?"

"We-ll, I'll admit I'm not acting as I'd like to. But I've only one good arm, you know, and I'm a little afraid of you—yet."

Ellen dazedly pushed her hair from her forehead and held her hand on top of her head. "Why—why should you believe I love you?"

"Perhaps because I so much want to believe it. You do, don't you?"

"I—simply—can't—believe—it's—possible." She felt weak, rather like fainting. But she had no intention of that. Her hand dropped heavily.

He laughed a little at her honest words. "It's more than possible. It's inevitable. But I answered your question. Now you answer mine. You do love me, don't you?"

"Yes, I do. I've hated it. I've tried not to. But it's a relief, anyhow, to have it out of my system. Naturally I can't imagine, Mr. Ainslee, why you're indulging in this comedy, but if it's part of holding down this horrible, horrible job, I admit that I do love you—heaven knows why, but I do. Now what of it?"

"Quite a lot, I'd say. All our lives together. And for two people who are going to be married next Wednesday, don't you think Bob and Ellen would be less formal, dear, dear Ellen?"

"Oh, don't. Please stay there!" At the earnest supplication in her voice, he retraced the one step he had taken toward her.

"Why, if you knew the least thing about me"—she was choking a little—"you wouldn't even employ me, much less ——"

"I don't employ you. I never did. You wouldn't permit it. And I know so many admirable things about you that if I knew one more I'd feel too humble to insist on your marrying me. As I told Larry ——"

"As you—what?"

"As I told your brother. We've been friends for the long period of nearly a week. I really didn't suppose—after considerable investigation too—that there was any girl in the world as wonderful as you are, with such an interesting temper in the bargain."

"Who told you about my brother? Who told you?"

"Now, why lose the interesting temper just now? It's a pure waste of time. Your loyal friend Madame Pompadour told me something like two weeks ago tomorrow morning, and since ——"

"Mrs. Pat?"

"None other."

"She told you the day I was leaving! And you were sorry for me! Sorry! And now you're pitying me! That's why you changed so all of a sudden! Pity!"

"Not if I understand the word. I'm somewhat yearning to shake you. I've pitied quite a collection of girls in my time, but I haven't expressed it by proposing to them. That's what I'm doing, you know, lest you forget."

"What were you doing last night, out in the moonlight in the hills?"

"Now you're beginning to act normal. But seriously, Ellen—dear Ellen whom I love—last night is something I'd rather tell you about after a while, when you believe in me a little more firmly. I wasn't having a very pleasant time—and I wasn't proposing."

"I believe you," Ellen said. "I've never thought you loved her. But have—have you really seen my brother Larry in jail?"

"Yes, Ellen. And it's a rotten jail. We'll have him out this afternoon. I've been in several, but none so unhomelike. We'll ——"

"But Larry did do wrong—he isn't innocent—you mustn't think ——"

"It's you who mustn't think, little Ellen; you've been doing entirely too much thinking."

This time she did not forbid him as he came. In fact, she came a little way to meet him, and all the glorious, foolish dreams she had thought must sleep forever in her heart came boldly true in their meeting. There had been tears in her eyes, but it was too happy a place for tears, and under his lips they fled swiftly.

"But, Bob, tell me just one thing: How could you be so sure I loved you? I thought I was putting up such a perfect front."

"You're not a good liar, little redhead. You blush. And then—well, perhaps our fine friend Madame Pompadour helped just a little."

"I shall kill her!"

"What? After—this? And this?"

Her lips left his for one of her infrequent smiles. "I mean," she said, "with kindness."

As he was properly appreciating this explanation, the screen door opened, and did not close. The silence grew intense. Ellen was thankful she could not see above the sheltering shoulder above her.

"It's your father," she whispered. "Oh, Bob, say something. This will be terrible for him."

When the senior Mr. Ainslee found his voice, it was an alarming one: "Bob! What the devil does this mean?"

"It means, dad," said Bob Ainslee, his voice somewhat muffled by the gallant red head beneath his lips, "that this is a time for you to laugh or to leave."

And Mr. Ainslee, temporarily, left.

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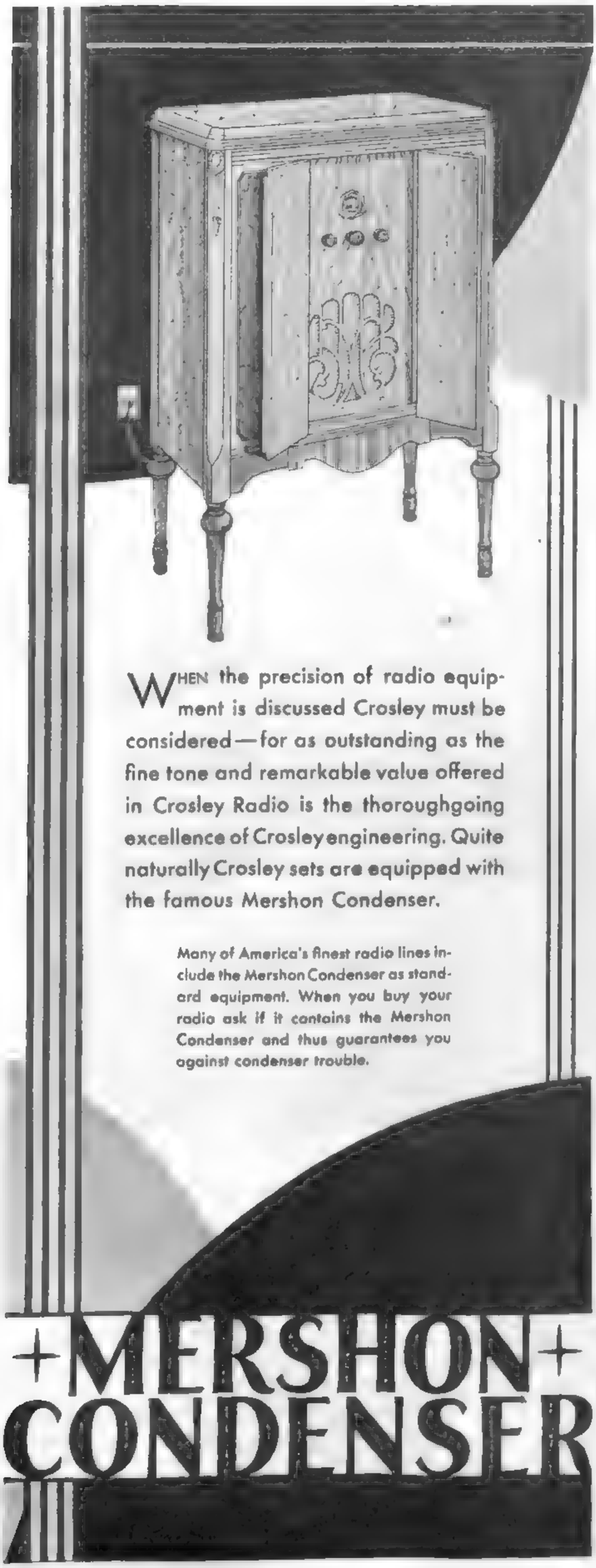

WHEN the precision of radio equipment is discussed Crosley must be considered—for as outstanding as the fine tone and remarkable value offered in Crosley Radio is the thoroughgoing excellence of Crosley engineering. Quite naturally Crosley sets are equipped with the famous Mershon Condenser.

Many of America's finest radio lines include the Mershon Condenser as standard equipment. When you buy your radio ask if it contains the Mershon Condenser and thus guarantees you against condenser trouble.

+MERSHON+ CONDENSER

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24TH

Continued from Page 7

made the acquaintance of the large, cheerful, middle-aged lady who was going to New York from St. Anthony to spend Christmas with her sister—the sister who had gone there to live some fifteen years before and had a daughter such a pretty girl at the Laceby School, and a very successful husband These facts were given out by the middle-aged lady easily, with practically no questioning, as if they lay on the top of her mind

She was a person who was pleasant to talk to, interested in what was the occasion of journeys for her companions and in their confidences. In the dressing room of the Pullman she brushed her hair with long, sidewise swoops, washed thoroughly with the liquid soap provided by the railroad, and intermittently told the lady who was coming back from the Coast with a husband who had been threatened with tuberculosis, and the other lady who taught dramatic reading in high school, about herself. But she had first listened to both of them and been very sympathetic about the night the sick husband had the sinking spell and had been expected to die, though it had turned out to be his stomach and not his heart and just as warmly interested in the fact that a dramatic reader is not an actress but a more highly intellectualized type

She had breakfasted with a fat man from Ohio who told her about market gardens and whom she told about the problems that chain stores can make and had made with her own brother, who was in the wholesale grocery business. She dined with a rather stiff, elderly lady who at first seemed to have no powers of conversation, until they struck a mutual bond in the fact that celery needs more careful and delicate attention than it is commonly given on dining cars. But it all got down to one final, basic discussion with each person to whom she talked: Was it going to be a white Christmas and was Christmas really Christmas without snow? Now, out where she lived it wasn't once in twenty years that there was a Christmas with the ground bleak and bare like this

There was another train coming through New York State a half hour earlier which stopped at the town where Miss Laceby, firm of purpose and high in the regard of the rich, had decided to found a girls' school thirty-five years before. She had since died, but her impress was still being put on girls like Connie Holliday, who followed the porter and her silver-mounted luggage through the parlor car. The other passengers looked at her with interest, as people will always look at youth and beauty and spirit clothed in soft fur and other tokens of wealth. But the girl acted as if those who glanced or stared were invisible Wrapped in a delicate kind of isolation she found her place, and quietly—for none of the Laceby graduates had noisy manners unless they were in ballrooms or other places, surrounded by their friends—had the porter turn her chair toward the window. But not to look at the river. When she was seated and the train rushed on she opened her purse and took out a letter. It had not come freshly from an envelope. It looked as if it had been read before, and from the way Connie handled the letter, this would not be the last reading. She went back to it every now and then until the train rushed through the blackness of the tunnel and into the vast spaces of the Grand Central Station, where Mrs. Holliday met her.

The chauffeur took Connie's bags to the waiting limousine

"I have to meet another train in twenty minutes," said Mrs. Holliday. "I think we'd better wait in the car."

"Who's coming?"

"Your Aunt Mary."

"Good for her," said Connie cordially. "I used to like her. She's the one with hair that grows just like a horse's does—all to one side"

"It's very nice," said Mrs. Holliday, "but a trifle difficult because of your party."

Connie was only amused.

"She'll like it. And if she wants to dance we'll have a few circular two-steps and Blue Danubes. We can always make it a costume party!"

"Mary will do that anyway," thought Mrs. Holliday, her mind reverting to the purple lace dress. She asked a few questions about Connie's friends and the more immediate needs of her wardrobe, and then spoke casually, as if the matter she referred to were of no great concern

"I hear Joy Duval is having a party on the twenty-fourth too"

"Joy? Is she? That will cut into the stag line all right"

"I hope it isn't going to spoil your party."

"Why should it?" asked Connie, to whom certain forms of restraint in which her mother had trained herself seemed to come naturally. But after a minute or two she asked where Joy was having it.

"Her father's giving it for her at their house."

"Did he open up that ark?"

Mrs. Holliday nodded. "Yes He came back from Paris."

"Well," said Connie, "his electric-light bill must be high. It's quite a castle. Joy's getting frightfully attractive."

"Have you seen her since fall?"

"Oh, yes At the Thanksgiving game. She was with Dusty Barret. That is, she was when I wasn't."

"I don't know him, do I?"

"I guess not. Unless you read the football news. He's a clean young man, too, if you know what I mean"

Her mother laughed and loved her.

"The house is littered with invitations for you," she said. "You simply must schedule things so that you get some rest."

"What dead language did that word come from?" inquired Connie. "Hadn't we better walk in the general direction of Aunt Mary now? I'll go back with you and meet her"

Mary Merrick was still saying farewells when they caught their first glimpse of her She was busily separating her luggage from that of the dramatic teacher and hoping to run into her again while they were both in New York

The dramatic teacher, catching sight of Mrs. Holliday, Connie, and especially the immaculate and liveried chauffeur, stopped to bask on the edge of luxury. But Mary Merrick walked right into it with no ado and much cordiality

"Well, Phyllis," she said, "it's good to see you. You don't seem to get a day older. And here's Connie. I wouldn't have recognized you. You're getting to look like your mother. No, there's something of your father about your mouth."

"That's because we smoke the same brand of cigarettes," said Connie, trying her out.

But Miss Merrick only laughed.

"You modern girls!" she exclaimed "Now let me see if I have my suitcases all together. I'll carry that box. . . . No, I'd really rather. It has to be held in just the right way. There's a Christmas present in it. You know what I did the very last thing, Phyllis? I went out and cut a lot of spruce boughs and put them in flat in that extra suitcase. I knew you couldn't get that fresh-smelling spruce in New York City and it's so nice to have around the house. You know, you can just stick it behind pictures and things."

"You're a dear," said Phyllis, feeling like a prophet.

Mary really was worse than she had expected. It had been two years since they had seen each other, and there was something curiously restful in that plump, spreading face of her sister, with its kind, intimate eyes. But there was no denying that Mary's hat was unspeakable, and since

Continued on Page 142

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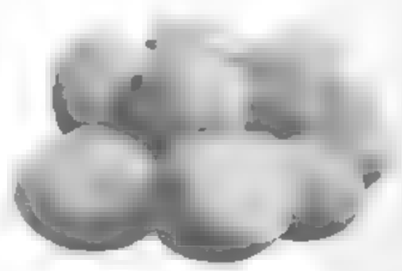
The next time you market, ask for Blue Goose. Do this for a week at least. The saving in shopping time alone is worth while. But you'll save money, save waste, and serve a better table as well. That's what millions of women have found who let Blue Goose do their marketing.



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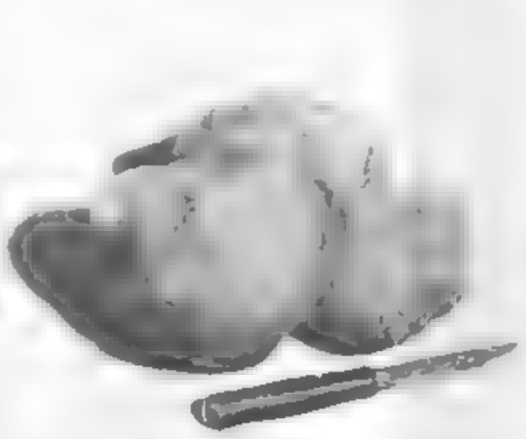

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Continued from Page 140

she never would cut into good fur, her sealskin coat was a Roman mantle. Her gloves were wrinkled and so was the collar on her dress, but, as she remarked, you couldn't keep clean and neat when you were traveling. And she had no restraints, no consciousness that what she said might be ill-timed or ill-tuned. She had the manner of being among relatives who naturally expect intimacies to be loosed.

"Isn't this a wonderful car?" she exclaimed. "And you have a chauffeur now too. Isn't that lovely for you?"

Phyllis had come to take her chauffeur entirely for granted, which was the way she wanted to take him. It rather scraped her nerves to see Mary beaming over him. After all, their grandfather had been a judge and had always kept horses of his own. Had there been a coachman or had there not? Lately she had rather assumed that there had been. At any rate, they had not been brought up either in poverty or obscurity. Mary herself had spent a year in Switzerland at school before her mother died and she became the mainspring of the family. But those patent-leather suitcases she had brought along today gave no hint that she had ever traveled before.

Mary exulted over the house too.

"It's quite a big house, isn't it? I'm so glad you're in a place of your own now, Phyllis. You were in an apartment when I was here before, you know. I never have cared for apartments. I like a stairs to go up and down myself."

Phyllis had chosen her narrow stone house from among thousands of narrow stone houses, and its acquisition marked an epoch in her life. But she never admitted those things. She made Mary comfortable in a high-ceilinged guest room with silent rugs and a bed that had been an art collector's treasure. There were pieces of fine lace on the dressing table and slender crystal lamps whose shades were like colored gossamer. Mary said it was a nice big room and that she hoped she wasn't putting anybody out. Then she started to open a suitcase.

"I must show you a picture of Fred's oldest girl," she told her sister. "No, it's right here on top. Here it is. I don't think it flatters Dorothy at all, but you can see how much she takes after Fred. She's a bright girl. This is her last year at Normal, but I don't know whether she'll ever teach or not. She has so many admirers! She's kind of the same style as your Connie, don't you think so?"

Mrs. Holliday did not think so. The girl in the photograph was no doubt pretty, even with her self-conscious eyes and mouth. But that was all. There was not a trace of Connie's sophisticated simplicity in the picture of this girl who wore a rather bristly fur over one shoulder and her hat dipped over the other eye. As for those dramatic earrings

"She's very attractive," said Mrs. Holliday.

"I wish I could have brought her along," remarked Mary regretfully. "She and Connie would have had such a good time together."

Mrs. Holliday changed the subject, advising Mary to get a good rest before dinner.

"And you must think of what you'd like to do while you're here."

"Oh, we'll just visit," said Mary, "and I don't want you to bother about me. I want to shop a little and pick up some things for Fred's family. They don't get so very much, you know. And there was a delightful woman on the train coming down who gave me her address and wanted me to look her up. She thought we might have lunch together. She knows some of these bohemian places. There is one other person I must look up too. That's Daphne Barry's husband. I meant to do it when I was here ten years ago, but I couldn't remember his name. This time I wrote it down in an address book, though it slips my mind at the moment. I looked it up in an old letter from Daphne."

"Who is she?" asked Phyllis indifferently.

"You've heard me speak of Daphne. We were together in school in Switzerland. My, she was a beauty and a lovely girl. She died, poor child, shortly after she was married. I never met her husband, but I understand he was well-to-do and quite able to take care of her. He had a hotel business or something like that. I always thought I'd like to look him up and ask him to tell me about Daphne in those last years. I think they had a child, too, though I never heard if it lived."

Phyllis was hardly listening. She could guess at these people Mary would seek out in New York. Somebody whom she'd run into on the train, who liked bohemian restaurants all set out for spinster tourists, and some fat hotel manager—or would it be a chef?

"We want you to have a good time," she said. "Of course, there's a great deal going on and we can be quite gay or not. Just as you please."

"I only want to meet your friends," answered Mary, "without any fuss."

Phyllis thought of the women she knew, most of them so deep in engagements, and of her hours of contact with them, over a bridge table, at some dinner, some dance, in somebody's box at the theater. She really knew a great many people now. But hardly anyone whom she could ask in for the casual purpose of meeting a sister, just because she was a sister. Perhaps, later, a luncheon could be managed.

"I'm only having one large party, and that's a dance for Connie on the twenty-fourth. With a rather small dinner beforehand. It's really her coming-out party."

"Not the twenty-fourth," Mary corrected her pleasantly.

"Yes. That's the date."

"But that's Christmas Eve."

"Well ——"

"You're not going to give a dance on Christmas Eve?"

"Why not?"

"Won't everyone want to be home with their families?"

Phyllis laughed.

"No, I'm not worried about that. I'm only concerned for fear they may want to go to other parties. And people are too terrible these days. Especially this young crowd. You never know whether you can count on them or not. You never know until the next day."

"But isn't it awfully hard on you, Phyllis—entertaining just at Christmastime?"

"There's not much I do about it myself," said Mrs. Holliday, "except to be there. My work's already done. It's not going to be here at the house. It will be at the Mayfair."

"I'm certainly glad I brought my lace dress," reflected Mary. "You know, I nearly didn't. I suppose they'll all be low-neck and short sleeves."

"It's highly probable," said Phyllis.

They dined at home, Phyllis in black chiffon, Connie in flesh-colored velvet, and Mary in brown silk with a tatted collar and cuffs and a long, swinging string of pink pearl beads. It was a more intimate dinner than was usual in that spacious room. Mary wanted to know so many things, and tell so many things, and to enjoy all her food. She asked Connie about her school and Gerald about his business, all in the way of collecting facts for the family archives. There were reminiscences. And after Connie had left for some party which she had promised to join, and they were lingering over coffee, Mary spoke of Fred.

"What's Fred up against now?" asked Gerald.

Mary sighed.

"He told me about a week ago that he was in difficulties. Came to the house to see me and just sat there for a long while without saying anything. Finally I told him that it would do him good to talk. It does, you know."

"It's never done Fred much good," said Phyllis.

"Things have kind of gone against him right along," Mary agreed, "and I suppose

Continued on Page 145

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it's partly his fault. I said to him, 'You shouldn't be discouraged, Fred, with six handsome, smart children,' but he just sat there and finally said that he didn't know which way to turn. He talked about getting old. He's grown quite gray, you know, Gerald, though he's only three years older than I am. And he said that he'd never been able to make a go of anything. I never saw him so down-hearted. You know how Fred always used to be. He always was sure good luck was just around the corner."

"What's the present trouble?" repeated Gerald.

"He has a note due at the bank in a few days and he has to pay something on it—it's a note for ten thousand dollars. Old Mr. Stearns told him they couldn't let it run any longer."

"Then his business can't be worth the risk," said Phyllis hastily. "I hope you didn't lend him the money."

"No. He won't take it from me. And of course I haven't enough to do much anyway."

"He's taken money for doctors' bills from you again and again. You practically paid for bringing all those children into the world, Mary."

"What's an old maid for?" asked Mary, laughing. "It's the only way she can help at a time like that."

Gerald said kindly, "I'm afraid it's a bottomless pit when you start helping Fred, Mary. He'd do better, if the business isn't going well, to get out from under and find some salaried job."

"I suppose he must," agreed Mary, "but everything he has is in it. It will mean that he'll have to go through bankruptcy."

"That's nothing," said Phyllis.

"Perhaps not in New York. It's a little different in St. Anthony, where you know everyone. But Fred's ready to face it if he has to. He did say that if he had another six months to get things in better shape——"

"But he always feels that way," Phyllis reminded her, "and what has it ever come to except fresh difficulties? You know, Mary, how often Jerry's helped Fred. And last time we decided that it really must be the last."

"I know," said Mary, "and you mustn't think, because I'm telling you this, that I want Jerry to do anything more. You've both done more than your share. Fred feels that way. 'I wouldn't ask Jerry,' Fred said to me. But I can't help feeling sorry for him. Fred means so well."

"He means well and he doesn't beat his wife. But neither of them is competent or they wouldn't be where they are," remarked Phyllis.

"That's one reason I'm sorry for them. And then it seems so pathetic that this note comes due on Christmas Eve."

Gerald smiled. "It has no instant effects," he said. "That doesn't mean they'll be out in the snow on Christmas, Mary."

"No. But as Fred said, it means the end—the point when he has to give up. And it does seem too bad to have it come at a time like that when everybody should be happy."

Gerald looked at his sister-in-law.

"Do you think it would really establish Fred if I helped him through this time?" he asked quietly.

Mary answered the look without evasion.

"It's so hard to be sure that it would," she said.

"You can be sure that it wouldn't," said Phyllis, "and anyway, we can't possibly afford it. You've no idea, Mary, how hard Jerry works and how much it costs us to live."

Mary's glance touched the silver coffee cups on the table, the gown Phyllis wore, the gleam of a painting on the wall.

"It must be a great deal."

Four days, then three. Christmas came hurrying, hot-foot, and Mary seemed to be racing with it. She was continually saying that it didn't seem possible that Friday would really be Christmas. She rejoiced incontinently over a few feeble flurries of snow, which melted instantly in the midst of inhospitable acres of brick and stone, and hoped for a white Christmas after all. She was drunk with holiday spirit, dropping dimes into Salvation Army buckets, wearing a sprig of holly, humming carols, though she never could remember all the words, and leaving a trail of Christmas cards and seals and ribbon and tissue paper behind her. She loved the displays in the shops and the orgy of last-minute buying. Her own purchases were simple enough, but she got great pleasure out of seeing other people, unknown people, buying things. Connie laughed and seemed to find her aunt delightful and amusing. But Mrs. Holliday wondered a little about Connie. Sometimes it seemed as if Connie were laughing a little too much, as if she weren't really having as good a time as her dovetailed engagements should give her. She wondered if there were anything on Connie's mind.

There was plenty on her own, but it was not the business of Christmas. Her own Christmas buying had been done long ago and they wrapped things so beautifully in the shops that she never bothered with such details. There would be the pearls for Connie, many flowers to send, the new dressing case for Jerry, gold pieces for the servants—and that was about all. It had occurred to her that she might give Mary an evening dress and present it on Christmas Eve. But there was the problem of Mary's figure, which had curious and unexpected bulges. A check would be a better idea, and perhaps a satin negligee. The one Mary was wearing was too dreadful, made of light blue cotton crêpe with scarlet parrots all over it. Yet one couldn't tell Mary that. There was a certain dignity about her contentment with her own possessions. Mrs. Holliday had been on guard to check any possible slight the servants might offer Mary, but there had been none. They had been entirely respectful to the large, pleasant, unassuming lady. "At any other time," Phyllis had thought once or twice, "I could have enjoyed this visit from Mary."

But now, underneath her constant, orderly preoccupation, she was worried. There had been some disappointing last-minute regrets for the dinner. She had found people to fill in, but not to her satisfaction. The dinner itself could, of course, be managed, but several of her guests had already told her that they might have to go on to the Duvals' later. She heard more and more of the Duval party. So many of the people whom she really wanted for that one night seemed to be going to it. She had wanted Connie's dance to be really distinguished by its guests, and her chances for that seemed to be melting away.

She was going over her invitation list with some care when Mary came in. Miss Merrick had three little shopping envelopes and a bulky purse under her arm. Her hair was stringy under her hat, but she beamed.

"I never saw such beautiful Christmas-tree ornaments as they have here," she declared. "I got some for you. They look exactly like real icicles. Where do you have your tree, Phyllis?"

"Tree?"

"Where do you have your Christmas tree?"

"My dear, we haven't had one in years."

"It's hardly Christmas without a tree. Don't you decorate the house?"

"There'll be lots of flowers to do that. I always have poinsettias and roses, and Stern makes gorgeous holly centerpieces. I have one every year. Connie will get no end of flowers too. Especially from all these people who aren't going to come to her party," she ended, on a note of bitterness.

"I was a little afraid you'd have trouble getting people to come out on Christmas Eve."

Phyllis couldn't bear it.

"That isn't the trouble," she exclaimed, and suddenly was glad to tell what it was. "It's this other party. Everyone I want is going there. I wouldn't have chosen the

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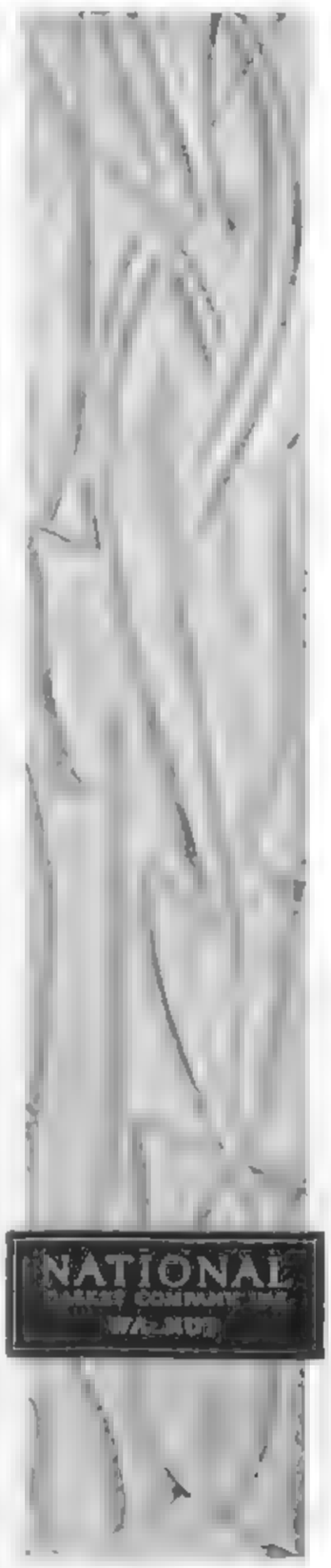

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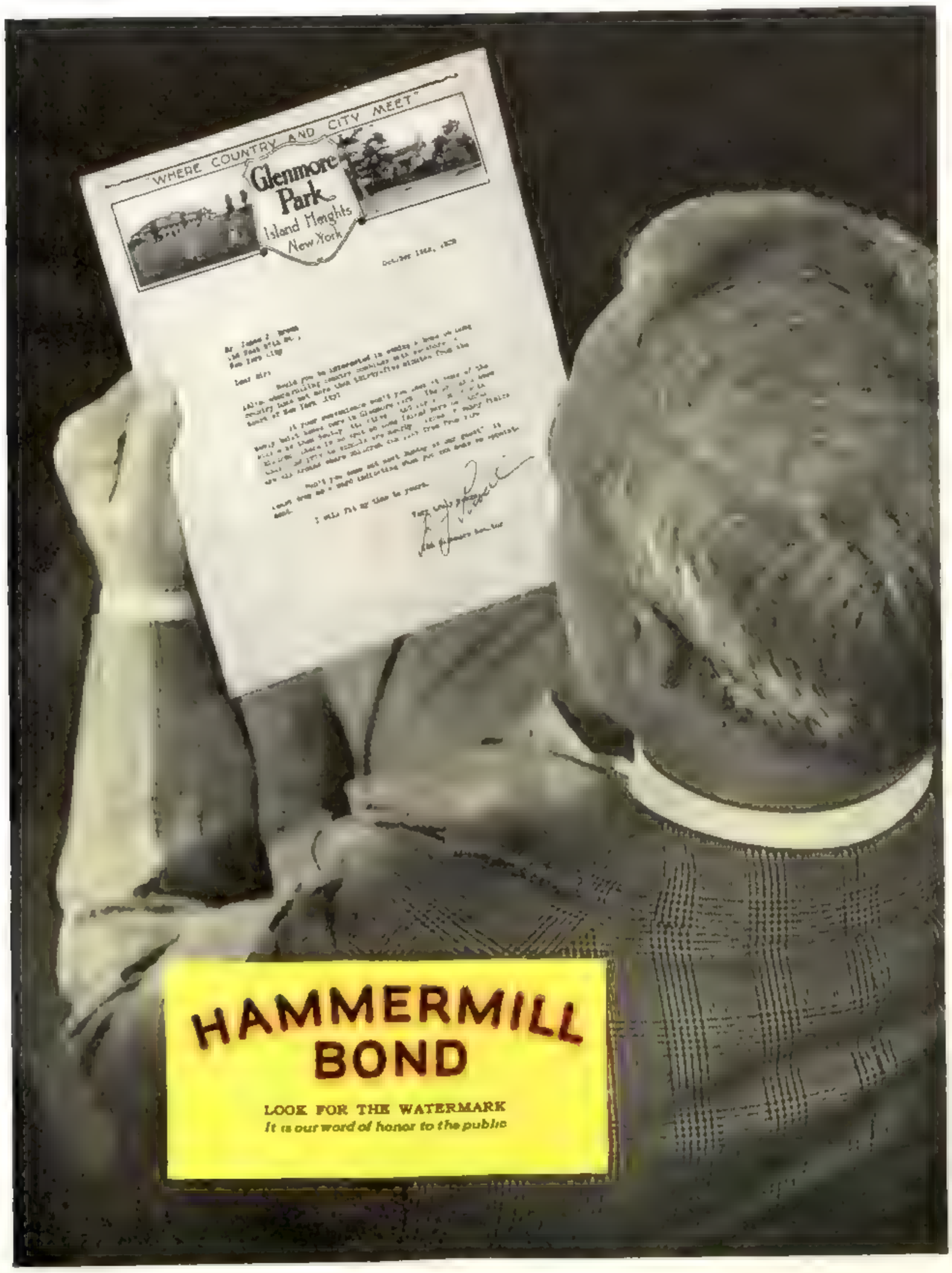

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(Continued from Page 145)

twenty-fourth unless it had looked like a clear date. And apparently I couldn't have picked a worse one. After all my invitations are out this man gives a party for his daughter and I'm simply left high and dry by the people I wanted."

"But if you'd asked them first?"

Phyllis shrugged her shoulders bitterly.

"Much they care about that. You don't understand, Mary. It's been a long, hard fight down here. When you come to New York to live, you can be absolutely lost. No matter how nice you are or how much money you make. It takes years to build up even as much position as we have, and I know it's a pretty synthetic one. But, if I could, I wanted to get to such a point that Connie could go off from there naturally, with the kind of group it's worth belonging to. With what Gerald has done and I've done, we've come to know a great many people. They like us and we go about all the time. But there's no real loyalty to us. We're still only newcomers. This other party is given by a person who has name and prestige and tremendously important family connections and—oh, everything. I haven't anything to use as a drawing card against that!"

And looking at Mary, she could imagine her, blouzy and cordial in the purple lace dress—that wasn't going to help either.

"Won't you have your dance?" asked Mary.

Phyllis stiffened.

"Oh, yes. I'll have to go through with it. It will look very gay and you'll probably like it. But it's not what I wanted. Not for Connie's first party. I've filled in most of the gaps at dinner. You'll see plenty of people there."

"I meant to tell you," said Mary, "I don't think I'll come to the dinner."

"But of course you will," said Phyllis feebly, though she couldn't help hoping that Mary would stick to her point.

"No, my dear. I just don't think I'd fit in. From what I've seen of your plans and—well, the way you live and everything, I think I'd be kind of out of place. I may come in later in the evening, just to get a glimpse."

"But we aren't going to leave you at home!"

"You won't. I meant to tell you. You remember my speaking of this man whose wife was Daphne Barry. Well, I got his address and called him up, and he was so touched it was pitiful. And he wanted to know if I couldn't come and have dinner with him and this little girl of his, though I guess she isn't so little any more, on Christmas Eve. He said he was asking a few friends, just to keep them from being lonesome. He was so anxious to talk about Daphne and to have me meet his daughter that I said I'd come."

"You really want to?" asked Phyllis.

"I think it's the thing to do," said Mary comfortably. "He said he'd send for me and everything, so I'll be off your hands. He has a car, apparently, and I imagine it will be a nice, quiet dinner. I thought maybe I'd wear the purple lace, in case I got a taxi and went over to see your party later."

"You do just as you please," said Phyllis in infinite relief. It would make it easier. Not that she didn't adore Mary. She was fonder than ever of her just now. "But I do want you to come in, even if it's late."

Mary left her. She had to write a few last Christmas cards to people she had just thought of, and the ink in the guest room having given out, she sought the library. She was at the desk in the corner, half hidden by a painted screen, when Connie and a young man came in.

It did not occur to Mary to get up at once or make any retreat. She was used to having Fred's girls and their admirers around in her own capacious living room. Besides, she wanted to finish her cards, so she kept on writing, though she looked the young people over. Their faces were clear in the light coming from the lamps by the fireplace. The young man was certainly very handsome. Very strong, too, and well built, and with nothing furtive in his face. That was a healthy scowl he was wearing. How pretty Connie was! She had a more delicate face than any of Fred's girls.

"You surely see how it is," said the young man.

"Of course," answered Connie in the remote tone that meant trouble.

"It's not that I wouldn't rather be with you. And at your party. But I've known Joy since we were in the incubator. Her father's a tremendous friend of my family, and they accepted for me. I just can't get out of dinner. But I can break away from there early."

"No," said Connie, "don't bother to come on to my feeble little party. Why should you?"

"Well, if you take that tone."

"What tone?"

"You sound as if you didn't like me."

"And do I?"

"I don't know. I wish I did. You did at Thanksgiving."

"I was just Joy's understudy."

"Don't be silly."

"I'm not. I like to make things lucid, that's all."

"You're rotten to me today."

She was completely silent, very aloof. He tried to touch her and she moved away.

"Well—anyway, I can find the door."

"To the left," said Connie. "In the city, doors open outward."

He looked at her in an angry and uncertain way, and she did not move a muscle. But after he had gone, Mary Merrick saw her niece clench her small white hand and press it against her mouth, and she seemed so young and so pitifully controlled that a lump came into Mary's throat. She had caught the drift of it. The young man was going to this other party too.

Mary stood up and rattled a paper. Connie turned and stared at her aunt.

"Were you there all the time?"

"I was writing cards," said Mary comfortably—"a few last Christmas ones. I hope I didn't disturb you."

She crossed over to where Connie was standing and put a plump arm around her.

"That's a fine young man," she said.

"He may be. But he's nothing in my life."

"Maybe he'd like to be."

Connie was derisive: "Yes. He'd like to so much that he's going to Joy Duval's party tomorrow night."

"Whose party?"

"Oh, it's just a dance that old Charley Duval came back from Paris to give for his daughter."

"Charley Duval?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter," said Connie. "Let them all go. I don't care about the rest of them. I don't care about him, either!"

But she cried against Mary's breast. There was something about Mary that let people cry when they needed to.

Christmas Eve was a bitter day. The gay shops tried to pretend that there was no ice-laden wind sweeping down avenues and rushing out at people from cross streets. Swift, heated limousines tried to give the impression that there were no cold people on the street, and the doormen at great hotels and restaurants tried to present an indifferent front to the weather. But even luxury shivered. Even Phyllis Holliday, coming out of the Mayfair at four o'clock in the afternoon after seeing that all the arrangements for Connie's party were perfected, and looking up and down the street for her car, drew her furs closely about her.

The doorman, thinking she had gone, had retreated inside, and Phyllis walked a few steps to the corner. It was dusk and the lights were on in the street. The lines of cars shot by. Great, beautiful buildings glimmered in the dusk. And on the corner of the street a man with bitter eyes stood hesitating as the traffic flooded by.

He was not warmly dressed. He was clean, but he carried himself awkwardly

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Every genuine Drinkless holder (for cigars or cigarettes) is stamped with the words "Tobacco Yello", indicating that it removes this substance. *Be sure* the holder you buy is marked Tobacco Yello.

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New Energy, New Vitality, Fewer Nerves Tomorrow—Accept 3-Day Supply

YOU fall asleep almost instantly you go to bed. And all the next day teem with new energy and "pep." You look and feel like a different person

On doctors' advice, millions employ this new way. For it is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink. And does far more than simply induce sleep! *It rebuilds your wasted tissues while you sleep.*

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Doctors urge it not only for sleeplessness, but for all nervous and run-down conditions. They recommend it, too, for nervous, underweight children. Thousands of busy people take it during the day, to relieve fatigue and restore vitality. A few weeks' use will make an amazing difference in the way you feel Believe or not what people claim for Ovaltine. *Try it.* Obtain today at any drug or grocery store—or use coupon for special 3-day test

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Make this experiment. Drink a cup of hot Ovaltine before retiring, for three nights. Note how quickly you go to sleep, how refreshed you feel when you awaken, your unlimited energy next day. Mail coupon, with 10c for a 3-day introductory package.

OVALTINE

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I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day package of Ovaltine

Name
(Print name and address clearly)

Address

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(One package to a person) 515

and he didn't seem to know where to go. He stared at Phyllis and she quickly averted her eyes from him and then impulsively glanced back. She never tolerated beggars on the street, but today something moved her and she spoke to him.

"Did you want something?" she said.

He laughed.

"No. . . . Yes. Sure. Fifty dollars."

"What for?" she asked curiously.

"To get back home for Christmas," he said; "to get back where people know me. Out of this place where you're just something to run over."

The traffic moved in the other direction and he started to go along with it, as if driven.

"Wait," said Phyllis, and opened her purse.

"Why," he said, embarrassed and yet greedy, "I thought you were kidding me. I wasn't really going to ask you for money, lady."

"Take it," said Phyllis. "It's a Christmas present. I wish myself that I were back where people knew me tonight. It's a hard city to make friends in. Take it. Please do."

He lifted his hat and she saw the cropped head and knew what it meant.

"Thank you," he said. "I guess you can spare it."

"Oh, yes," she said, and he was gone.

It was a strange incident and it made her feel unlike herself—not really more content but less important. The chauffeur appeared, apologizing for the delay, and covered her with a fur and velvet robe, and she went back to her house.

Mary hadn't been able to help it. Phyllis saw the tree the minute she entered the hall. It was not such a very big tree, but it stood there so cheerfully gaudy, so overbedecked, so sure of itself and its welcome, that Phyllis laughed aloud. She stood beside it a minute. Candy strings. She hadn't remembered there were such things. They stirred a memory that didn't quite materialize. But she felt younger for a moment than she had in years.

She lay down in her room to rest. It was at the time she always did, but she hadn't been able to rest lately. She didn't expect to manage it today, and that was why it was so amazing to fall asleep instantly and be wakened by her maid.

"It's time to dress, Mrs. Holliday," she said, "and Mr. Duval's car is here for Miss Merrick. Shall I call her?"

"Whose car?" asked Phyllis.

"The chauffeur said Mr. Duval's car."

Phyllis sat up. There was Mary in the doorway, dressed in the purple lace. It was—no doubt of it—an abominable dress. It was a violent purple, and it cascaded where it should have been slim and was tight where it should have been graceful. But still Mary looked well. With all that hair piled high and her smooth, unrouged cheeks and her kind eyes, she was a pleasant figure.

"You look marvelous," said Phyllis.

"I like this dress," agreed Mary.

"But where is this you are going for dinner?"

"To the Duval house—Charley Duval's. He married Daphne Barry."

"But that's no quiet home dinner!"

"I began to suspect that yesterday," said Mary, "after I found out he was giving the other party that bothered you. I hadn't any idea at first. He's a very nice man. And as easy as an old shoe."

"You said he was in the hotel business!" exclaimed Phyllis.

"Well, isn't he?"

"He may own half a dozen."

"Oh, I guess he's well-to-do," said Mary, "and so friendly and kind. He was here this afternoon. Just left before you came in."

"How did that happen?"

"I called him up," said Mary. "I wanted to talk over these parties tonight. He didn't have any idea we were sisters. He said he hadn't met you, but that Joy was very fond of Connie. I told him that I thought it was all right to have two dinners, but that two separate dances were silly. And he quite agreed. He said that Joy had already suggested that they all come on to Connie's dance, but he's kind of old-fashioned and didn't like the idea. But under the circumstances it's quite different. You'll like him, Phyllis. And how he loved Daphne! He wants to hear every little thing I can remember. He says that hearing from me was like hearing from her, because I remember so much." She paused with an honest tear for a long-dead woman. "Too bad she can't be here tonight to see us all together. To see her dear child. Well, I'll run along."

It was Christmas morning. The white-and-green fir trees at the Mayfair were only signs of a past diversion, but the gay little one in the hall at the Holliday house blinked its cheerful welcome as Phyllis and Mary and Gerald came in at five o'clock.

"Of course I suppose I shouldn't have let him drive Connie home," said Phyllis.

"Oh, it's all right," said Mary comfortably. "Young people nowadays do things like that. He's a nice fellow. So straightforward. Wasn't she pretty tonight? She enjoys herself, just like Fred's girls do. So does Joy Duval."

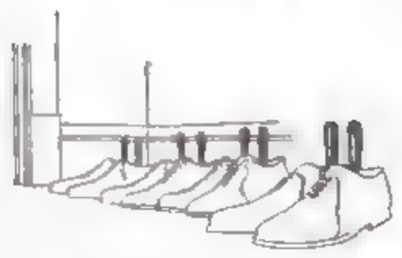
Phyllis rearranged the candy strings on the tree absently. She had been thinking of many things—of Connie, so utterly happy; of Mary and Charley Duval sitting together and talking in that easy, intimate way; of the success of the party and what it meant to have the gayest debutante party of the season. But just at the moment another memory came clear—she thought of Fred Merrick, her brother, who had never made a success, and no doubt never would, and who used to put candy strings on Christmas trees with her.

"Gerald," she said, "I think we'd better help Fred out this time."

"I did," said Gerald. "I had an idea that in the end it was what you might want me to give you for Christmas."

A Road Near Roxborough, Philadelphia

Shapely to the Last



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Once you get a box of BRISK, open the lid and shave with BRISK, you will never go back to tubes, sticks, or powders

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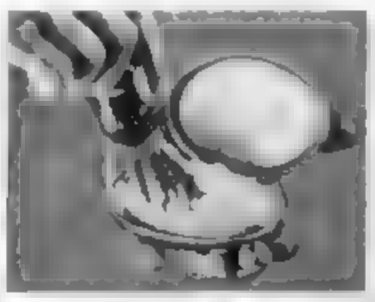
The rich, moistureful lather quickly "cuts" the beard oil and soaks the hair soft for easy,



Take the flat oval box of BRISK in one hand and rub your moist brush over BRISK

clean cutting. Moreover, it lubricates the cutting stroke of the razor. You know how a bit of soap on a saw eases its passage through a log—well, that's how BRISK smooths the path of the razor. The razor does not "pull" or bump along over your face, but glides sweetly over the skin, cutting down the hair cleanly and closely and almost without effort.

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IF YOU ASK ME

(Continued from Page 17)

a heart of gold and all, but he is not heavy on the class. And you know how women are, Art—they want the picture. And this heel Hanlon is all picture and nothing else.

The first time I noticed Fanny has a case on him was when I saw her hanging in the wings, over and over, watching him do his act. I didn't think at first she was taking in the paluka he was handing out, so I says to her, confidential, wasn't it terrible what some folks was getting away with? I said "some folks," because you know how it is in the profession, Art—somebody is always hanging around listening to every word you say, and lots of times things get carried back to people and you are called on to alibi yourself out of it. But I know Fanny well enough to make a crack once in a while if I feel like it, so I go on to say that some people couldn't get a hand out of the audience legitimate if they tried. Well, Art, you should of seen the look Fanny gives me. Just like I was a stranger and had not pulled her and Jack out of the hole they were in when they had to lay off for him to take the cure. She gives me the ritz and makes a crack about some people not being able to get a hand, legitimate or any other way, since Mr. Hanlon was on the bill. Get that, Art—Mr. Hanlon. Wouldn't it slay you?

Believe me, it made me good and sore, for it showed me she was not the true friend I thought she was, and also, that she was sweet on the heel. I did not come back at her right then, for what is the use of starting something; but a couple of days later, after I have watched her hanging in the wings listening to Hanlon like he is Al Jolson or somebody, while Jack is doing all the work putting away their stuff, I walks over to where he is and says offhand, like I was joking, that he had better look out, for Fanny seemed to like mammy singers. But Jack only grins and says maybe she'll lay off him for a while, and he can go out after the show without a lot of jawing—which shows you what a good fellow he is and what a woman can put over on a trusting guy. Well, a couple of days later I see Hanlon talking to Fanny in the wings, and not that I want to listen or anything, but it breaks my heart to see what she is putting over on Jack, so I walks around behind the flats where they are talking and get an earful.

Believe me, that guy may not be an artist in his work, but he is an artist with the women, for the stuff he was telling Fanny was nobody's business. And if you ask me, Fanny was not so dusty on the hot air herself, for she is telling the heel what a great artist he is and how he is too good for vaudeville and ought to be on Broadway. And was he falling for it? You should of seen him. You know how it is in the profession, Art—a fellow that does not get by legitimate is all wet, and the other performers never tell him they like his work or anything, like they do an artist that gets by without waving the flag or singing about his dear old mother. So he is going for it like a ton of bricks, and for Fanny, too; which would not be hard to do, if you ask me, for Fanny is not hard on sore eyes by a long shot and she is always right there with the nifties, which goes big with a lot of fellows. She is not my type, for I like a girl that is more refined, but she is good for many a laugh when there are no refined girls around.

But anyhow, Art, to make a long story short, a couple of days later, when I come off and there they are, holding hands and pretending to be watching the midgets, and poor Jack waiting for me down the street, just like nothing was going on behind his back, it makes my blood boil, and I decide I am going to put him wise. For you know how these mammy singers are, Art—they are always ready to tell a girl they will take her into their act if she will bust up with her partner. And I would hate to see Fanny and Jack bust up, for it is hard for a mind reader to get a new partner, account of the signals and everything. Not that I am worrying any about Fanny, after that last crack she pulled, but believe me, I would hate to see a pal like Jack out of work. So after the matinée I go down the street to meet him, like I always do, making up my mind what to say to him. I don't want to make him feel bad, right off, so I wait till we have had one or two, and then I ask him what he thinks of this Hanlon guy. Well, he is having too good a time to worry about the heel, so he just gives him the raspberry and holds up two fingers to Joe.

"Well, that's the way I feel about him, Jack," I says, "but it seems to me that some people don't feel that way."

But Jack is not in a mood to take anything serious, so he only says a difference of opinion is what makes horse racing, and goes

This Makes Jack See Red

on enjoying himself. Well, Art, it breaks my heart to see him enjoying himself like that when maybe the little woman is in the heel's dressing room that very minute, so I go to the point, so he couldn't miss it.

"Jack," I says, "if I was you it would make me good and sore to see my missus hanging out with a guy like that."

"Listen, Bert," he comes back at me; "when a fellow's been married as long as I have, it don't make any difference who the missus hangs out with as long as she don't hang out with him."

That's the kind of a fellow he is, Art—always good for a laugh and never hanging the gloom. That's why a fellow likes to pal around with him. Believe me, he gives me a lot of gags for my act without even knowing it.

But even though I hated to spoil his fun, I felt like it was my duty to put him wise to what was going on, so I says to him, serious, "Jack," I says, "you can joke about it if you want to, but there's many a man that would lay that guy out if he was in your shoes."

Well, this time it registers and Jack gives me the blank look.

"What do you mean—in my shoes?" he says.

"Well, you can't say I didn't try to warn you, Jack," I says; "for three weeks now I have tried to put you wise, but you won't give me a tumble."

"You mean to say you think Fanny is slipping one over?" he wants to know, and it sounds like he is getting sore. You know how it is, Art—a lot of fellows will go all the way with you and be a great guy, but let you as much as pull a crack about the little woman and they are ready to take offense. Well, I don't want to cause any hard feeling with a pal like Jack, so I go easy.

"I am not saying Fanny is slipping one over, Jack," I says, "but I am saying I would look out for that Hanlon guy. For he knows how to put himself over with the women."

So when he sees I am not saying anything against the missus, he is friendly again.

"Listen, Bert," he says; "you leave that heel to me. If I catch him hanging around my missus I'll give her a sock on the nose."

Well, this is not my idea at all, Art, for what is the use of starting trouble with Fanny? So I tell Jack it is not fair to blame the missus if she falls for a line of bunk a hot-air artist can hand out, but he should blame the guy for trying to break up a happy home. At first I did not think he took it serious at all, for he begins to go on about the happy home him and Fanny have always had and how they never say a cross word to each other, and all that. But that night, when he comes off after his act, I can see he is taking it serious all right, for when Fanny asks him what is the matter with him and don't he know a masonic ring from a signet, he comes back at her with a crack about keeping her mind off of mammy singers so she can hear the signals. Well, I am on next, and I don't want to get myself upset, so I move backstage where Jack cannot draw me into it or say I told him any little thing. But they are talking so loud I can hear them through the drop.

"Listen, you big stiff," Fanny says to him—and anyone could tell she is good and sore—"if you kept your mind on your own business instead of mine, you would be able to put your part of the act over."

"Who says I don't put my part of the act over?" Jack wants to know. "Who missed the 'don't come tonight, honey,' laugh and who got balled up on the fountain pen?"

"You give me the signal for pencil," Fanny says.

"Yeh, I did!" Jack is yelling at her. "I give you the fountain-pen signal three times!"

"Well, what about it?" Fanny comes back at him—which, if you ask me, is just like a woman, for right in the middle of an argument they will come back with something foolish and slay you.

This made Jack good and sore, as it would anybody, and he goes right up to her and gives it to her strong. I am peeping through a hole in the flats and can see it.

"Listen," he says to her; "I'll tell you what about it. You get your mind off that heel Hanlon and watch your step or I will hire somebody else for your part."

"You will hire somebody else for my part," says Fanny. "Don't make me laugh. You mean I will hire somebody else for your part. Who is Madame Mystera—you or me?"

"It don't matter who is Madame Mystera," Jack says; "it is my act. I had three Madame Mysteras before I had you. Just because I married you, it is no sign it is your act."

"Listen," Fanny says. "It is my act as much as it is yours. Who got you on the big time? If you didn't have me for Madame Mystera, you would still be with the circus."

"And if I didn't hire you for Madame Mystera, you would still be a snake charmer," Jack comes back at her.

"And better off," she comes back at him, nasty.

"Well," Jack says, and he is beginning to get nasty too, "if that's the way you feel about it, after I took you out of a cheap

(Continued on Page 162

5 out of every 6 who brush their teeth

Have already tested this delightful modern tooth paste. Its quicker, combined results may pleasantly surprise you, too.

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NOCKABOUT
TRADE MARK
KNIT JACKETS
with the Exclusive
REINFORCED SLEEVES

Continued from Page 150

carnival and put you on the big time, why don't you go back to your snakes?

"Because I don't have to," Fanny says, "for, any time I get ready, I can go with a real act. And with a gentleman, too," she says, and she starts to walk away from him.

Well, this makes Jack see red, for it shows him all I said about the heel was true and he was trying to sell Fanny that old bologny. So he goes after her and tells it to her plenty.

"Listen," he says. "The next time I see you hanging around with that Hanlon heel, I will paste you good."

Well, for a second I think Fanny is about to take a swing at him; for she is that kind of a girl, and can give a man as good as he sends; but she changes her mind and laughs, nasty, like a woman can when she has the best of you, and then she walks right down to the entrance and stands there smiling at Hanlon while he is singing Old-Fashioned Lady. Well, you know how it is, Art—a gentleman cannot walk right up and sock a lady in front of a lot of performers; so Jack gives up and pretends he is putting away his stuff. I guess he is feeling pretty bad, so I walk through his set to give him the high sign I am with him, but he just shakes his head and goes on laying away their tent. And Fanny standing there making eyes at the heel and acting up to make him sore. It would slay you. Well, Hanlon goes over like a million dollars, and I am dying. I know something is going to happen, from the way Jack is watching Fanny while she is kidding with the heel between bows, and I hate to go on; but my music is playing and what can I do? Well I am right, for pretty soon I hear the voices behind me and I go over terrible, for I am trying to hear what is happening and do my act at the same time. But even if I was not trying to hear what was going on, I would of heard it anyway, for the noise was something terrible, and pretty soon it made me sore. For how can a fellow do his act, when people are falling against the drop behind him? Well, when I get through, I think I am going to find the heel in pretty bad shape, but him and Fanny are nowheres around, and Jack is sitting all by himself on their property trunk and looking bad. He don't pay any attention to me, so I ask him what happened.

"Plenty," he says, and don't even bother to look up. Well, I know he is going to tell me sooner or later, so I don't ask any questions; and sure enough he starts in.

"Well, Bert," he says, "I guess this is where I and the wife split."

"No kidding?" I says.

"Yes," he says, "she is through playing a cheap small-time act and is going with a gentleman."

"Meaning the heel?" I asks, and all he can do is shake his head.

"She don't mean it, Jack," I says. "You have just got her goat, that's all. And besides, what can she do in Hanlon's act?"

"She is going to wear evening clothes and dress up the stage," he tells me, and then I know the heel has sold himself proper, for Fanny and Jack have had many a fight because she wants to do the act in evening clothes and he says it is no good for a mind reader. But you cannot blame a girl for not wanting to make herself look like a gypsy when she has a swell figure, and I will say, Art, that Fanny is right there with the curves.

"Well, why don't you let her do the act in evening clothes?" I ask Jack, for I see he is hit pretty hard.

"No, Bert; it's too late now," he says. "For she is sold on the heel. He's a gentleman," he says, and starts in bitter. "I'm no gentleman, Art," he goes on; "after making her Madame Mystera when she was only a snake charmer, I'm no gentleman." Well, Art, it would slay you the way he went on. Then he gets sorry for her and starts in blaming himself. "Maybe she's right," he says, "I hadn't ought to socked her."

"Jack," I says, "don't tell me you socked Fanny."

"Twice," he tells me, which explains everything.

But I haven't got the heart to tell him he done wrong, for by now he is getting worked up and any minute he is going to start crying.

"Well, Jack," I says, "not that I blame you for I know how a woman can get your goat, but I told you if you socked anybody, you ought to sock the heel."

"I did," Jack says, real sad. "I socked him plenty. And after that Fanny put on her gold dress and they went off somewheres together."

Well, I see it is pretty serious, so I suggest we go down the street and talk it over, but he says no, he don't think he will ever want another drink.

"Fanny's right, Bert," he tells me. "She said if I'd stayed home once in a while and tried to give her a good time, instead of palling around with a bunch of bums, she wouldn't be leaving me."

Well, Art, I know how women are about calling a fellow's pals a bunch of bums, so I let this one pass, for what is the use?

"But it won't do you any good to stay at home, and her not there," I says. "It will just make your heart ache worse than ever."

So he agrees, and we go down the street. That is one thing about having a kiddie, Art—it does the women a lot of good, for since Jewell has the kiddie to keep her company, she is not always kicking up a fuss over my leaving her alone for five minutes. Sometimes this gets me sore, for when a fellow does come home he likes to hear something else besides "Don't wake the kiddie," but I guess all women are like that, and if they can't make a fuss over one thing, they will find something else.

Well, anyways, I and Jack go down the street, and after a few drinks he is going on something terrible, because it is beginning to get his goat by now, what Fanny said about him not being a gentleman.

"So help me, Bert," he swears, "I have never laid a finger on that girl before. I might have talked about it once in a while when she made me sore, but I never as much as laid my little finger on that girl till tonight. And many's the time I had to hold myself back too," he says. And believe me, I know this is true, for Fanny is the kind of a girl a fellow feels like socking, for no matter how sore you are, she is always there with the nifty. And I say Jack is a gentleman for holding himself back like he did, eh, Art?

Well, it would break your heart, for pretty soon he starts in to cry and tells me how good he has been to her and how he let her keep most of the money and set by her bedside every night when she had her operation, never even leaving it for a drink of water, and believe me, it makes me good and sore—her not appreciating a fellow like that, and saying he is no gentleman.

"And now she is ready to leave me for a mammy singer," he says, and you can see he is getting bitter.

"If he was only a good mammy singer like Al Jolson or somebody, it might not be so bad," I says, "but he is lousy."

"Fanny was always nuts on singing," he says. "any kind of singing—good or lousy. But she is nuts on mammy singing."

"I can't see it," I says.

"Well, Fanny was always crazy about her old lady," he explains—"which is why she fell for this guy, because he's got her feeling sorry for him. He hasn't got a mother, Bert," he says, "but cripes, why does she have to fall for a guy just because he hasn't got a mother? My old lady is dead too."

"So is mine," I says, "but I am not selling myself to an audience on the strength of it."

Then he starts in to rave about our old ladies and why didn't we appreciate them more, and all that, like a fellow will sometimes, and I don't stop him, for I am getting an idea.

"Listen, Jack," I says, when I have got it worked out; "what would Fanny think

Continued on Page 154

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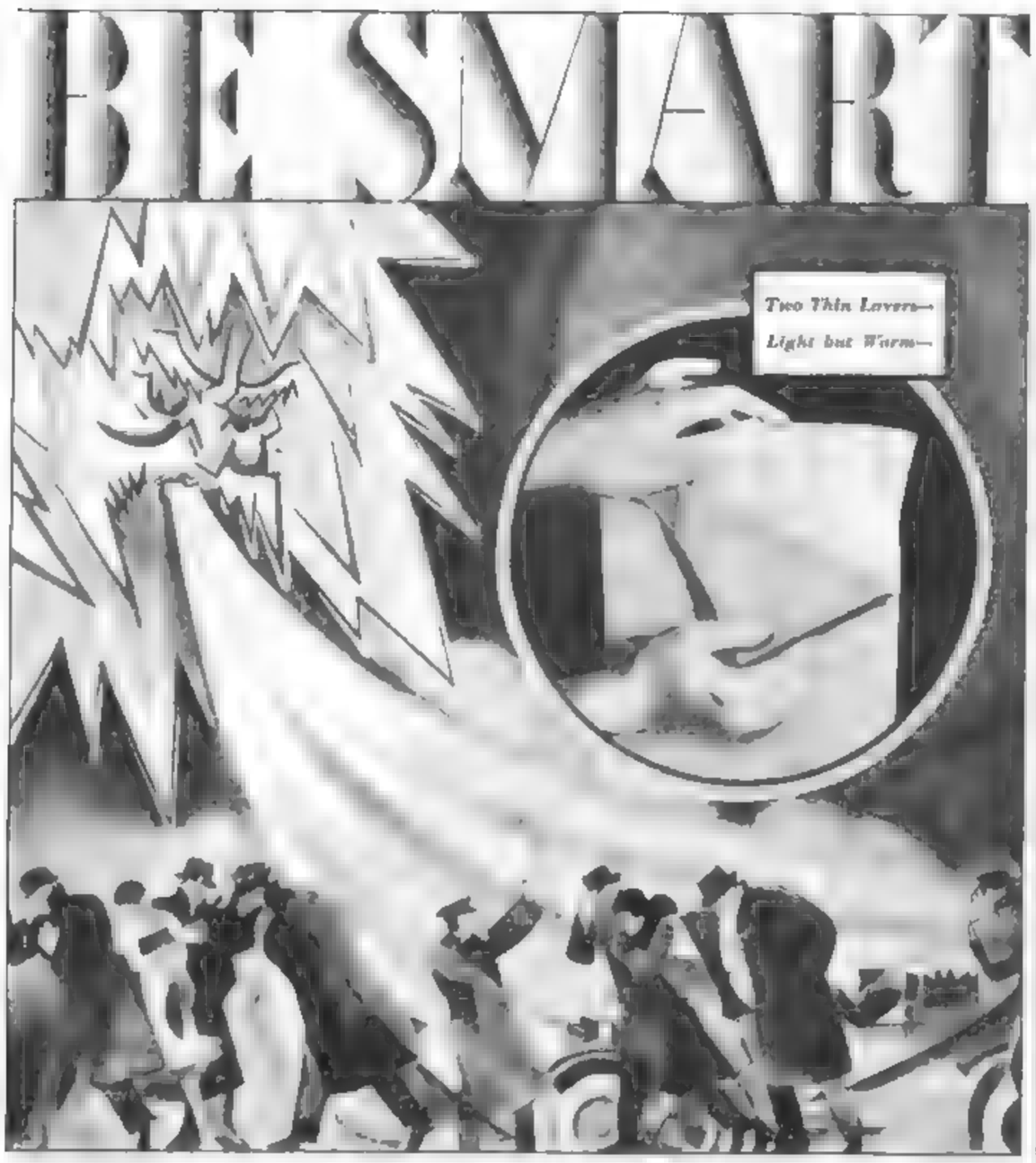

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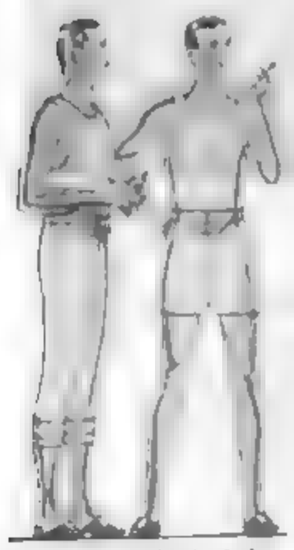

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(Continued from Page 152)

of a mammy singer that would put over all the paluka Hanlon does on an audience and then go home and beat up his old lady?"

"Listen," Jack says back, kinda sore. "What would anybody think of a mammy singer that would beat up his old lady?"

"I am not asking you what would anybody think," I says; "I am asking you what would Fanny think."

"Fanny is human," he says, "and what's the big idea?"

"The big idea," I says, "is what would Fanny think if she knew Earl Hanlon had an old mother and treated her terrible?"

"It ain't so, is it?" Jack asks me.

"I am not saying it is," I tell him, "but if I know Fanny, she would soon change her mind about him if it was."

"You bet," Jack says, "for Fanny has no respect for anybody that is not good to their mothers. She sends her old lady five dollars every week, whether we are working or not."

"Well," I says.

"Well what?" he comes back at me.

"Use your bean," I tell him. "There is many an old lady right here in this town that would be glad to claim Earl Hanlon for their son. All we have got to do is fix it so Fanny will run into one before she leaves the act."

Well, this is where the idea percolates, and Jack holds out his hand. "Shake," he says, solemn. So we shake, and while we have a few more drinks we work out the idea. Get it, Art, and it will slay you. If I do say it myself, I ought to of been a play writer, for all I got to have is an idea and I can think up a plot as fast as the next one. Well, I am going to dig up the old lady and plant her somewheres, and she is going to put the story over to I and Jewell when we are on the way home from the matinée on Saturday. And Jewell is going to spill the beans to Fanny; as it will not do for me to say anything, account of the cracks I have made already. We are leaving for Seattle after the night show and there is not much chance of the heel finding it out till we have left town and it is too late for him to prove it is not so. And if Fanny finds out what we have put over on her, what is going to happen? She will leave the act for the heel, and she is going to do that already, so it is an even break. And besides, all is fair in love and war, eh, Art, and it is not wrong to put something over on a guy that is trying to break up a happy marriage. Maybe Fanny and Jack have a few words now and then after the act, but that does not prove they are not happy; for, if you ask me, the couple that can work together without a few words now and then about the act has not been born, eh, Art?

Well, the idea is for Jack to go home early, so Fanny will get the idea he is sitting home grieving while she is out dancing with the heel, and I am to dig up the old lady. Well, believe me, Art, if you think I did not have a hard time finding one, you try it yourself sometime. It is easy to find plenty of old ladies that are willing to earn a little extra money, but the kind you can find—well, between you and I, Art, they would have a hard time putting it over that they have ever been anybody's mother. And the ones that look like a mother would have a fellow arrested if he asked them to do a little favor like that. But I finally run into one that is selling papers at the corner of Seventh and Main, and she does not look so bad. And when I showed her the twenty bucks, she would have promised to say she was the President's mother, so I had to tell her over and over that she would not get a cent if she did not put it over. But she swears she never takes a drop, so all I can do is take a chance.

Well, I and Jack do not have much to say to each other, like we planned, during the matinée, for he is trying to put it over that he is brokenhearted and does not feel like going on and giving a show. But Fanny is hard-boiled and says to him he will get over it when he has a new Madame Mystera. I get a chance, when she is not looking, to slip him the high sign everything is oke, and I had to go over behind the flats and hold my sides, for I am dying. They go over terrible, for Jack wants her to think he is upset and cannot get his mind on his act; and I guess Fanny is not feeling any too good herself, for she don't bawl him out like she always does, but only says, "Well, whose fault was it this time?" Jack does not say a word, but starts in putting their props away, and I see that Fanny is not hanging in the wings watching the heel, but helping him fold away her tent, which I have never seen her do before. I am glad, for it shows me she is not as much in love with the heel as she has made out, but only sore on Jack for socking her.

Well, Art, the idea is to take Jewell by Seventh and Main, to where the old girl is waiting; and if you have ever tried to get a woman to do what you want her to do, instead of what she wants to do, you have a rough idea what I was up against. She thinks of a thousand things she has to do between five o'clock and show time, and none of them are anywheres near Seventh and Main. First, she has got to have a taxi, because the kiddie is fretting, and I have to persuade her the kiddie is fretting because she needs fresh air. Then she thinks of a box of sun-tan something or other that she has done without all her life, but has got to have before the night show or she can't go on. Next it is a pair of cute little shoes that she saw down on Third, but she can't remember just where. Well, I am a nervous wreck before I get her on Main, and by this time I am sure something is going to happen to queer it. But when we are halfway up the block and I see the old girl waiting, I can't keep my face straight, and I have to pretend I am tying the kiddie's cap to hide it. But I snap out of it; and honest, Art, if I do say it myself, I should of been on the legitimate, for I am as calm as can be, and even my best friend could not of told, from the way I acted, I had ever seen the old girl before.

"Gee, hon," I said, when we are getting close to her, "think of that poor old woman having to stand on street corners in weather like this."

"I guess she wouldn't do it if she didn't like it," says Jewell. "And you never can tell about people like that. They probably have more than we have."

"Just the same," I says, "think if it was your mother. You would feel different."

By this time we are close, and I stop to buy a paper, and while I am doing it I get a chance to give the old girl a wink, which she is too slick to give back to me, but I can see, from the look on her face, she is on to her act. So then I tell Jewell to wait a second while I run into the store on the corner and buy some cigarettes, and honest, Art, you would of passed out. I am no more than inside the store before Jewell is digging into her purse—which is just like a woman, if you ask me, for they will give you hell if you as much as slip a panhandler ten cents, and the minute your back is turned they will slip him a quarter. I can see through the window the old girl is getting over, for she is wiping her eyes and Jewell is bending over, listening. Well, I pretend I am waiting to get a light, but honest, Art, I am dying. The first thing I knew, Jewell runs in, all excited.

"Listen, Bert," she says to me, "I just found out something terrible. Do you know who that poor old woman is?"

I did not even get a chance to say, "How should I know?" for she goes on spilling the story that the old woman is Earl Hanlon's mother and he has never as much as sent her five cents and she has to sell papers for a living.

"Listen, Jewell," I says, and I act like I am disgusted; "I hope you are not going to fall for a line like that."

This makes her sore, and she says how could it be a line when the old woman does not even know Earl Hanlon is in town, but only spoke to her because she looked like an actress and maybe knew where her wandering boy was. Get that, Art—her wandering boy! The old girl should of been a mammy singer herself.

(Continued on Page 157)

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Continued from Page 154

"Can you imagine what she would do," I says, serious, "if she knew her wandering boy is headlining at the Olympia?"

Well, Jewell is for telling her right away, and of course this does not go over with Yours Truly.

"Listen, Jewell," I says. "There is no sense in breaking her poor old heart any more than it is broke already. And if he treats her like he does, he is not going to change any. Besides, think how it would make her feel to hear him sing Old-Fashioned Lady the way he does and talk about the mother love he never had."

This is too much for Jewell, and she is almost crying.

"Well, we have got to do something," she says, which is oke by me, for it gives me a chance to hand over the twenty bucks, as per the agreement. And if you ask me, it was a lucky break for Yours Truly that Jewell started an argument about giving her so much, for if she had stopped to look around she would of seen the old girl hot-footing it up the street, and it might have looked funny.

Well, she goes on raving about somebody letting the R.K.O. know the kind of a fellow they are booking, and if I don't, she will write a letter herself, which I have to persuade her is the bunk.

"Listen, hon," I says; "letting other people in on dirt don't help anybody. It's none of our business what Hanlon does, as long as he don't bother us. So far we have held ourselves above a lot of cheap performers that do nothing but spill dirt, and we are not going to start it now. What I am feeling sorry about is a great girl like Fanny Ford getting mixed up with a heel like that. Think how he will treat her if he treats his poor old mother like that."

"Well, even if we don't tell the R. K. O., we have got to tell Fanny," Jewell says which is what I am waiting for.

"Not me," I says. "For I tried to tell her three weeks ago what I thought of him, and what did I get for it?"

"Well, I don't care," Jewell says. "I am not going to stand by and see Fanny ruin her life. I am going to tell her."

"If you do, you can leave me out of it," I says, and honest, Art, I am dying.

Well, Art, if you think the rest was easy, you don't know what you are talking about or you have got Fanny wrong. For she is not the kind of a girl that will act refined when you tell her any little thing about a friend, and keep it to herself, like she ought to, but she wants to go right to the person theirselves and find out if it is the truth or not. I am here to tell you that I am through doing favors for my friends, for it always gets a fellow in trouble and the person you are doing it for does not appreciate it.

The first thing Fanny pulls is that she don't believe it, for she knows Hanlon to be a gentleman, and she is going to find the woman and take her to Hanlon and see if she is making it up or not. Well, this does not worry me very much, as I am pretty sure she will not be able to locate the old girl, for by this time she is probably sound asleep somewheres, and besides, we have to check out of the hotel by eight and we have no time to be looking for her.

Well, all through dinner Fanny is raving about what she will say to Hanlon if it is true; and Jewell is taking her side and saying she is right, and we ought to tell everybody in the business the kind of a man he is, and maybe he cannot get booking. By this time it is getting serious, and I and Jack have no appetites at all, and Jack is giving me dirty looks and pulling cracks on the side about the clever guy I turned out to be.

"Listen, Fanny," I says. "If I was you I would not say anything to Hanlon. For if it is not so and the guy is on the square, think how bad it will make him feel."

"Yes," she says, "and think how bad it would make me feel if I go with his act and he starts to treat me like that. I am taking no chances."

Well, you know, Art, how much of a chance Earl Hanlon or anybody else would have of treating Fanny like that, but of course I do not tell her that, but try to make her see reason

"I tell you what I will do for you, Fanny," I says. "It will look bad for you to say anything to Hanlon. It will look like you don't trust him. You leave it to me, and I will go to Hanlon and tell him, tactful."

"I am not a cripple," says Fanny, "and I can fight my own battles"—which is the truth, if she ever told it, and believe me I would hate to live in the world if all the women were like Fanny.

When Jack and I get a chance to be by ourselves, he does not say a word, and when I tell him not to worry and everything is going to be oke, he gives me a look that would kill

Well, Art, it may look bad for him, but it looks bad for Yours Truly too. For the R. K. O. will make it hard for you if they get the idea you are a trouble maker, and they already have the idea I am responsible for the trouble we had in Portland. Which is another reason I say lay off the unit bills; for when you are only playing with a bunch of artists for a week, they do not get the chance to mix you up in their troubles. So when Jack gets sore at me, I am sore, too, for if I did not have his interest at heart I would never of got rung in on this at all.

"Maybe she will not tell him, after all," I says; and he gives me another look.

"Well," I says, "I don't think it is fair to blame me, for she was going to leave the act anyways."

"Listen," Jack says; "she has left the act before. She left it to go with Monsieur Diablo, and the guy that can do ten things at once, and the Lullaby Boys. And she has always come back. And now," he says—and I think he is going to cry "she will never come back."

"Well," I says, "maybe it is all for the best. For not that I am saying anything against Fanny, but I cannot see how an easy-going fellow like yourself can put up with a girl that high-tempered."

"Listen," Jack says. "There is not a mind reader in the business that is as quick on the trigger as Fanny. That is why I married her."

Well, Art, you can imagine how we felt when we went to the theater. Jack is so upset he don't want to go at all, and I am only hoping Hanlon is nowhere in sight and Fanny will not get a chance to shoot the works till after my act, for you know how any little thing can upset you and spoil your performance. But it is just our luck to run into him as we are going into the theater. I and Jack are going to hurry by, but Fanny says for us to wait, and she don't care who hears it—which is the kind of a girl she is. When she has something to say she would just as soon tell it to the wide world as not.

"Listen, Earl," she says. "I have got something important to ask you."

"Yeh?" he says, and he is kind of guilty, account of us being there.

"Yeh," Fanny says, "I have just heard some dirt about you, and I want to know if it is true or not, before I go in any act with you."

"Well," he says, kinda sore, "if you have something to ask me, you can ask me in private."

"I can ask you anywheres I please," says Fanny, right back at him. "For I am not the only one that has heard it."

Then he gets very ritzy, Art, but his face is kind of white and it is easy to see he is scared.

"Well," he says, "I can't say that I like the idea of you talking dirt about me behind my back."

"Listen," Fanny says—and by this time she is boiling. "If you was not afraid to hear what it was I heard, you would ask me about it."

"I am not interested," he says, "and if you have anything to say to me, you know where my dressing room is." Then he starts to walk off, and Fanny right after him. But I run after her and hold her arm

"You can see it is the truth, Fanny," I says. "I wouldn't waste any more words on him."

"No, hon, don't cheapen yourself," says Jack. But this does not go with Fanny, for you know how she is.

"You cheap four-flusher," she says to Hanlon. "You will answer me whether you want to or not."

"Listen," he says. "I don't care what you have heard about me, and whatever it is, it's a damn lie." And he walks off and leaves Fanny standing in the alley.

Well, she is so sore she says if Jack don't beat him up, she is going to herself; but we persuade her she is too much of a lady to lower herself on a heel like that, and even if it was not true about the old lady, she can see he is no gentleman—the way he came back at her. So she agrees she cannot lower herself, and all she does is stand in the wings and give him the raspberry on Old-Fashioned Lady so loud that I am sure there is going to be a fight before we are through. But a heel like that is afraid to fight, and anyways, he knows it is two against one, so when he comes off he walks straight to his dressing room without speaking to anybody. So it looks like Fanny will be Madame Mystera for a good long time, and I am not afraid of any more trouble; for even if he denies it, she will never believe him now. But honest, Art, from the way he acted and all, it wouldn't surprise me if he did not have an old lady off somewheres in the poorhouse or something

The only boner I pull, Art, is when I tell Jewell about it; and take it from me, a man makes a mistake when he thinks a woman will appreciate any little joke like that; for she does not see it at all, and says Hanlon would make Fanny a better husband than Jack, and if she done right herself she would leave me, for a man that would stoop to a thing like that would stoop to anything. Can you beat it? If you ask me, Art, it makes a fellow feel like it is not worth while to stand by his pals, for with the headache sore, my belly laughs are not coming like they ought to. So if you are a pal, Art, and appreciate the money I loaned you that time, you will sit down and write me, and say it is only square for a fellow to do a little favor like that for a friend.

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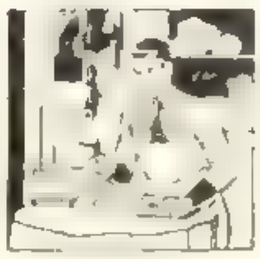

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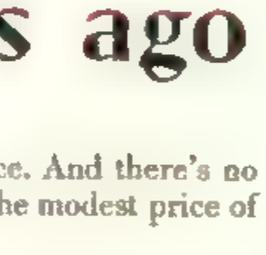

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YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN

(Continued from Page 25)

"You're darn right," he said, his eyes lowered. "It'll be a knock-out."

He thought with grim humor, "And I could cry a little."

He let his hands fall and put them in his pockets. He looked toward Ann. She might just say, "Don't you want to write it, Toby? Oh, listen, honey; you write it!" She might just say that, just remember to that extent that he wrote too. Then he could say in return, "Oh, no, you're the one to do it, Ann"—and that, somehow, would make him feel better. He would feel generous; he felt merely cheated now.

Ann was reaching for the notebook and pencil she always kept on the bedside table for the jotting down of ideas born at night.

"Go away!" she ordered gayly. "Go ahead out and work. I won't miss you at all!"

She ruffled through the scribbled pages and opened the notebook at the first blank one, bending the covers backward to make them stay. Toby watched her spread the little book upon An American Tragedy against her knee and take up her pencil.

"I guess I won't try to work tonight, after all," he said.

Ann raised expressionless eyes to his face. After an instant she nodded slightly, as if to say, "I expected that."

"I'm pretty tired."

Ann said nothing.

"I think I'll have a highball and go to bed," Toby concluded.

He was rolling his shirt sleeve down to his wrist again—symbolic gesture, though he made it automatically, unaware.

"What are you going to call it?" he asked suddenly. "Do you know?"

"I haven't thought about a title yet."

Toby said, "Why don't you call it Portrait of a Gilded Child, or something?"

So Ann called it Portrait of a Gilded Child.

She began it the following day, and finished it in a week, and sold it two weeks later for three hundred dollars.

By that time several other things had happened.

"McLean! Hey, Toby!"

"Whadda you want?" he yelled above the noise of typewriters, of footsteps, of voices talking into telephones. This was the sports department of the Star. It was not a room, but a corner of the immense chaotic place called the city room; only a courtesy railing separated the sports writers' desks from the rows upon rows of desks of the staff reporters and rewrite men. Consequently there was always noise, clatter, chatter; a fiendish din, which no one who belonged there even noticed.

Toby finished the line he was writing, hit the period key, thumbed the space bar twice and lifted his head. Several yards away Hank Lehmann was standing, holding a telephone and its receiver out to him.

"Who is it?" said Toby, rising.

"Dame."

"Not the bride?"

"I don't think so, no."

Toby was given pause. "Ask who it is."

Hank asked. Listened a minute. He lowered the transmitter and put his palm over it. "Miss Randolph."

Toby nodded. "I just stepped out," he said, and returned to his typewriter.

This was on the Tuesday after Princeton.

On Friday, reaching the office in the late afternoon with a story about a quarterback's sprained ankle to be written, he found a note on his desk. "Toby: Call Massilon 6364 as soon as you come in." No name was given, and Hastings, who had scrawled the note, was gone. Toby took the precaution of looking up Puff's father's name in the telephone directory. The number was Massilon 6364.

"And you didn't call it?" Ann asked later, when he told her.

"No."

"Oh, why not?" Ann said compassionately. "The poor kid. . . . I think you're mean."

"But I haven't got anything to say to her," Toby protested. "What would I say, except 'How are you?' and 'Oh, it is, is it?' and the various 'Wells' that lead up to the good-by? What would be the point?" he demanded of Ann.

"Just to be nice "

"I haven't time," said Toby.

Nevertheless, two or three days later, when someone shouted to him in the office that there was "a sultry soprano" on the wire, he answered at once; and when the voice so described proved not to belong to Puff, he was rather more disappointed than otherwise.

Several more days went by, and Puff did not call, and Toby thought "Good. So the idea penetrated!" He thought he was relieved, but he was not particularly so. On the way up in the elevator to the city room every afternoon, he found himself wondering if he would find that she had called. When he didn't, he felt neither glad nor sorry. He felt nothing. But he always wondered.

Once or twice he thought, "That was rude, at that. Unnecessary roughness. It wouldn't have hurt me just to say hello."

Meanwhile he had weightier matters on his mind; chief among them, a growing despondency about himself and a deepening concern regarding his future. This was new to him, and Ann was the cause of it. More specifically, her little triumphs constituted the cause. Her checks from Picturesque, for example; two of them in November. The editor's enthusiastic comments. An advance copy of next month's issue of the magazine, in which the forthcoming series of Impressions was proudly announced, and Ann was introduced by means of her picture and a write-up, in a box on the table-of-contents page. A letter from the editor of a rival movie magazine: "Dear Miss Vaughn: Won't you let us see some of your work?"

Fan mail came to Ann. People who read the Chronicle-Press were always writing her, saying they liked her column. "I turn to it the minute I open the paper"—that sort of thing. Her reviews of photoplays had a definite and recognized box-office value. Excerpts were quoted often in advertisements, on programs, on posters pasted to bulletin boards in the lobbies of theaters. "The best war picture since Hearts of the World—Ann Vaughn in the Chronicle-Press." Toby passed that particular lobby poster every day. Ann's name was in black type six inches high.

"Her name means something," he always thought.

And it would mean more. Inevitably. Nothing was going to stop Ann, or divert or impede her. He knew her well enough to be as sure of that as one can be of anything in life. She would graduate to the magazines; she was beginning now. She would promote herself from columns to articles to fiction. This was her ambition, and she would realize it. She was Ann. She was like that.

And Toby? He didn't know. He was not at all sure about Toby. Not any more. His lifelong faith in himself, in his potentialities, was not so easy to justify as he had thought it would be. Always he had believed that when the time came, when he was ready, he would do swift, tremendous, spectacular things. Now the time had come. He was ready now, he was almost desperately eager; and he didn't seem to do anything at all.

The fuse of the skyrocket, lit, only fizzled and sputtered. It might still go—or it might go out.

He was afraid; and his panic gave him perception, so that he saw himself clearly. Toby McLean, male, white, twenty-six—a sports writer. Not even a very good sports writer. Just a reporter who told you who won the game and how many attended. If you cared about the teams or the sport, you would read him to find out these things. But you wouldn't read him because he was Toby McLean, because he was good. He wasn't anywhere near as good as all that.

Then, Toby asked himself, where had he got the notion that he was going to be great some one of these days? How had he thought it? By what miracle had he expected the indifferent reporter of athletic contests to be transformed into a literary genius? He could not remember now. Try as he would, he could not recapture—except momentarily—the old, illogical, bright optimism.

And it didn't help to look about him and see, with this new sharp insight, that the illusion he had cherished about himself was a common one; that most of the boys believed they were merely marking time, writing ball games, until the day when they would achieve big things. They even believed, as he had used to believe, that that day was tomorrow; and they went on believing it blindly, year after year.

Take Shorty, for instance.

Late one afternoon toward the end of November, he and Shorty met by chance in the Hotel Astor lobby. Shorty was on his way out.

"If you're looking for Pyle," he said, "he's gone for the day. I was just up there."

"Where you bound now?"

"Nowhere."

It appeared that neither of them had anything to do till seven o'clock. It was five now. They left the Astor together and proceeded to a speak-easy, where they drank a whisky apiece, standing up at the bar.

"Have another," said Shorty.

Toby nodded. "All right. But let's park, will you? I'm tired."

They ordered, and moved into the room adjoining. A small room like an alcove, without windows. One wall was chiefly doorway hung with lank rep curtains, between which light from the barroom fell inside a little way. Against the other three walls, narrow tables, four to a wall, stood clasped between chairs. Each table had a red-checked table cloth, a match box on end in an ash tray, a shaded short lamp that illumined shoulders and throats and the tips of chins and then, becoming discreet, stared down at the cigarette burns in the red-checked cloth.

This particular liquor emporium was situated in the basement of an office building built above the Subway.

The proprietor, Luigi, had brought the battered mechanical piano from his previous establishment and set it up in this one; but he did not allow you to play it, lest the music proclaim him to the world. He had, in fact, plugged the coin slot—at a remote subterranean point, so that you did not discover until after your coin had disappeared that the slot was plugged and the instrument made mute. Luigi was always very apologetic about this; he always offered to reimburse you—so promptly and so graciously that you couldn't think of letting him. Wherefore Shorty, during an earlier visit, had been moved to scratch a legend on the face of the piano with the prongs of a fork. It was still there. "Bank of Italy," it said.

The back room was empty today, save for a man and a dark-eyed girl at a corner table. Toby and Shorty took the opposite corner. Shorty kept his overcoat on. Toby stowed his on a neighboring chair, together with their two felt hats and a string of a muffler belonging to Shorty.

Their drinks were slow in coming. They talked desultorily, sitting at ease. Shorty had hitched his chair around so it tilted back against the wall. With one hand he plucked matches from the box in the ash receiver and broke them between thumb and fingers. Toby watched moodily. He sat

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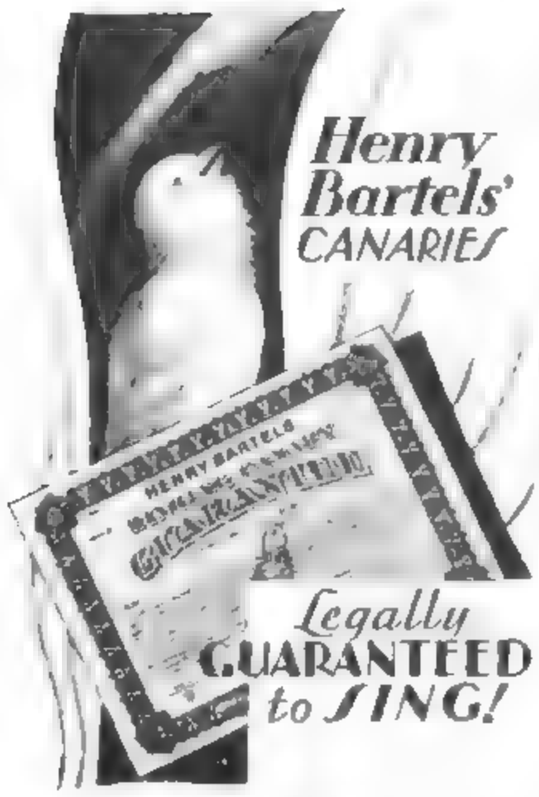

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leaning his arms on the table, hunching his shoulders; feeling the knot of his necktie close under his chin.

You could hear the Subway. When a train went by it filled your ears like surf, and you could see the little lamp and the fringe of the tablecloth vibrate.

"How's Ann these days?" Shorty asked.

"She's fine."

"I haven't seen her lately."

"She's been working awfully hard," Toby explained.

He frowned suddenly. Eyed the tablecloth. There was a liquor stain on it, shaped like Cape Cod on a map.

"Say!" Shorty was saying in a reminded tone. "I hear she did a swell thing—Portrait of a Glittering Child."

"Gilded Child."

"Eunice was telling me yesterday," Shorty went on. "She read it. She said it was immense."

Toby nodded slowly. "It is," he said.

He traced Cape Cod with a broken bit of match that was lying near. "Absolutely," he said. "It's the best thing she's done."

"Magazine thing, h'm?"

"Yes."

"Has she sold it yet?"

"She only finished it Sunday. She'll sell it all right," Toby said. "There's no doubt about that. It's sure-fire."

"It was a good idea she had," Shorty commented musingly.

Toby said nothing.

He dropped the bit of match into the tray and cupped his hands on his elbows again. Presently, abruptly, he raised his head and glowered in the direction of the doorway. "Where're those drinks? Hey, Luigi!" he bawled.

"Yes, Meest' McLean! Queek, now."

"Well, make it queeker, will you?"

He subsided and lit a cigarette.

Shorty went on talking about Ann. He had, he said, been meaning to call her up and tell her that he thought her story on Valentino's funeral was "the best newspaper story I ever read!" Ann was one of Shorty's enthusiasms; as he spoke his funny, ugly, lovable face in the lamplight wore a look that was a tribute, fond, admiring—a little awed. "Say," he said, "I think she's—— Gee, she's wonderful! If I could write like that ——"

Toby nodded sober agreement. "You said it."

He felt that he was seeming not to relish the conversation, so he gave it an impetus now, abruptly, to prove to himself and to Shorty that he did not want the subject changed.

"You ought to see the thing she started couple of days ago," he said. "Another magazine thing; a sort of sketch, or what would you call it?" He described it—a scene in a Hollywood studio on the day of the first appearance there of a cinema queen imported from Sweden. "She's got about a thousand words on it," Toby said in conclusion. "And sa-ay!"

"Good, is it?"

"Is it!"

He liked himself better after that.

Their drinks arrived on a painted tin tray that advertised a remedy for headaches. In meditative silence they sampled them. The thought that this was his second drink, if it crossed Toby's mind at all, did not trouble him. He was taking two nowadays, or three, or four. With his new mood the one-drink limit had been abandoned, unofficially—Ann didn't know about it yet—but definitely.

He didn't know himself how definitely.

"What about you?" Shorty asked. He set his glass down and shook a cigarette out of a package. "Are you writing anything now, outside of assignments?"

"No."

"I thought you were."

"I was, but I'm not now."

"Neither am I," said Shorty, who never had.

He said it—the preposterous, pitiful thing—quite gravely; and gravely, after an instant, he added, "But I'm going to do some articles just as soon as sports quiet down."

Toby glanced at him, glanced away. "Are you?" he said very gently.

Shorty nodded. "Yeah. Didn't I tell you?" he asked. "Americana wants me to do 'em a series."

Americana was a magazine, and an important one. You could have guessed that from Shorty's tone, if you had not known it. He continued: "They want at least six, on different amateur athletes who've gone professional." He gave details.

"Um-m," Toby said. "I remember now. You did tell me."

He remembered well. Shorty had told him last winter in Florida. He remembered that they had been on the hot, bright beach in their bathing suits, with the keys to their bathhouse lockers attached to elastic cords on their wrists. He remembered that it was afternoon, that the water was crinkling turquoise, that the backs of Shorty's freckled shoulders were blistered with previous afternoon suns, that a girl in silken black-and-white-and-scarlet beach pajamas sat a little way off, drying a mop of gay gold hair. Shorty had said, "When we get back to New York I'm going to do some articles. Americana wants me to do 'em a series of six at least."

He had given details. The same details. Even the words he used had been almost the same. "I was talking to this fellow French—he's one of the associate editors ——"

Poor Shorty. It was all just as fresh in his mind, it was just as new a development now, as it had been then, when it really was new. He didn't realize that that had been ten months ago. "Maybe," Toby thought, "French has been after him again lately." But no. The propositions were identical, they were one.

Shorty was still speaking. "I've been busy as a bird dog," he said, "up to now. You know how it is. But as soon as football's over there won't be much on the calendar. December and January ——"

Toby thought, "And next year, and the year after."

They were all alike—the whole outfit. There was that novel about a fighter Bill was always going to write. Toby had heard the plot outlined a dozen times. He had approved the title: Yellow Kid. It hadn't occurred to him before that Bill would never write it, but now he knew. Bill never would. Joe wouldn't write those sports stories for boys he talked about so often and so convincingly. Chris wouldn't write that newspaper play. When Shorty left for St. Petersburg with the Yanks in February, he wouldn't have written those articles. "I've been busy as a bird dog, up to now," Shorty would say.

They were all alike. There was something about the life they led, the play-boy schedule they followed, that made chronic procrastinators of all but the few. They were glib men, and each believed his glibness was ability, his trick a talent; this was to be demonstrated—but not today. Ball game today. Fight tonight. What's the hurry, anyhow? Mañana.

Listening to Shorty, he thought deeply on these things. But he did not speak a word of them. He couldn't be cruel. He could no more force this new bitter wisdom upon Shorty than you could tell a little boy there wasn't any Santa Claus.

He said instead, "Sure. You'll have time enough in December and January." He said warmly, "Americana, eh? Say, Shorty, that's fine!"

Not far from the apartment a florist had a little shop that Toby found it difficult to pass on his way home. Headed the other way, he never noticed it at all. But when he was homeward bound the pink, bright, steamy window stopped him; he had to gaze in and see if there was anything Ann should have. There often was; and when there was, he bought a dozen of it, or a corsage of it, as the case might be.

Ann's attitude about this always secretly delighted him. She tried to be severe with him, meanwhile rapturously smelling the flowers. "But, Toby, you mustn't! . . . M-m-m! Gorgeous!" She alternately scolded him for his extravagance and murmured softly, happily, that she was the only wife she knew who wore orchids. In the end she always extracted from him a solemn vow to the effect that he would not buy any more flowers "until we're out of debt. Unless, of course, it's an anniversary."

"This is an anniversary," Toby would say, a few days later. "Don't you know what day this is? This is November twenty-second!" He would intone oratorically: "On November twenty-second, 1898, Tom Sharkey won in the ninth round of a match held in New York City. . . . Here, baby. Just a little memento."

At half-past five of an afternoon a day or two after his talk with Shorty, he stopped in at the office for the purpose of transferring the facts about a cross-country race at Van Cortlandt Park from the back of an envelope to two sheets of gray copy paper. This would not take long; and he almost didn't telephone Ann, who, according to somebody, had been trying to reach him. He would be with her in less than an hour.

Then he reflected that she might want him to meet her somewhere or do some errand. Better see, anyway.

Perched on the corner of a desk, holding a telephone and awaiting Ann's answer, he looked very cheerful; and he was. Life was brighter today. Things were picking up. "Maybe," his mind was careful to add. Today, before he left the office for the race, he had heard it rumored that Tip Ferguson, sports columnist for the paper, was going to quit. If this was true, either Hastings or McLean would write the column. They were next in line. Hastings, then McLean. "But you'll get it," Toby's informant had prognosticated. "Hastings is fine on baseball and fights, but for general all-round knowledge of sports you've got it over him like a tent." . . .

"Hello?" said Ann.

"Hello?" He disguised his voice. "Is this Mrs. McLean?"

"Yes."

"This is the Throbbing Heart Matrimonial Bureau," Toby said smoothly. "We understand, madam, that you have made a bad buy from one of our competitors, and it occurred to us that there might be something we could do, in the way of a trade deal ——"

"Idiot!" Ann interrupted softly.

It appeared that what she had wished to tell him was nothing pressingly important; it was just that Bill Salisbury had called up from Princeton and asked them to dinner. "He called about two o'clock and said he was coming to town tonight and wouldn't we dine with him and go to the Scandals, if he could get tickets? And I said we'd love to. That was all right, wasn't it?" Ann asked in conclusion.

"That was just dandy," Toby said jovially. "But what's this word 'we'?"

"It's a pronoun, meaning 'both of us.'"

"Wrong pronoun."

"He said both of us."

"Yeah. But you know what he hoped!"

Ann replied that she didn't care anything about that. "I won't go if you don't."

"Why not?"

"I'd be bored to tears with just him."

"On the other hand," said Toby, "if I do tag along—like a dowager mamma in pants—I'll be bored. And so will Bill. So it's two against one."

They decided, laughing a little, to talk it over when Toby got home. "How soon are you coming?" Ann inquired. "Bill said he'd be here at seven. And we're going to dress."

"About 6:30," Toby promised. "At the outside."

At 6:25, in the florist's not far from the apartment, he bought three orchids—one more orchid than he had ever bought before at one time. These were purple orchids, large and perfect. They were to have a certain special kind of fern, described by Toby with an illustrative waggle of large

(Continued on Page 162)

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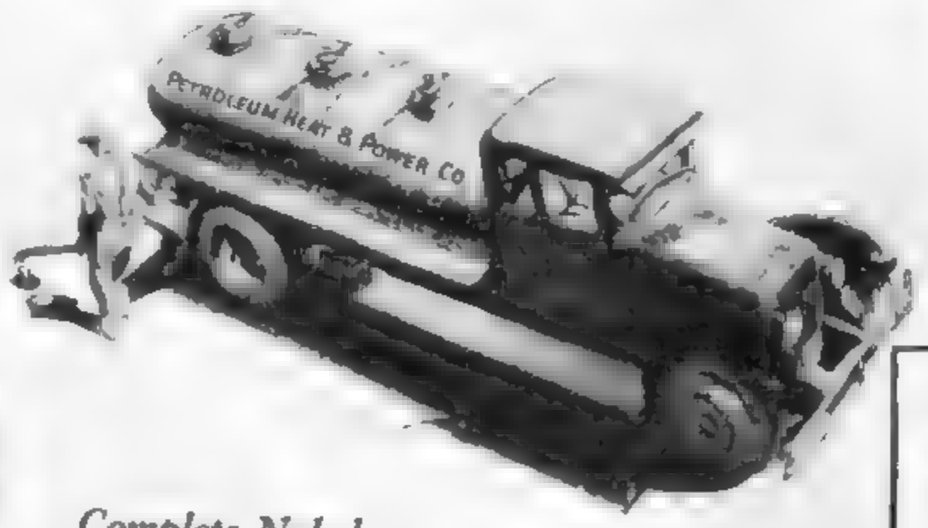

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Art Metal
STEEL OFFICE EQUIPMENT

(Continued from Page 160)

fingers as "that spotty-looking stuff—you know what I mean." They were to be tied with a silver—not a lavender—ribbon bow, and the ribbon—not that tinfoil, none of that—must sheathe the stems. He was very particular, and his fussiness amused him. The purchase of this supercorsage—for Ann to wear for somebody else—amused him. "Gesture," he thought, smiling at himself.

He had made up his mind that he would under no circumstances be persuaded to intrude upon Bill Salisbury's little party. "Young Bill," he called him benevolently, in announcing this ultimatum to Ann when he reached home. "If I go," he explained, "it'll just be dinner and theater in the lad's life. But if I don't, it'll be romance."

"Fff!" said Ann. She said, "I want you to come with us. What difference does it make whether he does or not? Don't be silly, darling."

She said finally, "Well. . . . But what will you do with yourself all evening?"

Toby hadn't considered this. He did now, briefly. "I might work," he hazarded—knowing he wouldn't. He felt like seeing somebody, going somewhere. He grinned at Ann and said, as an experiment, "Or I might get a date of my own."

Ann nodded quickly. "Yes. Why don't you?"

Her sanction of the idea was so immediate, her approval so genuine, that Toby chuckled outright. "No," he said then, shaking his head. "If it isn't going to bother you any more than that, there's no percentage."

"Sorry!" Ann apologized, dimpling.

They were in the bedroom, and she was getting dressed. This was a thing she did prettily, picturesquely. Toby had never yet beheld the unbecoming stages of her toilette; if Ann could help it, he never would. In the spacious blue-and-white bathroom across the little hall there was an auxiliary dressing table of white enamel with a towel on top; plain, businesslike, heavily laden with bottles and tins and jars. Here, with the door closed, the soapy stage and the cold-cream stage were gone through, and the first light layer of face powder applied, and the bits of pastel georgette crêpe put on. Ann would either smooth her hair or ruffle it charmingly; in high-heeled mules and a soft, immaculate negligee, caught tight at the hips, allowed to slip from fragrant ivory shoulders crossed with ribbons, she would emerge, and Toby would marvel, thinking, "She's always pretty! Even when she isn't fixed up at all."

He was thinking this now, for the hundredth time, watching her. He sat on one of the little window seats, his elbows on his knees, a cigarette in his fingers, watching. There were numerous Anns. There was the back of her sleek small head. There were all the lovely angles of her face in the triple mirrors of the dressing table. She held a hand glass in one hand and a lipstick in the other; and the tip of the little finger of the hand that held the lipstick was rosy with salve smoothed on, rubbed in, removed, rubbed on again.

Toby thought of Bill Salisbury; Bill's gay gray flattering eyes. "Look here," he said suddenly; "don't get too beautiful." Half in jest, half in earnest.

He thought of the orchids. He had left the box on a chair in the studio as he passed through. A little later, when Ann was dressed—but before Bill came—he would mention them casually. "Oh, by the way ——"

Ann's chosen dinner dress of palest pink tulle was lying across one of the beds. That was all right, he decided. They'd look fine with that.

Ann asked what sort of a day he had had, and he gave her a résumé of it, omitting the only news that really mattered. It wasn't news yet; it wasn't even a probability, but only a possibility. No use getting her all excited. "That's all," he said. "What kind of a day did you have? Listen," he added, quickening, "what about Hollywood? Did Williams say anything more about it today, or had he slept it off?"

"He certainly hadn't! I spent an hour in his office, talking about it."

"Well, are they going to send you? Is it settled?"

"Practically."

"When?" Toby demanded.

Ann smiled fond reassurance at his anxious-eyed reflection in the mirror. "February—February and March, while you're down South. If I go I'll go when you do and get back about the same time. You didn't think," Ann asked, "I'd go any other time?"

"If they wanted you to ——"

Ann turned clear around. "And leave you, when you've got to leave later on?" She shook her head emphatically. "I guess not! As a matter of fact," she told him, turning back, "they did want me to. Williams was all for having me go right now. You know how he always is. But I managed to think up some excellent reasons why later would be a lot better. I had to," Ann finished simply. "I couldn't go now, Toby. I mean, six weeks apart is going to be plenty long enough!"

"Lord, isn't it!" Toby said gloomily.

He was accustomed to the prospect of the protracted separation; it was inevitable; they had faced it from the very beginning. When the time came he must spend six weeks in Florida, writing baseball; there was nothing in Florida for a movie columnist to write. Whether Ann remained in New York in his absence or went to the Coast for her paper was secondary. She could not be with him in any case. This was familiar reasoning, and his mind was used to it but not resigned to it. The thought could make him miserable. It made him miserable momentarily now. Six weeks!

"Damn such a business, anyway!" he exploded. "Shipped around all over the map, spend half your life in a lower berth home a little while in the fall, and that's all you get! Like a traveling salesman! For heaven's sake," he demanded of Ann, "why couldn't we be something stationary—a bookkeeper and a stenographer, or a doorman and a cloakroom girl?"

"Or a barber and a manicurist," Ann smiled. "Or a couple of hairdressers."

"Or chiropodists! Boss and assistant!"

"That would be awfully nice," said Ann. "We could talk shop in the evenings!"

"Exactly!"

Toby, too, was smiling now, cheerful again.

"Go mix a cocktail, will you?" Ann said. "It's ten to seven."

It was while he was in the kitchen, squeezing oranges and lemons, whistling under his breath the tune he had put on the phonograph, and thinking pleasant thoughts anent the very small Japanese in the starched white coat to whom he would some day say carelessly, "Cocktails, Oto," and there would be cocktails—it was then he suddenly discovered what he was going to do this evening. He was going to call Puff Randolph and take her to dinner. Of course. In an obscure recess of his mind this obvious plan had been formed all along. Puff fitted this evening's mood, she completed the picture.

Drying his hands on a dish towel, Toby strolled through the studio to shut the phonograph off and reversed the record. He called to Ann: "Say, I think I'll give the Gilded Child a buzz, see what she's doing."

"You mean Puff?"

Toby smiled slightly. "It's a wise authoress who knows her own protagonist."

Ann's voice came again from the bedroom. "Do!" she encouraged him. "I think that would be fun and she'll be thrilled!"

Massilon 6364—funny, his remembering that was busy the first time. Before he could try it again, the downstairs doorbell rang, the button had to be clicked and clicked, the orchids had to be presented to Ann—so hurriedly that all she could say was, "Darling!"—and young Mr. William Salisbury, of Princeton, and looking it, had

(Continued on Page 164)

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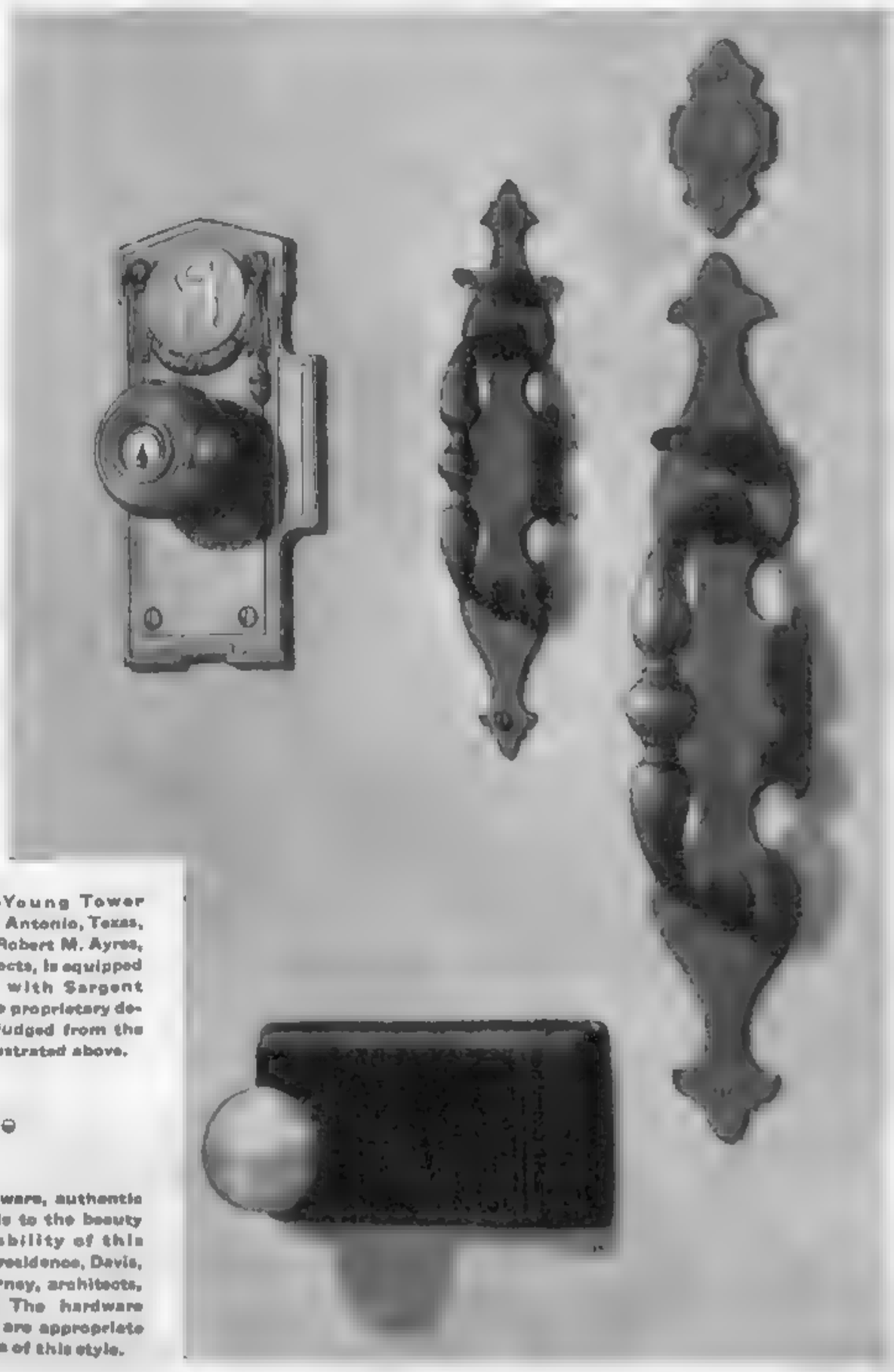

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SPRAYIT

(Continued from Page 162)

to be admitted, greeted, seated, given refreshment, given a cigarette and a match, and put at ease.

All this took time. Besides, the telephone was in the studio; and telephoning before an audience of two was hard. An audience of one could eavesdrop peacefully and frankly, and a group could drown your conversation out. But two could do neither, and that was annoying for everybody concerned. Despite Ann, who kept saying, "Aren't you going to try her again, honey? Well, try her now, why don't you? Before it's too late" he did not call Puff's number a second time until half an hour later. Until he had bidden Ann and Salisbury to "be good children," and seen their festive backs, one little and silver, one big and black, start down the stairs

"It probably is too late, at that," he thought, "by now. Oh, well."

But it wasn't too late.

"I'm fainting," Puff murmured.

Toby seized the transmitter which had lain on his knees while he waited. "Hello, Puff!"

"Hello, you."

"You're what, did you say?" queried Toby. "I didn't quite get it."

"Fainting. Swooning away. Is it you, really?" Puff said. "They said 'Mr. McLean,' but I didn't believe it." Her casual bantering tone had an undertone of excitement, of breathlessness. She laughed, without reason, almost without sound. "Well, how are you?"

"Feeling no pain! How're you?"

"Just grand."

"I got your message that day," Toby said, "and I tried to call you back a couple of times, but you weren't in."

"Oh, did you?"

"Of course."

"I'm glad," said Puff.

She said, when interrogated, that she did have something on for this evening, yes, but she said so tentatively, and added, "Why?"

Toby explained: "Ann's gone places with a flaming youth—none other than Bill Salisbury, in fact—and I'm at large. I thought maybe you'd have dinner with me."

"Well, I will," said Puff, even more promptly than he had expected.

"But what about your date?"

"I can fix him."

"Well, but—I mean, it's sort of tough, at this hour ——"

"He's used to it," Puff said calmly.

There was a short debate on the subject of a meeting place. It appeared that Puff was in evening clothes, and Toby said, "Right. I'll dress and be up there in—half an hour?"

"Unh-uh," Puff demurred. "Not here. If you come here you'll have to meet mother. And that's a nuisance. I mean, I'll have to explain you, giving date of birth, and so on. I'd better come there," she concluded. "I'll come there."

"Oh, you don't want to do that, do you?"

"Why don't I?"

"We-ell," said Toby, not very seriously, "in my day, ladies didn't call for their escorts."

"But this is my day," said Puff. "I'll be right down."

She gave him twenty-six minutes.

In this rather inadequate interval, full of alarms and startled hearkenings to the doorbells of apartments across the court, he shaved, had a shower, got partly dressed, dropped the inevitable hopping collar button, sought it on hands and knees, recovered it; finished dressing, confronted himself in the full-length mirror and informed himself, as he always did when he wore his dinner coat, that he ought to wear it oftener. "Relaxes you to dress in the evening. Picks you right up."

What he really meant—though he would have denied it passionately—was that the dinner coat made him superb.

From the hip pocket of the lately discarded gray trousers lying limp in a chair he then extracted his wallet, and discovered that it contained—besides police cards, identification cards, addresses and telephone numbers, a New York-Boston time-table, a snapshot of Ann and an unmailed letter one week old—the sum of six dollars in lean, infirm, one-dollar bills. Grinning over this so characteristic penury and wagging his head in blithe despair of himself, he advanced upon Ann's dressing table and extracted from a purse in the drawer the net paper contents—thirty-two dollars. This he pocketed, replacing it a minute later with a slightly blotchy check made out to Ann for that amount. The minute had been devoted to writing the check at the studio desk. There was, he perceived, a balance in his check book of sixty-three dollars and forty-nine cents, over and above the two hundred dollars required as deposit by the bank. It seemed too bad that Ann had not had sixty-two dollars instead of thirty-two. He could have covered that just as well; and he might need it.

"If Puff gets restless," he thought, "and wants to go hither and yon, I'm sunk. This is no roll for changing scenery"

He said severely aloud, as if Puff were with him, "Young lady, for once in your life you'll stay where you're put!"

He was squeezing more oranges for more cocktails when Puff rang the doorbell At the sound he dumped gin, sugar, such orange juice as there was, additional gin and ice into the shaker, clapped the top on, wiped his hands, tweaked down his cuffs and started.

He was standing in the hall at the head of the stairs, rattling the shaker briskly, when his guest's yellow head set in a snowy drift of ermine, appeared around the bend on the landing below.

"That's a nice noise you're making," she observed as she came in sight.

"Isn't it? I thought you'd like it."

Puff lifted a white face vividly marked with the circular red seal that was her mouth. "Is that where you live?"

"It is."

"I never saw so many stairs," said Puff.

She came on up, assisted up the last three steps by Toby, who reached down a hand to hers and yanked her.

"There you are!"

Their hands clung an instant, and they stood smiling at each other.

"Hello," Puff said softly.

Toby said, "Hullo, good-looking"—somewhat to his surprise. He had expected to say simply "Hullo." The adjective had issued from his lips involuntarily, as a result of his eyes' discovery that Puff was good-looking. Very. Much more so without a hat than she had been with one.

"How are you?" he added. "I'm awfully glad to see you, Puff."

"I'm glad to see you too. Listen," murmured Puff, glancing back over her shoulder, "before I forget it—have you got a dollar and twenty cents? Because of course the taxi driver didn't have any change."

"I'll attend to him," nodded Toby. "You come in here."

He led her by the hand to the threshold of the apartment and stepped aside to let her precede him in. Puff went leisurely, allowing her wrap to slide down her arms and off; taking it for granted that he was close behind her to catch it.

"Oh, cute," her lazy voice said of the studio. "I like this a lot."

A jeweled T from shoulder to shoulder and down the line of the spine was the back of her Nile-green velvet gown. All the fullness of the skirt was gathered on her slim left hip and held there under a monstrous butterfly bow. Except on the hip, the Nile-green velvet clung to Puff, adhered to her, as if the brilliants that studded it heavily were the fancy heads of hundreds of tacks tacking it to her skin.

"Her mother's dress?" Toby asked himself incredulously.

Puff wore green slippers and chiffon stockings like sunburn embroidered with seams. Her yellow hair swirled across the back of her head from right to left, between rouged ear tips laden with circles of jade. When she faced about, small languid hands on her hips, and confronted Toby, it was to be seen that part of the heady perfume she

exuded belonged to four gardenias in a row, climbing up one shoulder.

"I do really, Toby," she assured him. "I think it's awfully artistic."

Toby was putting the ermine wrap on a chair. "Glad you like it," he said. "The credit is Ann's, of course. She did it all. Speaking of things artistic, go and sit pretty in that chair and be a magazine cover."

"Which chair?" Puff inquired ingenuously.

"That black one."

Puff, obedient, strolled toward the black chair, still with her hands on her hips. At the piano, a photograph of Ann arrested her. She took it up in both hands, regarded it for a moment.

"She's awfully sweet, isn't she?" she observed.

"Of course I think so."

"So do I!" Puff said with what Toby considered unnecessary earnestness.

She set the picture back in place, continuing to regard it.

"Does she like Bill Salisbury?"

"Why, sure. Don't you?" Toby countered, though he knew that this was beside the point.

"He's all right," said Puff indifferently.

She still eyed the photograph, standing motionless before it. Toby from time to time glanced at her, smiling inwardly. He was pouring out cocktails now into two silver goblets.

"Did she know you called me up?"

"She knew I was going to."

Puff was silent.

"Why?" Toby said.

"I just wondered."

She turned away then leisurely. Her white arms akimbo were like the handles of a slim green vase. "Is this the chair you meant?"

"That's the one."

"I wouldn't get the wrong chair for the world."

Seated, posed, her blond head tilted back against black satin, she reached out a hand for the goblet Toby was bringing across the room.

"Thanks, a lot."

"Lap it up," Toby said, "like a brave little girl, and in the meantime I'll go put your taxi back in circulation.

"Or shall we keep it," he asked on second thought, "till we're ready to leave?"

"Unh-uh," said Puff. "It's a terrible taxi. It wheezes."

"Away with it, then."

As it happened, it was well that he did dispatch the taxi, which otherwise would have waited more than two hours.

Toby never knew where the time went or how it got to be ten o'clock and after. He only knew that, quite unexpectedly, Puff could play the piano. She could play better ragtime than any girl he had ever known. Sitting slightly sideways on the piano bench, so that her knees, one mounted upon the other, had room, she played with a cigarette in her mouth and her slim straight fingers accurate and emphatic, like a man's. And Toby, sitting beside her, played his banjo.

It had started while he was out in the kitchen filling a flask to take to dinner. He had propped the door open so that he could talk to Puff, and suddenly he had heard her strike a chord. Then another. Then a series of quick, big chords, down the keyboard.

By that time he was over the threshold, crying accusingly: "Say! You've been keeping something from me!"

"Um-hum," Puff nodded tranquilly. "Several things."

Her straying fingers found a likely combination of notes; she began to play Do-Do-Do, the pet piece of the moment. After three or four bars she halted, said under her breath, "Don't like that key much," and began again in another key, playing the tune through.

Toby stood behind her, watching. Her lips smiled. His intent eyes, seeming to listen as well as to look, held approval, even respect, and a gleam of amazement. Puff, of all people! It was incredible that one so lackadaisical should thump and beat so wonderfully with small frail hands. He had thought Puff had no energy; he saw his mistake now. She had much, and this was how she spent it all.

"Why, good Lord," he said excitedly, when she stopped, "you're simply marvelous!"

"Thank you."

"Why didn't you tell me you played like that?" Toby's tone was aggrieved; it was almost indignant. He felt that time had been wasted. Here they had sat for half an hour, just talking!

"Where's my banjo?" he demanded. "I had a banjo. Now where in ——"

"I see it," said Puff. "There." And she said, smiling, "So! You've been keeping something from me too!"

Toby went for his instrument. "Come here, you rascal!" Returning, carrying it with its head hung down, he seated himself at Puff's side. "All right. What do you say? Give me G just a second, will you, first?"

Once started, they could not stop. Nor did they want to. They did not say very much. They did not even, for the most part, declare their selections. One would think of a tune and commence it, and the other, after a few bars, would chime in.

"Again now."

"Try it in three flats."

"Forgotten it. What does it do after that?"

Their conversation was limited to such short businesslike sentences.

"Fake it, can't you?"

"Wait a minute. Listen ——"

"That's it. That's right! And then ——"

They shared little triumphs of memory, of improvisation. They worked things out. They were together, drawn close in spirit by what, together, they could create. For the time being, with the part of him that was musical, Toby was nearly in love with Puff, though he did not know it and would have yelled at the notion.

It was Puff who finally remembered that it must be late. Sitting for a moment relaxed, her wrists drooping, her hands caught to the keyboard by the uttermost tips of her fingers, she lifted her eyes; and the preoccupied glance, encountering Ann's photograph, became no longer preoccupied but alert and present.

"What time is it, I wonder?" she asked.

Her hands dropped from the piano keys and the fingers curled on the edge of the bench at the sides of her slender body. She turned to Toby. He was bent over his banjo still.

"Haven't the faintest idea," he said. "Listen. Remember this?"

He played the first bars of Beale Street Mamma, humming with the music, his expectant smiling eyes on Puff's eyes. When the response he had tried to coax from her was not forthcoming, he stopped abruptly, laying the palm of his hand across the strings.

"Time?" he said, as if he had just heard her. "Let's see." He consulted his watch. "Good night! Why, it's twenty past ten!"

Puff rose at once. "Dinner," she said. "Lots of dinner. I hadn't thought about it, but I'm starving."

"Of course you are!" Toby had risen also. "I'm awfully sorry," he added contritely. "Nice considerate host I turned out to be, didn't I!"

He pushed the bench aside, and Puff's narrow, creamy, jewel-strapped back preceded him around it into the room. "It doesn't matter," she was saying as she went. "I've had a grand time. The only thing is"—beyond the bench, she confronted him—"I'd rather not still be here when Ann comes back. Wouldn't you? I mean," she explained before he could dissent, "she'd think we were crazy, staying here for hours without any dinner."

"No, she wouldn't."

"She'd think something"—Puff said blandly—"anyway. Let's get started, shall we?"

Toby would have liked, in fairness to Ann, to say, "Don't be ridiculous. She

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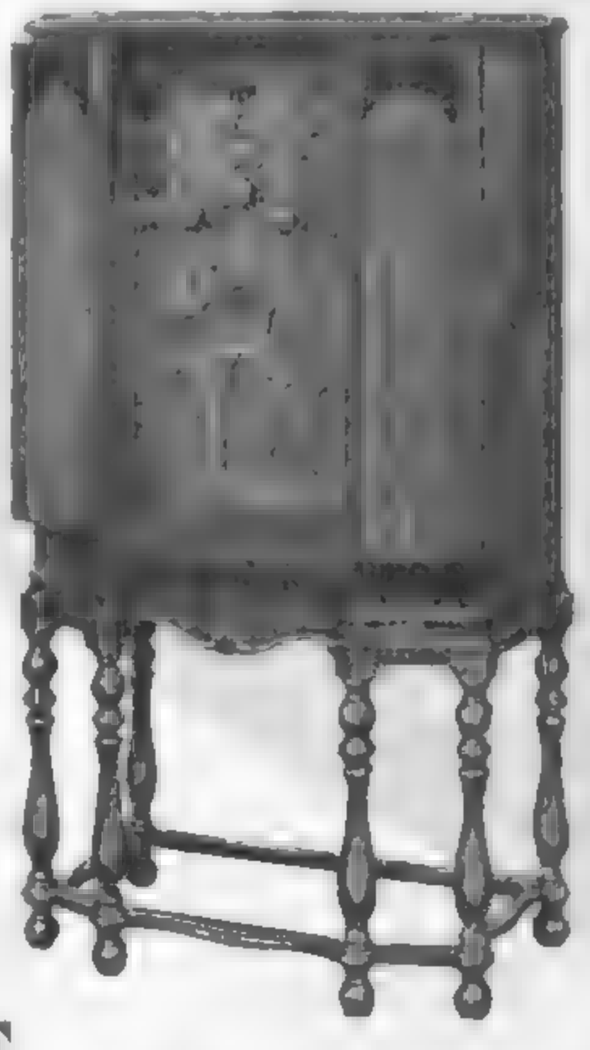

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wouldn't think a thing." But Puff had a way of covering up her innuendoes immediately and thoroughly, so you could not get at them; they lay unrefuted—and therefore somehow true—with a lid of other words dropped down on top.

"What did you do with my vanity bag?" she was asking now. "And where's a very big mirror in a good bright light?"

There was nothing to do but produce the vanity bag from under the ermine wrap in the chair. There was nothing to say but, "Down those three steps and to your left."

When Puff returned, he was in the kitchen again, completing the filling of the flask. He exhibited it—a frosted-glass flask, from the five-and-ten-cent store, that you could empty once and throw away.

"This be enough, do you think?"

"Enough for what?" Puff smiled. "Complete oblivion? I'm quite cockeyed already."

"You're not really?"

She shook her head. "Not really, no. On what we've had?" Puff's tone suggested that Toby didn't know Puff.

"A thousand pardons," he said gravely.

"I'm perfectly sober," Puff said. "But I feel glorious!" Her lashes swept up. "Don't you?"

"Yeah. Crest of the wave."

He was looking at her. Twisting the nickel cap tight on the flask without aid of his eyes, he was subjecting her to a quizzical, rather big-brotherly inspection. She was quite new now. She had a new mouth, so moist, so recently richly applied, that you thought her every breath would surely smear it. "Do you wear a smock when you work on that?" Toby wanted to ask. And there were her lashes, each individual lash curling all by itself, black and stiff as a wire. The ends of her wind-blown bob were becalmed; they were stuck in thick gilt commas on her cheek bones, three to a cheek; and she was blushing brightly, fixedly, in circles.

Such a work of art she was withal, like a birthday cake, like a valentine, like every artificial, ornamental tempting thing, that for an instant Toby had a juvenile vandal's impulse that almost overwhelmed him. He wanted to spoil and destroy. He wanted to ruffle the sleek coiffure with both hands, to smear the red mouth, the new moist mouth. It was too red, too new, altogether too perfect. Something really ought to be done about it.

"Well?" said Puff's provocative, mocking voice. "Why don't you do it?"

She was standing very near him, and her chin was lifted a little; her eyes in their picketed frames held invitation underneath laughter. The red mouth curved. Parted. "My error!" Toby thought. "Now she thinks I want to kiss her." And he did want to. Suddenly, and very much.

"Be your age," he warned himself.

Ann. . . .

He smiled down upon Puff. He reached out unhastily and plucked at one of her earrings with a forefinger, making it twist and sway on its tiny chain. He let his finger follow the line of her chin around, and with the finger tip he touched the moist mouth quickly, lightly.

"And spoil that?" he said. "Oh, no. I couldn't. My artistic appreciation is too great."

If Puff felt rebuffed she did not show it. She smiled, and her eyes knew everything. "You're funny," she said. And when Toby, bridling as a man invariably does at this remark, demanded "Why?"—and thereby surrendered his control of the situation—she smiled more.

"Oh, you just are." She turned away. "Come on," she said, and the knowing mirth was still in her voice. "Get your coat and hat and let's go places." She added tantalizingly, over her shoulder: "Little boy!"

"L it-tle," parted in the middle. "Lit-tle b-hoy!"

It was too much. His dignity would not have it. He said, "Wha-a-at?" He said, "Come back here!" in a grim voice. And he pulled her back by the wrist and turned her around by her powdered shoulders, and kissed her—not little-boyishly—after all.

"Did you kiss her?" Ann asked.

She was asking a number of cool, clipped questions this morning; she was, as she herself had said ruefully only a moment ago, "making noises like a wife." She hated realizing this. "Darn it!" she had wailed. "And I always swore I never would!" But she could not help it. She had to know about last night—all about it. She had to ask these questions, and she seemed, in spite of herself, to have to ask them sharply, suspiciously, like a wife. "Like any fool wife!"

She was very unhappy, and Toby was utterly wretched. This was the bleakest morning they had known. Ann sat on the divan, before the pile of shingles and kindlings in the fireplace that nobody had lit. She wore Chinese pajamas, vermilion, with blue embroidery. They made her unaccustomed pallor even more conspicuous. She had slept little, and that lightly.

Toby stood by the fireplace, his elbow on the mantel. His elbow seemed to support him; it alone seemed to hold him erect. Sometimes, in a series of jerky motions, he distributed his weight to other muscles, straightened up, and left his post to shamble about the room. He always came back. He could look down at Ann from here. He could talk better, standing here before her. And the hand that belonged to the supporting elbow could surreptitiously nurse his forehead, which was damp and hot and overfull of a familiar throbbing.

"Take something," Ann had said earlier. "For pity's sake!"

His hand had fallen with guilty haste. "I'm all right."

Absurd bravado. Ann knew, only too well, that he had been drunk a few hours ago. She had seen him come in; she had helped him to bed. She was almost as well aware as he was himself that now, at noon, his head was splitting. But the remnants of his pride would not let him acknowledge it, nevertheless; he preferred to suffer, saying, "I feel okay. Really."

Ann's cross-examination followed a testimony that was straightforward and honest, but of necessity halting and vague. Toby had reached home at five A.M. Ann supplied that fact. A confused interval prior to five had been spent by him in trying to get home on a bus or busses going in the wrong direction or directions. Before that, there had been a party in an uptown apartment owned by the absent parents of a short fat college boy, a friend of Puff's. Before that, the Club Deauville, where they had encountered the short fat boy, another undergraduate and two girls—all friends of Puff's. Before that, Luigi's speak-easy, where they had had a highball and Toby had cashed a check for thirty dollars. Before that, dinner.

In reverse recollection, which was easier, he and Puff had dined till midnight at the Venetian Grill, they had paused at Luigi's for about ten minutes, they had gone to the Deauville and danced till it closed, and then, with Puff's little playmates, they had taxied to this apartment, stopping somewhere on the way for scrambled eggs.

He was terribly sorry. He simply couldn't tell her how sorry he was about everything. He'd never forgive himself for keeping her awake worrying all night. And of course he was "just a hundred and sixty-eight pounds of gelatin" when he did come; he hated like hell to think she had seen him like that.

"You weren't pretty," Ann agreed.

She asked him how he had happened to drink so much. She wondered, aloud, if this were "the beginning of something? Or the starting in again, rather!"

She apologized an instant afterward. "Oh, I'm sorry, Toby. I didn't mean that. I'm just upset."

The thing she minded most, she said, was that he could have forgotten her so utterly. Hadn't he thought of her once,

Continued on Page 169

ONLY HORMEL FOODS ARE "FLAVOR-SEALED"

Government Inspected *and* Flavor-Sealed

CHICKEN *2-Fold Improved!*

The Government Inspects it; that means a healthy, wholesome bird every time. *Flavor-Sealing Protects it; protects it from* without *and holds the flavor* in.

NOW you can be certain of the chicken you eat, for every bird is U. S. CERTIFIED. Now, too, you can be certain of *better* chicken. More tender. More flavorful.

Flavor-Sealing saves those natural flavors and juices *lost* in ordinary cooking. This chicken is cooked in the sealed tin. Flavor is cooked *in*, not *out*.

You'll appreciate the value of Flavor-Sealing if you make this test.

Step into your kitchen when chicken is being cooked. Note the flavor-laden air. Flavor *lost*.

Then, try Flavor-Sealed Chicken on your own table!

Flavor-Sealed Chicken is ready to be served instantly. A tin taken from the refrigerator yields the best jellied cold chicken you've ever tasted.

Do you prefer fried chicken? Just warm the tin sufficiently to pour off the jelly. Cut up the chicken as you ordinarily would. Fry it in hot fat 3 to 5 minutes.

Broiled or roasted? Pour off the jelly, wipe dry, and give the chicken 15 minutes in a hot oven.

And, do not fail to take advantage of the jelly. Save every drop. It makes marvelous soups and gravies. In broiling or roasting, use it freely to baste.

Here is all you have wanted in chicken. Healthy, wholesome, clean chicken. *Good* chicken now made even *better* by Flavor-Sealing. And convenience! Time and labor saved. You can now keep chicken on your pantry shelf—ready for immediate use.

COOKED—WHOLE
SAVES FLAVOR
SAVES TIME
SAVES LABOR

★ Flavor Sealed

HORMEL
MILK-FED
WHOLE CHICKEN

At leading food stores from coast to coast. Whole chicken, or whole chicken halved, in 2 to 4½ lb. net weight tins. If your dealer hasn't it, send us your name and his. Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

★ [illegible] tin, then cooked [illegible] and juices are saved.

HAM (Whole or Half) · SPICED HAM · PORK TONGUE LUNCHEON MEAT

Switch on Summer Warmth with a TROPIC-AIRE

WHEN the temperature slips steadily downward, when ears nearly freeze and fingers are numb with cold — that's when you'll welcome a Tropic-Aire Hot Water Automobile Heater. Just switch it on and you can bask in summer warmth as you drive along.

Tropic-Aire circulates plenty of heat throughout the car by means of its electric fan. The heat is supplied directly by your engine's hot water, the greatest, cleanest and most uniform source of heat from your car. No fumes, no carbon-monoxide gas.

Tropic-Aire is installed back of the instrument board, out of the way, and where you can just catch a glimpse of its graceful outlines and chromium finish.

Fan used all Summer, too! The hot water is easily turned off, so you can use the fan for cooling ventilation and removing the engine-heat in sultry weather. The fan requires no more current than a tail light.

FOR ALL CARS. The Senior Model is made for all large sedans and coaches. The Junior Model is made for coupes and smaller cars. A special style is made for Model A Fords.

Use the heater that has a national reputation for flawless service in cars, taxi-cabs and busses. Order a Tropic-Aire Hot Water Heater from your local dealer or garage, or write us for additional facts and the name of your nearest distributor.

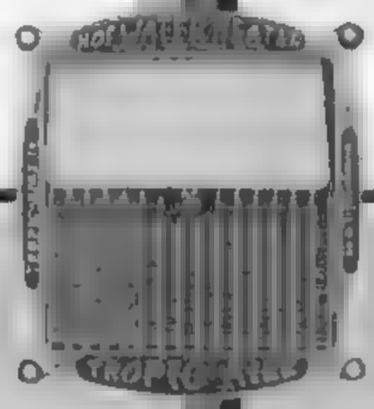
Pat. Nos., 1381761, 1668491, RE17131, Others Pending

TROPIC-AIRE is the original Fan-Equipped Hot Water Automobile Heater—the winter motoring luxury "For Those Who Don't Go South."

TROPIC-AIRE INC.

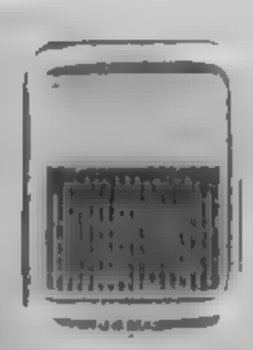
84 ELEVENTH AVENUE N. E. MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

In Canada: 14 Breadalbane Street, Toronto



Senior Model-
Large Cars

Junior Model-
Small Cars; Coupes



"Special" *for*
Model A Fords

(Continued from Page 166)

between midnight and five? Well, when? Certainly not when he was leaving the dinner place. And certainly not when he was leaving the night club. How would he have felt if she had stayed out with Bill Salisbury until five in the morning? Let him think about that a while!

But the thing Ann really minded most, as it turned out, was Puff. Puff coming down here after Toby in the first place, "and spilling my perfume, and using my powder puff for rouge, and burning a cigarette mark on the piano!" Puff being able to accompany Toby's banjo so wonderfully. Ann could not even keep a tune. Puff introducing Toby—Ann's Toby—as if he were hers. Puff making Toby forget to come home.

These were the things Ann minded. She did not say so, but her questions told. Toby found himself thinking with a sort of dull astonishment, "She's jealous. Ann is! Of that little ——" His mind stopped there. Even his mind was inarticulate, powerless to find a word or term that would express the infinite unimportance to him of Puff, compared with Ann.

And so it was that when Ann asked at last, "Did you kiss her, Toby?" he could not, for a moment, answer anything at all. He could only stare blankly, helplessly, at her, as if he sought the answer in her face. He knew the answer. But it was inexplicable, and the realization that he could neither explain to Ann, nor lie to her, made him stand there tongue-tied and aghast.

"Oh," Ann cried out, "don't you remember what you did?"

"I remember what I didn't do," quickly, "if that's what you mean."

"But you kissed her." It was a statement now, no longer a query.

"Yes," Toby said, "I'm afraid I did."

Ann took it calmly. She was all at once calmer than she had been at any time. "More than once?" she asked, and her voice was even. It was as if she had dreaded this knowledge so long that, now, her relief because dreading was ended exceeded her hurt. Toby had not lied, anyway; and that was something. He knew from her eyes that that was something.

"Yes," he said. "A couple of times."

"Tell me."

"There's nothing to tell. I'd had a lot to drink. It didn't mean anything, Ann," Toby said.

He wished she would look up again. If she looked up she would see that it hadn't meant anything. "Look at me," he begged. "Ann. Please."

But she would not.

"When, exactly?" her quiet lips inquired.

Toby thought. "I don't know! I don't remember!" But he did remember, wanting not to. He said, "When we were at this fellow's apartment. And in some taxicab or other. And once while we were here. Just before we left."

"In other words," said Ann, "every chance you got."

Her voice broke then. She shook her head quickly, in a mute courageous attempt to deny the scalding moisture that—Toby knew—was suddenly behind her lowered eyelids. It was futile. There had been a shining lovely thing, inestimably precious, and now, when it was still quite new, it had been smudged a little. She must weep for this, being a woman, being a bride. She could not take it calmly any more, for a little while.

"I'll be all right," she kept promising, "in a minute. . . . Don't, Toby," she kept saying tonelessly. "Let me alone. I'll be all right."

She said she was sorry to make such a fuss; it was silly of her. She understood perfectly how it had happened. "You were just tight. I see how it was." But she would not allow him to put his arms around her to comfort her. "Don't, Toby. I—not just this minute."

When she was better, when her eyes were dry and Toby's handkerchief was restored to him, she said philosophically and rather cynically that of course this sort of thing was bound to happen now and then.

"We'll kiss other people. Both of us will. We're young and we're attractive, if we are married. And this is the age we live in. Of course it'll happen. If we're never any more seriously unfaithful to each other we'll be lucky."

"Don't talk like that!" Toby broke in sharply.

Ann did not heed him. "It's only that it happened so soon," she wound up. "I sort of hadn't thought it would quite yet."

Presently she could mock at herself, in a wanly smiling, mirthless way. "And I'm the girl who sat on the beach at Atlantic City six weeks ago, solemnly insisting that married people ought to have dates! I still think," she added, sobering, "it's a good theory. It's only when—when one of them sort of—oh, betrays the other's trust—that it doesn't work out. I'd have been all right about it," Ann said earnestly, "if you'd just gone out and dined and danced and—been yourself. You know that, don't you, Toby?"

She was rather pathetically anxious that he should know that. "I wanted you to go," she said. "Remember how I kept telling you to try Puff's number again? I meant it. I wanted you to have somebody cute to be with. Honestly, Toby"—her eyes besought him to believe her—"I'm not just jealous on general principles!"

It was almost more than he could bear. "Ann, don't!" he kept groaning. "Don't you think I know all that? You're making me feel like—like ——" He never left a simile unfinished. "Like something that eats its young," he muttered now distractedly.

He was not to see Puff again—that was the upshot of the two-hour dialogue. Ann was ashamed to make the stipulation, and she said so. "But," she said, "from now on I'm not going to try to be any more generous than I'm capable of being. And I can't be generous at all about Puff Randolph, because"—she smiled dryly—"because my ridiculous pride is hurt, I suppose! I suppose that's it."

Her voice trailed off. She put her head back against the back of the divan and eyed the cold hearth from under her lashes. She was still slightly smiling.

"Maybe I'm wrong," she said, "but if I do say so as shouldn't, Toby—I think I'm sort of nice—I mean, taking me all in all. In fact, I seem to think I'm so much nicer than Puff Randolph that it isn't even funny. And so," said Ann, "for her to think she's put something over on me ——"

It was vain for Toby to vow that Puff didn't think anything of the kind.

"Of course she does," Ann contradicted him. "You don't know women." She checked herself. "I'm getting catty. But I know what I know. You see, Toby, Puff wouldn't dream that you'd tell me you kissed her. She thinks it's a thrilling secret between herself and my husband—something that you and she got away with when I wasn't looking. And that," concluded young Mrs. McLean with spirit, "burns me up!"

And there was no arguing with her. "Come here," she said, when Toby tried to argue. "Sit down here."

He sat down quickly. He took her in his arms, perceiving that now, at last, he could; she wished him to. Gently, with his big hand, he drew her head down against his heart, until he felt it recoil a little from the alien bulge of a packet of cigarettes stuffed into his hidden pajama pocket. He removed the cigarettes, dropping them anywhere, and replaced the head and patted it. Smooth little head. Beloved little head, compact under its thick silk hair. It made him fiercely tender, immensely possessive. His.

Relief was a pæan inside him. "I love you so much," he said, "Ann. You know it. This guy you married—he isn't much good. He's just a bum. But he does love you tremendously."

Ann's hand stole around his neck, tucked its finger tips inside his collar. Her voice was soft, subdued; contented now. "You do, don't you?"

He let the muscles of his arms make quick reply.

"And you don't really want to kiss anyone else?"

"No! Never!"

"And," said Ann, "you won't see Puff any more at all? Just to please me," she said, "because I'm silly?"

"I will not!" Toby was emphatic, positive. He maintained that he wouldn't have anyway. "Ask me something hard!" he begged. "That's too easy."

But that was all Ann asked.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN

Alligator Pear, Elephant's Ear, Horse-Chestnut, Pussy Willow, Lion's-Tail, Cockscomb, Monkey Flower, Hen-and-Chickens, Dogwood, Oxeye Daisy, Snap-Dragon, Fox Glove, Cowslip, Tiger Lily, Cat-Tail, Toad Stool, Dandelion.

Sure, you bet it will fly!

No, it won't dive like a nail. There isn't a nail in her. She's put together with LePage's Glue—stronger than nails where nails won't do, and adds less weight.

Sure! The handiest tool in the work shop. LePage's Liquid Glue. Always ready for use, whatever it is you're making. Good cabinet makers and mechanics always use LePage's in making joints, even if they also use nails or screws. Stands 3000 lbs. shearing strain per square inch. Stronger than the fibers of the wood it joins.

LE PAGE'S GLUE

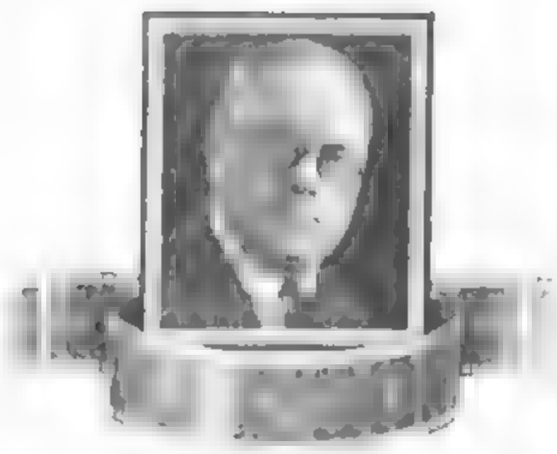
BREATH-TAKING Beauty! Decorated folding Bridge Set in rich Oriental colors—a delight to the heart of every hostess. Upholstered seats, decorated leatherette top and two insertable ash trays for corner legs. Write today for beautiful folder.

LOUIS RASTETTER & SONS
1358 Wall St. Fort Wayne, Ind.

CORNS and tender toes—relieved in 1 minute by these thin, soothing, healing pads. Safe! At all drug, shoe and dept. stores.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone



A New "Talkie"

Entitled

"Up With Sauerkraut"

In 5 Reels. By Roy Irons, Sec'y, N. K. P. A.

Reel 1—Health

More than 6 years ago the National Kraut Packers' Association began an educational campaign on the healthful qualities of Sauerkraut, calling attention to its great fund of lactic ferments—its mineral salts, vitamines and bulk—all of which contribute so much to a healthy, vigorous body. The authorities for these statements were exact quotations from many of the world's greatest scientists, physicians and dietitians. Our booklet "Sauerkraut as a Health Food" gives many of these quotations and 49 recipes for serving Sauerkraut. It's FREE

Reel 2—Delicious

The health appeal, backed by facts brought instant response. Sauerkraut "looked up." People everywhere bought it, ate it, liked its appetizing tang and zest. They found it a delicious dish as well as a truly great health food

Reel 3—Quality

The Packers' Association, determined to keep the quality up—to improve its purity and goodness by, better methods of manufacture and packing—by scientific growth of the cabbage—by clean, sanitary factories; and finally, by assisting Government authorities in perfecting a Standard for Sauerkraut—and then living up to that Standard.

Reel 4—Growth

So today, from a lowly beginning, everybody is eating Sauerkraut—and everybody is better for it. A recent bulletin of the U. S. Department of Agriculture says America is consuming more than $3,500,000 worth of this dish yearly, representing 250,000 tons of cabbage, or one-seventh of the Nation's entire cabbage crop. And the demand is still growing.

Reel 5—Emblem of First Quality

That you may always be sure of getting First Quality Sauerkraut, produced under the ideal conditions [illegible] adopted the Emblem shown here. It appears only on the cans packed by canners of A[illegible] members. Look for it when you buy. And mainly—Send for the booklet "Sauerkraut as a Health Food"—It's FREE

15 Cents Worth of Sauerkraut Will Serve 4 to 6 Persons

The National Kraut Packers' Ass'n, Clyde, O.

Send for Interesting Booklet FREE

The National Kraut Packers' Association
Clyde, Ohio

Please send me postpaid your free booklet "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," with new tested recipes.

Name

[illegible]

City and State

REVOLT IN BILLBOARDIA

(Continued from Page 15)

eyesores that are bringing about the revolt in Billboardia. Among the examples that he gives are these:

In 1904, Professor Freund wrote: "It is conceded that the police power is adequate to restrain offensive odors and noises. A similar protection to the eye, it is conceived, would not establish a new principle, but carry a recognized principle to further applications."

In 1911, a Missouri judge, in a decision sustaining legislation against billboards, declared:

"My individual opinion is that this class of advertising as now conducted is not only subject to control and regulation by the police power of the state but that it might be entirely suppressed by statute, and that, too, without offending against either the state or Federal Constitution."

"The first decision," says Mr. Goodrich, after quoting a number of American judges who declare unhesitatingly that it is time that courts recognize the æsthetic as a factor in American life, "unequivocally to state the real objection to billboards comes from an American judge sitting in the Philippine Islands. This pioneer decision, whose language may some day become judicially popular, deserves more than passing quotation."

Why Roadside Signs Have Value

A Philippine statute had levied a tax on billboards, and had also given to the Collector of Internal Revenue the power to remove any sign or billboard exposed to public view which, after due investigation, he decided was "offensive to the sight or otherwise a nuisance." The cry of "unconstitutional!" was set up against this statute, and the matter came before the Supreme Court of the Philippine Islands. Mr. Justice Trent handed down the decision, and this is what he said:

"Without entering into the realm of psychology, we think it quite demonstrable that sight is as valuable to a human being as any of his other senses, and that the proper ministration to this sense conduces as much to his contentment as the care bestowed upon the senses of hearing and smell, and probably as much as both together. Objects may be offensive to the eye as well as to the nose or ear. Man's æsthetic feelings are constantly being appealed to through his sense of sight. . . .

"The sense of sight is the primary essential to advertising success. Billboard advertising, as it is now conducted, is a comparatively recent form of advertising. It is conducted out-of-doors and along the arteries of travel, and compels attention by the strategic locations of the boards, which obstruct the range of vision at points where travelers are most likely to direct their eyes. Beautiful landscapes are marred or may not be seen at all by the traveler because of the gaudy array of posters. . . . It is quite natural for people to protest against this indiscriminate and wholesale use of the landscape by advertisers and the intrusion of tradesmen upon their hours of leisure and relaxation from work. Outdoor life must lose much of its charm and pleasure if this form of advertising is permitted to continue unhampered until it converts the streets and highways into veritable canyons through which the world must travel in going to work or in search of outdoor pleasure.

"The success of billboard advertising depends not so much upon the use of private property as it does upon the use of the channels of travel used by the general public. Suppose that the owner of private property, who so vigorously objects to the restriction of this form of advertising, should require the advertiser to paste his posters upon the billboards so that they would face the interior of the property instead of the exterior. Billboard advertising would die a natural death if this were done; and its real dependency not upon the unrestricted use of private property but upon the unrestricted use of the public highways is at once apparent. Ostensibly located on private property, the real and sole value of the billboard is its proximity to the public thoroughfares. Hence, we conceive that the regulation of billboards and their restriction is not so much a regulation of private property as it is a regulation of the use of the streets and other public thoroughfares."

Mr. Justice Trent views with a marked absence of amiability the court decisions in the United States which hamper the regulation of billboards. These decisions, in his opinion, are "an unwarranted restriction upon the scope of the police power by the courts. If the police power may be exercised to encourage a healthy social and economic condition in the country, and if the comfort and convenience of the people are included within those subjects, everything which encroaches upon such territory is amenable to the police power. A source of annoyance and irritation to the public does not minister to the comfort and convenience of the public. And we are of the opinion that the prevailing sentiment is manifestly against the erection of billboards which are offensive to the sight."

The revolt against Billboardian standards of roadside decoration has not only crept into Government and judicial circles but even into business circles—into prominent business circles.

Each month the Standard Oil Company of California issues a small illustrated magazine. This magazine for May, 1929, had a cover in colors showing a broad California road skirting the base of towering, canyon-cut mountains, against whose slopes the dense bulks of ancient live oaks and the red roof of a 'dobe house shine brilliantly in the clear California sunlight. The frontispiece of the same magazine showed the same bit of scenery, slightly altered. At the edge of the road are broad billboards. Between and opposite them are samples of the so-called monumental signboards that originated in California and are rapidly working eastward further to beautify all of Billboardia's far-flung highways. Against the brilliant colors of the live oaks and the mountains are other billboards, informing the passing travelers of the existence of Pushacres Tract, of O-O Tonic, and urging them to Chew Zamaza. The cover of the magazine is a beautiful one, but the frontispiece is a grotesque, such a thing as might be encountered in the annual exhibition of the canvases of insane artists.

Common Sense From California

Following these pictures is an article entitled Scenic or Sign-ic Highways. The statements in it, being sponsored by a large and enterprising corporation, have a peculiar interest for all companies or individuals who advertise their products along the highways. This is particularly true since the Standard Oil Company of California is, by its own admission, very deeply interested in increasing its earnings.

"It is with the highway advertising sign," says this article in the Standard Oil Bulletin, "that these notes principally have to deal. Outdoor advertising—specifically, this phase of it—has been impeached—is now on trial, as it were, in the court of public opinion. For one thing, it is charged that these highway billboards cut off the view of the scenery, which they certainly do in countless instances. And where they do not greatly interfere with the perspective, they, nevertheless, mix poorly with the beauties of nature which so often constitute their setting. But this is not in violation of the statutes of any of the Pacific Coast States; it is purely an æsthetic consideration, defenders of outdoor advertising maintain.

(Continued on Page 172)

Select Christmas Greeting Cards *This Easy Way*

WITHOUT leaving your desk or in the privacy of your home select your personal or business Xmas Greeting Cards as 217,094 business, professional and society people have selected theirs—at less cost. When you choose from Process samples, you buy from the Company that for years has been the acknowledged leader in the Made-to-Order Greeting Card field.

Beautiful designs with many genuine steel etchings—monogrammed without extra charge and, if specially desired, your personal or business signature will be exactly reproduced in perfect Process work at small extra cost, *a distinctively Process feature.*

42,000 carefully trained Process Corporation Representatives, any one of whom you will be glad to welcome to your home or office, are at your service and without obligation of any sort will be pleased to submit for your approval a matchless Greeting Card sample selection.

Mail coupon today and we will instruct our Local Representative to call on you. If we have not a representative in your city we will mail samples from Chicago, without cost or obligation to you and under the distinct understanding that your satisfaction with our work and service is unqualifiedly guaranteed.

Representatives Attention!
We have a dignified and outstanding proposition for a man or woman of good social standing in every town or city where we are not represented. Send written application by mail at once. Do not use the coupon for this purpose.

The PROCESS CORPORATION
Troy at 21st Street Chicago

THE PROCESS CORPORATION, Dept. 94
Troy at 21st Street, Chicago, Illinois

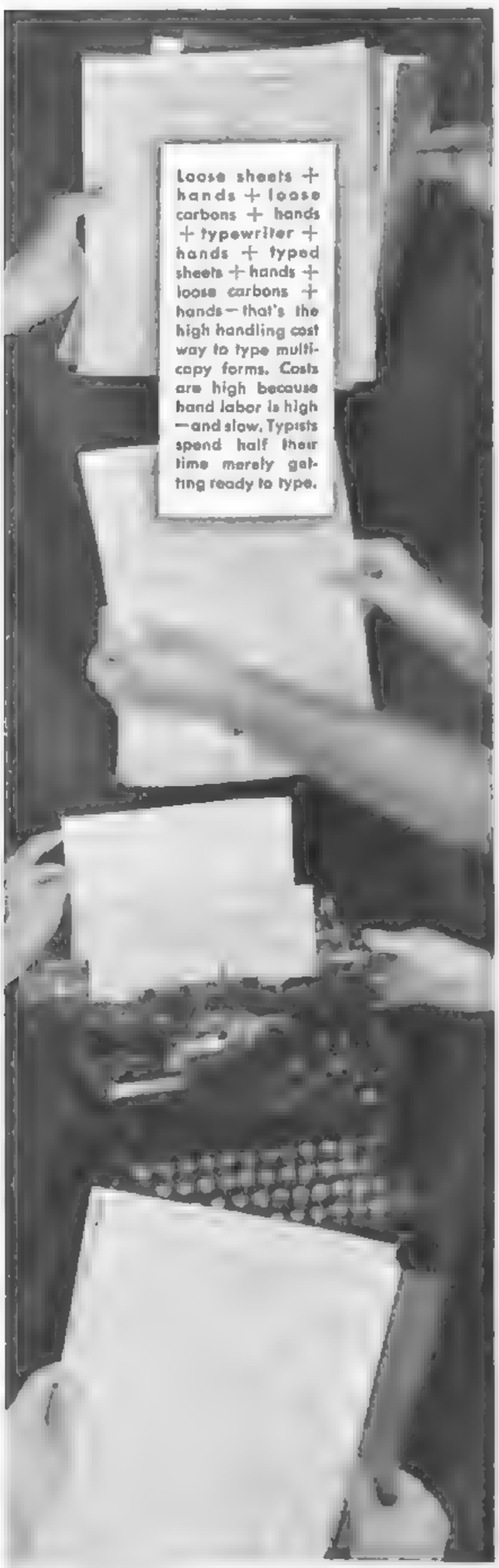
Kindly have your representative call and submit your complete Christmas Greeting Card Sample Line and if unable to do this, mail me samples to select from direct from Chicago without any obligation being implied

Name

Street Address

Town State

CUT THESE "Handling Costs" *out of your Office Typing*


Loose sheets + hands + loose carbons + hands + typewriter + hands + typed sheets + hands + loose carbons + hands — that's the high handling cost way to type multi-copy forms. Costs are high because hand labor is high — and slow. Typists spend half their time merely getting ready to type.

"HANDLING COSTS" account for nearly half the expense of typing multi-copy records when you use loose forms. Your typist must pick up a form sheet, add a carbon sheet, then a form sheet, another carbon sheet and so on until the set is assembled. Then she jogs forms and sheets together, inserts the set in the machine, adjusts for typing, types, removes set from the machine, and finally shuffles out carbons from forms. A laborious, expensive process!

The new principle of using forms in continuous lengths, folded zigzag, in flat packs, now makes this older, slower method obsolete. It is the key to new economy and efficiency through applications of Rediform Continuous Interfolded, Rediform Interleaved, Rediform Sales Books, Rediform Flatpakit Speed Forms for WIZ Autographic Registers, and Rediform ZIG-ZAG.

Rediform Interleaved — newest, far-reaching improvement — consists of forms in continuous lengths, folded zigzag in flat packs, and with carbon paper already interleaved between forms. Rediform Interleaved flows through writing machines almost automatically . . . simply by turning the platen. It reduces the typing of multi-copy forms to this simple one-two-three process: 1—The letter or form is typed; 2—The typed set of forms is removed from the machine with one easy movement; 3—All carbons are slipped out at once with a little pull at the corners.

No elaborate guide or attachment is necessary for typewriters. Simple clip-on guides can be instantly attached and detached without the use of tools.

Folders are ready showing the application of Rediform Interleaved to Burroughs Moon-Hopkins Billing Machines and to Remington, Royal, L C Smith, and Barr typewriters. Also on Speed Stationery to any billing machine.

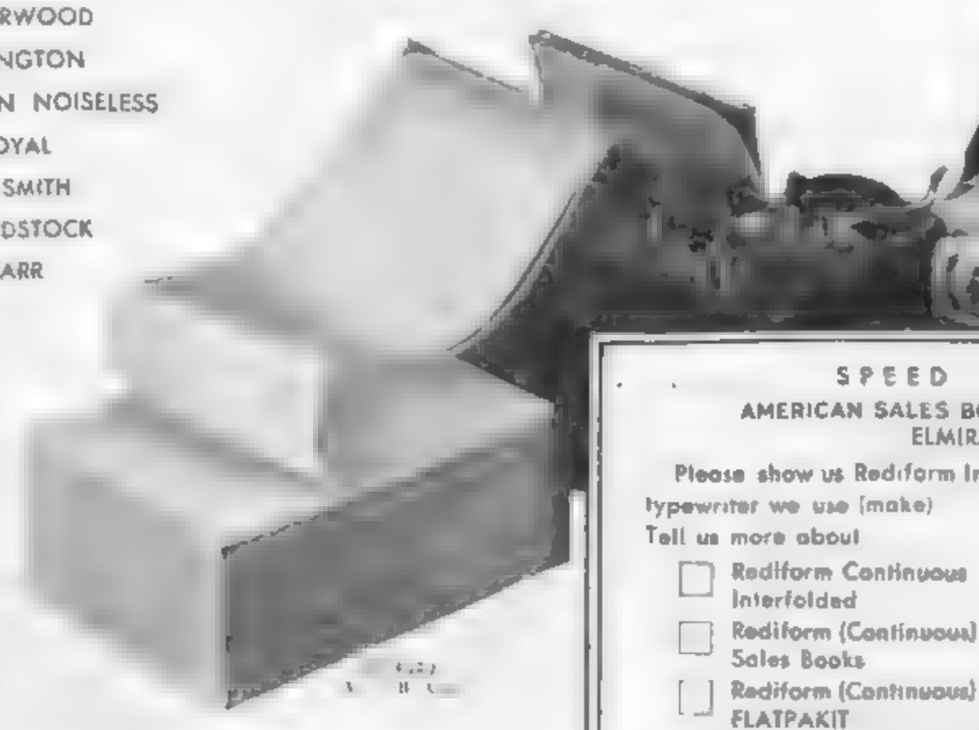
The Rediform Line provides a complete speed system to meet the individual needs of your business. Write for sample forms and full information.

AMERICAN SALES BOOK COMPANY, Limited
EXECUTIVE OFFICES: ELMIRA, N. Y.
FACTORIES: ELMIRA, N. Y., NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.
Sales and Service Offices in 60 Principal Cities

Forms in continuous strips flow through the typewriter almost automatically when Rediform Interleaved Speed Stationery is used. Costs are low because time spent in handling is low. All the typist does is type, remove forms and slip out carbons in two easy movements, turn platen, then type again.

Rediform *Speed Stationery makes any typewriter a continuous typing machine*

UNDERWOOD
REMINGTON
REMINGTON NOISELESS
ROYAL
L C SMITH
WOODSTOCK
BARR



Rediform *SPEED STATIONERY*

SPEED COUPON

AMERICAN SALES BOOK COMPANY, Limited
ELMIRA, N. Y.

Please show us Rediform Interleaved Speed Stationery for typewriter we use (make)
Tell us more about

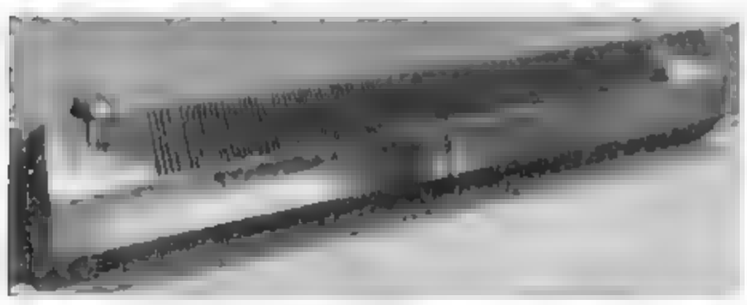
- ☐ Rediform Continuous Interfolded
- ☐ Rediform (Continuous) ZIG-ZAG
- ☐ Rediform (Continuous) Sales Books
- ☐ Rediform WIZ Autographic Register
- ☐ Rediform (Continuous) FLATPAKIT
- ☐ Booklet, "The Key Operations of Business"

Name . . . . .
Business . . . . . .
Address . . . . . .

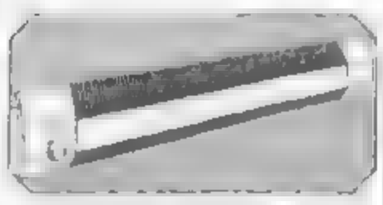
S. E. P. 11-2-29

...A NEW AND MORE PRACTICAL RADIATOR

FOR NEW HOMES AND OLD....



INCONSPICUOUS WHEN ATTACHED TO BASEBOARD



PARTIALLY RECESSED

ENTIRELY RECESSED
TWO RADIATORS TIERED BEHIND GRILLE

A NEW RADIATOR. A modern radiator with many unusual features. A radiator patterned on both scientific and common sense principles. It is almost unnoticeable in any room and a far more practical and effective heating unit. Installed at the floor level—it is only eight and one-half inches high, and three and one-half inches wide. Projects warmth out into the room, in a manner that does away with cold floors and cold corners.

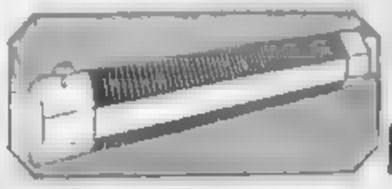
Three methods of installation to choose from: Attached to baseboard—partially recessed—entirely concealed within the wall. No shields. And yet there is no smudging of wall and draperies. No interference with the decorative scheme and the arrangement of furniture.

Truly, the Richmond Floorline Radiator is everything that has been wanted as an efficient, adaptable, and inexpensive radiator. Even the moderately valued home may be at least partially equipped. The cost is considerably less than other types of compact and concealed radiation and often less than the installation of shields.

Adapted for use on steam, hot water, vapor, and vacuum heating systems, in homes, hotels, apartments, office buildings, in fact every type of building.

Before you build or make any changes in your present equipment, learn more about the Richmond Floorline Radiator. Send the coupon or consult your architect, builder, or heating contractor.

"RICHMOND" FLOORLINE



RADIATOR

More than 40 years experience in the manufacture of fine heating equipment is incorporated in the Floorline Radiator. Richmond Steam, Hot Water, and Gas Fired Boilers, Cast Iron Radiators, and Enameled Ware are other products of the Richmond Radiator Company.

Richmond Radiator Company, Inc.
Dept. S-11-2, 1400 Broadway,
New York, N. Y.

You may send illustrated booklet of the Richmond Floorline Radiator.

Name

Address

In order that we may send the most helpful information, please check the space that identifies you:

☐ Owner ☐ Architect ☐ Builder
☐ Heating Contractor

(Continued from Page 170)

"However, it so happens that natural beauties factor mightily in the West Coast's stock in trade. Its scenic attractions are of tremendous value, considered in relation to the tourist business; so what at first glance appears to be merely a question of æsthetics is, moreover, a matter of utility.

"The fame and popularity of the Pacific Coast highways obviously are not altogether due to their construction. Elsewhere throughout the nation is a vast mileage of highways just as good, yet relatively unknown to fame. Scenery is a prime factor in a highway's popularity. It is what lies on either side of them, the natural beauties accessible because of them, that have gained the highways of the Pacific Coast much of their rating. Anything that lessens their beauty lessens their rating and their value.

"The money left on the Pacific Coast each year by incoming motorists totals an enormous sum. Tourists are worth $160,000,000 a year to Southern California alone, according to the All-Year Club of Southern California. These tourists, considered as an industry, are second only to oil. Millions upon millions of dollars have been spent in building the California highways used by these visitors. More than a billion will be expended in the next twelve years, a large part of it on highways over which visiting motorists will travel.

"To permit the defacement and uglification of these highways is to disgust visitors and drive them away—which most certainly is bad business. Any practice which arouses the anger, contempt or resentment of motorists on the great annual pilgrimage from all parts of the country is detrimental to the state at large. Highway advertising, as now conducted in many places, has this effect.

"The presence of hundreds of big and little signs spread along the highway, some of them blotting out the scenery and others tacked to trees and fences, has a depressing influence on the tourist and usually rouses his loathing and antagonism. If certain sections are excepted, the Pacific Coast States are no worse offenders than the rest of the United States in permitting abuse of this method of advertising. Highway advertising is running riot throughout the land.

"On the Pacific Coast, because of the factors of scenery and tourist business involved, it calls for correction by legal measures perhaps more than elsewhere in the nation—so the organizations campaigning for its regulation insist. However, in the movement now under way are some organizations whose efforts are impelled by a desire to preserve beauty for its own sake. That is not the view of the Standard Oil Company of California.

"With this company it is a plain matter of business, not of sentiment. This company is for more motorists, more pleasure in motoring, and for better-looking highways. It so declared itself as long ago as 1924, when it voluntarily tore down some 1200 of its highway disk signs.

"Highways are the show windows of a state to a substantial extent, and what is put in view of them either attracts or repels. To keep highways in a condition which will be a good advertisement to attract people is so palpable a need that it should not require argument."

CUB ENGINEERS

THEY were cub engineers about to leave Tech and seek ways of applying what they had learned to the mighty forces of industry. For long years they had been grinding at textbooks and in the laboratory to discover the secrets of steam power, electric power and hydraulic power. But on this last day of their preparation they were addressed by a distinguished member of the profession to which, according to the testimony of their diplomas, they belonged.

"I want to talk to you," he began, "about a form of power which is scarcely referred to in your textbooks and which cannot be studied in your laboratories. Nevertheless, this form of power is the most important of all, because without it no engineering work can be done. Because little can be learned about it academically and nothing in the laboratory, you will leave this institution with your diplomas, but unprepared for engineering work in this one particular.

"I refer to human power—that which is exerted by the hand of man. You have heard much, and will hear a great deal more, in the course of the next few years, of the need of experience. In the last analysis, most of this experience has to do with acquiring a knowledge of this form of power. It is something which no one can do for you, and for that reason, if for no other, you must do it well for yourselves.

"This brings us immediately to the question of what you are going to do after graduation, and if I have anything useful to tell you, it is to advise that in looking for jobs you seek such employment as will bring you in closest contact with labor.

"You have all heard the old saying, 'A rolling stone gathers no moss,' and have perhaps heard the rejoinder, 'But it gets mighty bright.' The latter part of this should guide you in your work in the next year or so. Do not seek any job with the idea of staying in it for your lifetime. Seek, on the contrary, a series of different jobs which will give you immediate, personal, and manual knowledge of as many different kinds of labor as you can find. With your training you should be able to squeeze the average job dry of useful experience in a few months. Thanks to the present scale of wages, you will probably get more for it than you would as a beginner in engineering work. When you have completed such a post-graduate course of your own selection, you will be able to qualify for an engineering position far more advanced and with better pay than you would have reached had you begun in it immediately upon graduation.

"Well up in the list of the sort of job I have in mind comes mixing and placing concrete, building of concrete forms and the placing of reënforcement bars. Practically every kind of engineering calls for reënforced concrete in one way or another. Every industry uses it extensively for buildings, foundations, and the like. Our present public-service plants would be impossible without it. There are a thousand and one things about this kind of work that can be learned quickly and readily by working at it, failing which the knowledge must be acquired by experience distributed through many years of incidental observation.

"The handling and placing of heavy machinery is the kind of job which in two months will give a man a personal knowledge of force, mass and association, and strength of materials which he cannot possibly gain in the laboratory. He will acquire that most valuable trait, a sense of proportion in these matters, and it will help him throughout his engineering work. He will also acquire a vocabulary which may be more or less useful, and he will get first-hand information on what the practical man on the job thinks about the machine designer.

"A fundamental principle of industrial operation is the keeping of costs, not only of material but of labor. So a third job to be sought is that of time clerk or material clerk on some construction work. This kind of job is easy to get. It is an advantage rather than otherwise if the operation is small, because on the small job the time

clerk will have to go all over the work and check the men in place, whereas the large jobs are often run on a time-card-and-clock basis. A time clerk who goes over the job has an opportunity to learn more about what constitutes a man day than he would acquire in years of routine experience as a subordinate engineer. He will see all kinds of work being done, the progress of it from day to day, and the records which he has to keep will show him time as compared with progress. He will also learn much about union rules and allocation of work among the unionized trades. This is all information of prime value and it can be had in a few months' time, at good pay.

"The examples I have given serve to illustrate the principle. There is more to be learned in this sort of work than dollars and cents, quantities and man hours. My grandfather, who built locomotives before the Civil War, used to say to me as a boy: 'It takes everybody to know everything.' From this viewpoint, I am advising you to seek experience out of which you will gain respect for and appreciation of the knowledge of the skilled mechanic. You will find him honest and helpful, and willing to meet you more than halfway if he thinks you know your job or are seriously trying to learn it. You will find that he has the deepest respect for his superiors when they know their work, and the utmost contempt for those who do not know what to expect or when a job is well done.

"In the last twenty-five years a great many men have come to me before or upon graduation from a technical school, and I have sometimes been able to place them along the lines I have been talking to you about. About two years ago a young man came to me who was then a junior in mining engineering, and said he wanted to get some practical experience during the summer. I wrote the manager of a Western mine and found he was very glad to cooperate. At the beginning of the vacation he went out and started in as a mucker. Following the blast, the muckers go in and load the rock into cars. In this particular mine, the day's work for a mucker calls for handling eighteen tons of rock. The man I am talking about came from a well-to-do family, and I learned afterward that at college he had been excused from physical exercise upon a doctor's certificate, because he was supposed to have a weak heart.

"When writing the superintendent about this man, I stipulated that the candidate was to have the whole works, which included a thorough examination by the company doctor. The doctor found him perfectly sound, and he was put to work. Three weeks after he started in he wrote to me. This is his letter.

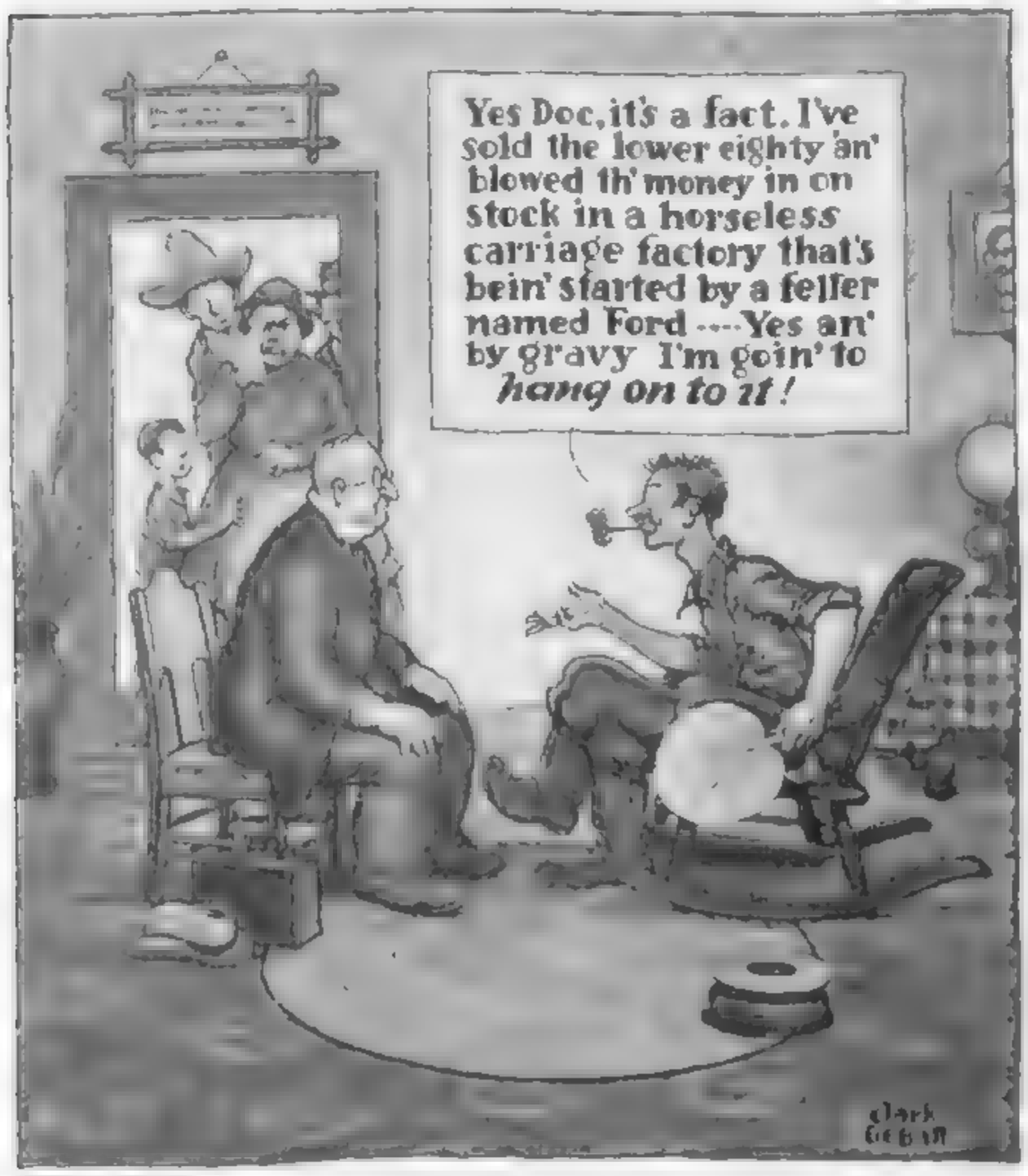
"'I have waited this long before writing you because I would not write you exactly as I felt at the time—namely, sore. Wow! If I had known how soft I was or what I was getting into exactly, you would never have had the misfortune of knowing me. Believe me, the first week I was out here—the gas was pretty heavy in the mines—I could have committed murder, arson, bigamy or anything else to get out. However, I now feel much stronger and better for the work, and although I cannot heave my eighteen tons a day as yet, I hope to in the near future.

"'Everybody out here has been fine to me and they are so darn nice that one feels mighty small in comparison. I thought I knew people, but I never realized that there could be a group of people so thoughtful of the other person when there was nothing to gain by it.'

"I also received a letter from the superintendent, highly recommending the spirit in which this young fellow had gone at his work, and saying that he had arranged to give him a quick course during the rest of the vacation, covering the three other departments at the mine. The man came back from the mine weighing twenty pounds more than before, rugged, alert and enthusiastic about his work. He did more and better work in his final college year than he had done in any previous year.

"This knowledge of human power, not only in its material but in its human aspects, is the missing link in academic instruction. It is that which I trust you will seek when you have completed that part of your engineering training which is so thoroughly and ably taught at Tech."

BOYDEN SPARKES.


Yes Doc, it's a fact. I've sold the lower eighty an' blowed th' money in on stock in a horseless carriage factory that's bein' started by a feller named Ford ---- Yes an' by gravy I'm goin' to hang on to it!
clark Fisher

That Day Back in 1903 When It First Began to be Noticed Among the Neighbors and All That Dad Had Gone Crazy

all of your rugs can have *this* velvety yielding softness

Even the least expensive rug will *feel* like an oriental of rich, luxurious pile, if you lay it over an Ozite Rug Cushion. And when you add the delightful springy softness of Ozite, you prolong the life of your rug almost unbelievably —two or three times its normal span! For Ozite is the perfect shock absorber —it cushions the rug as well as the feet Made of hair, Ozite will outwear many rugs—always stays flat—never lumps or curls. Absolutely fireproof and mothproof. Sold in all stores handling floor coverings. Dark brown marked with a "waffle" design. You'll know it by the name Ozite on the orange binding.

Ozite
Rug Cushion

Ozite is always sold under an ironclad guarantee. Try it in your own home; if not absolutely satisfactory, your money will be promptly refunded

A Powerful HOT WATER Heating System for Your Car

Reuune Pul No. 17131

NOW you can heat your car as you do your home—*with a powerful hot water heating system!* Arvin makes this possible for you with the new Arvin Hot Water Heater. This remarkable heater supplies you with *ample* warmth for any weather. Step on the starter, turn a switch on the dash and the Arvin delivers a gale of fresh, odorless *hot water heat* circulating throughout your car. The volume of heat will astonish you . . . The Arvin Hot Water Heater mobilizes and radiates the heat from the water system and a powerful, motor-driven fan hurries it in about you. Supplied in three models to fit all cars. Have your dealer or garageman install your Arvin today and your winter driving comfort will be assured. If you're getting a new car have the dealer equip it with this heater before delivery.

The illustration above shows a typical installation. Note how the Arvin fits on the dash, up under the instrument board and out of the way. In addition to the Hot Water Heaters, Arvin makes many other types of car heaters, including the famous Arvin Manifold Heater.

Priced from $1.75 to $37.50

Slightly higher in Canada

NOBLITT-SPARKS INDUSTRIES, Inc., *Sales Offices:* INDIANAPOLIS

Factories: Greenwood, Columbus, Seymour, Indiana

Canadian Sales Office: 283 King Street East, Toronto

ARVIN

CAR HEATERS

RACKETEER

(Continued from Page 13)

iron pillars, forcing Little Joe to swing in toward the curb to avoid a collision; there came at the same time a frantic rapping on the glass beside him.

The explosions of revolvers snapped Little Joe's head around; two men, standing in the open car, were firing into the tonneau of the taxicab.

The mud guards of the cars were crumpling against each other and Little Joe's right wheels were skittering against the curb; one of the standing men leaned out and thrust his revolver through the shattered side window of the cab. Whereupon Little Joe, continuing to guide his imperiled car with one hand, and producing his weapon with a quickness that bespoke long practice, fired a heavy automatic directly into the man's chest.

His victim's bones loosened; he made a half turn and fell sideways from his car, his body striking the engaged mud guards; his fellow gunman, with a single glance of stricken surprise at Little Joe, plunged into the body of the car for cover. The car drew away at once and rushed down Sixth Avenue.

The rapping on the glass was resumed, but Little Joe did not need to be told what was wanted. He rocketed down Sixth Avenue, skidded into Forty-third Street, turned northward again on Lexington Avenue, until, confident that pursuit was shaken off, he slowed to cruising speed in a quiet street off Third Avenue.

He was soon apprised of his mistake; a taxicab with a uniformed patrolman standing, pistol in hand, on its step, whirled into the street from Lexington Avenue. It overhauled its quarry in a matter of seconds, and Little Joe found himself under the gun. "Pull over there!" Little Joe drew docilely to the curb and halted.

"Let me have a word with you, officer," requested Little Joe politely when the patrolman was beside him.

"You can't have any words with me," said the policeman decidedly. "Jump out and ——" His voice trailed off as he looked at the hand that Little Joe brought into view. His decisiveness vanished at once, leaving him on dead center; he frowned at Little Joe and at his still passengers. Little Joe alighted and walked aside with him; they conferred under the vigilant but mystified eyes of Shapett and of the driver whose car the policeman had pressed into service.

The policeman was greatly worried; he stepped to Little Joe's cab again and stared into the wooden faces of the two passengers.

"Well," he grumbled, "I guess it's all right. Go ahead."

Little Joe resumed his place and drove away.

"What did you say to him?" gasped Shapett.

"Well, boss," said Little Joe, with a wide grin, "he was going to find this on me anyway, wasn't he? And then I would have to explain, and I couldn't say I just got it from a bull that I popped up on Manhattan Avenue." He was holding up a police shield. "So I told him we were some of the commissioner's undercover men, and that is why that gang jumped us back on Sixth Avenue."

"You big hound!" exclaimed Shapett, marveling at the boldness and success of the trick. "Can you tie that for dumb? And you with a rod in your pocket."

"I showed him that too," said Little Joe. "Wouldn't they find it on me anyway? But it happens it is a cop's gun, too; so that was all the merrier. Boss, the best thing we better do is get out of this cab and lam; maybe you don't know it's shot full of holes."

"Let's do that," agreed Shapett, thrusting from him the first passenger—a gangster named Bum Lacey—and preparing to jump out. "But they'll find you through your car."

"The plates are mine," said Little Joe indifferently, following him to the street. "I rode the car away in Brooklyn, and the bird that owns it can have it now, and welcome. And what about your friend?"

"Oh, he's all right!" said Shapett heartily. "He's dead."

They caught a cruising cab, rode in it to Sixth Avenue, dismissed it, watched it out of sight and walked the hundred yards to the Hotel Charlemagne. Shapett ushered Little Joe into his tastefully furnished suite of three rooms and two baths, brought a bottle of rye whisky from a cabinet and poured two brimming drinks.

"If ever a man needed that " he sighed, turning down his glass. "Hello, what's wrong with the liquor?"

"Never touch it," asserted Little Joe, lifting a hand in aversion.

"Why not?"

"Well, boss, I'll tell you," said Little Joe with a fetching air of candor. "I found out that stuff makes me drunk. In fact, it's intoxicating."

"You big hound," said his host. "I had a boy before that never touched it—not when I asked him to have a touch, but how he could lap it on the quiet. Don't let me catch you at it, that's all. Sit down and tell me all about yourself."

His guest accepted a cigar, meditated, gesticulated and said, "The name is Little Joe, boss. Or just Joe."

"Joe who?"

"Just Joe."

"Mine's Shapett. Well, go on. The name is Joe—and?"

"And that's all," announced Little Joe with finality.

"He doesn't drink and he doesn't talk. Well, Joe, I know that you're right. Joe, I was glad to see you holding that rod in the cab just now; you couldn't have pleased me more if you were holding out a bunch of flowers. You always pack a rod?"

Little Joe swung his left hand up sharply; his right hand followed more slowly in this gesture of surrender, and Shapett was suddenly looking into the eye of the automatic with which Little Joe had killed the gunman; Little Joe dropped the pistol and it hung in air, from a cord. He dropped his left hand and the pistol vanished into his right sleeve. "I got this one when we were giving the argument to the cops. A cop pulled it on me and it was just what I wanted."

"And you picked it off him. What are you going to do now, Joe? You've lost your cab and you're out of a racket."

"There's lots of cabs."

"Ha-ha! Listen, Joe, I need a muscle man, and you seem to be the patented article. A hundred and fifty a week, the eats and flops ——"

"I'll take it."

"Let me tell you what I want with you."

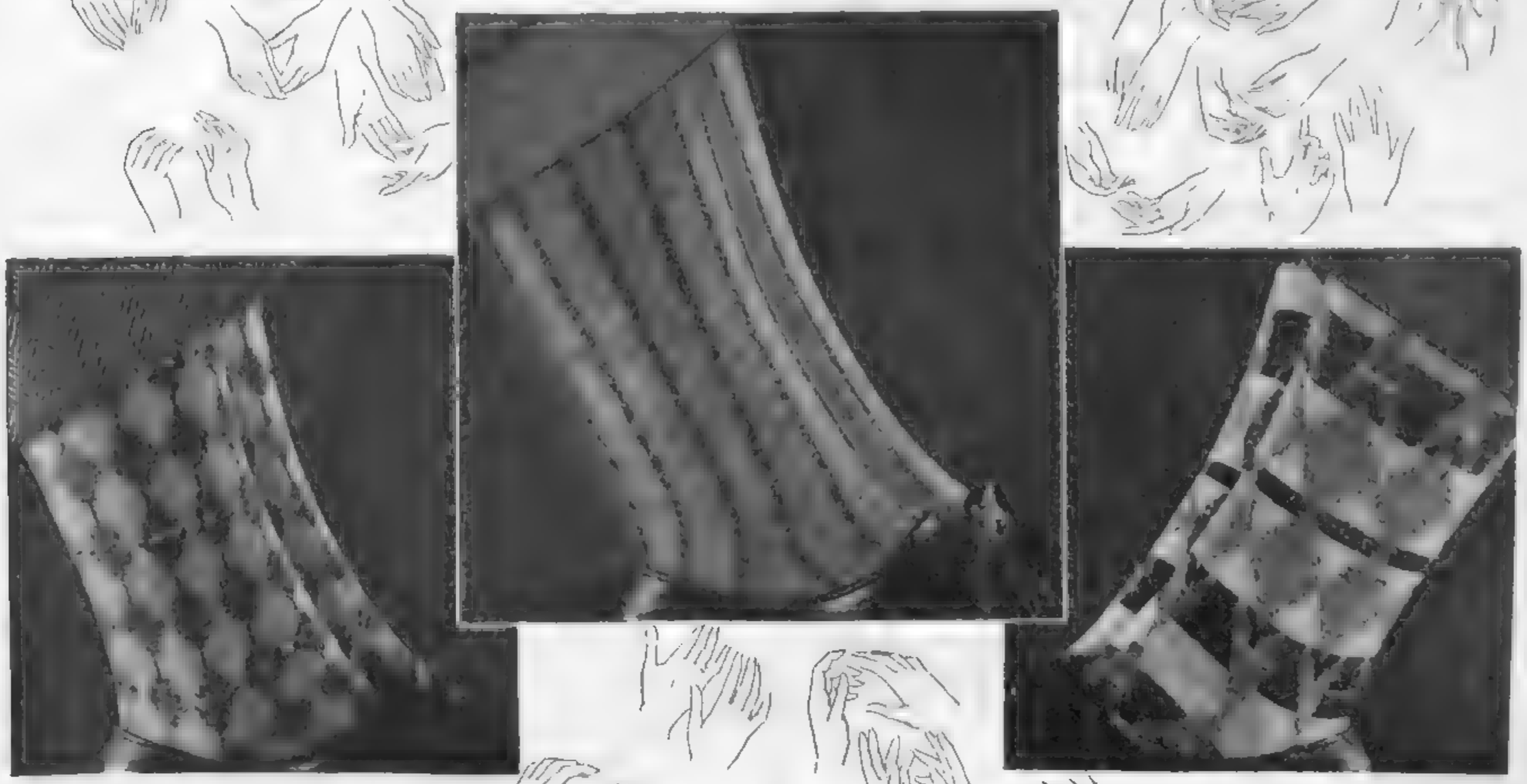
"Boss, you're not arguing with me. I'll take it."

"There's your first week," said Shapett, handing him a roll of bills. "And there's your room; clean up and try on the clothes in the closet. Now let me give you a piece of advice on how you can lose your job: the first time I look around and see even my shadow, you're done, because I want to see nothing but you, understand?"

Shapett was increasingly pleased with his new bodyguard during the ensuing week; Little Joe was as vigilant as the custodian of a homicidal lunatic. When Shapett was in his office Little Joe was in the anteroom, twinkling at the office girl; to establish a human relation with him, whether dominant or servient, she tried snubbing him and beguiling him with kindness, but his expression of secret mirth persisted without a flicker. When Shapett dined, Little Joe faced him from a neighboring table; Shapett started from sleep, harried by unleashed memories and fears, to see Little Joe moving about in the

(Continued on Page 176)

Monito
— ADVANCE STYLE —
WOOL SOCKS



Twenty Pairs of Skillful, Patient Hands
to make One Pair of **MONITO SOCKS**

TWENTY pairs of keen, practiced eyes! And both hands and eyes directed by minds thoroughly schooled, each in the particular, vital part the individual plays in maintaining the Monito standards of style, workmanship, and wearing quality.

To you, who hold the belief that sock making is merely a matter of machines, a visit to the great mill of the Moorhead Knitting Company would prove a most amazing revelation. And you who wear Monito Socks would find in such an opportunity to study at close range the working of this human craftsmanship, a ready explanation for the leadership Monito Socks enjoy.

Machines we have, of course, batteries of them. Truly astonishing machines that give to those who see them an utterly new appreciation of man's inventive genius. Yet the impression you would carry away from your visit to the Moorhead Mill would not be one of "socks made by machinery," but rather that of socks made by *men and women* having at their *command the finest and most modern of mechanical equipment.*

Leading Haberdashers now offer new showings of Monito Advance Style Socks. Socks created by the Monito Stylist who knows what the well dressed man is wearing throughout the fashion centers of the world. Socks that are beautiful in color combinations and striking in design. Socks whose comfort, long wear, and trim fit are the result of the knowledge, skill and thoroughness of master craftsmen.

© M K Co. Inc. 1 22

MOORHEAD KNITTING COMPANY, INC., HARRISBURG, PENNA.

CREATORS OF ADVANCE STYLES IN MEN'S SOCKS

The FLORSHEIM Shoe

ONCE you have known the comfort and the assurance fine shoes give, you won't be satisfied with anything else. FLORSHEIM wearers are FLORSHEIM wearers permanently

Most Styles $10
THE RELAY . . . *Style* M 378

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers · Chicago

Money! Money! Money!

Generous Pay for Spare Time!

Could You Find an Hour for Profit?

Say once or twice a week? Would you accept up to $1.50 or $2.00 for it? For work you can do in your own neighborhood? Or even without leaving home? Hundreds of busy men and women add $5, $10 or more, regularly, *every week*, to their incomes as our subscription representatives. You can well use extra money around the Christmas season, of course. And eventually you, like many others, may wish to spend all your time in this fascinating work. Don't pass over this opportunity without investigating it. It will cost you only a postage stamp to find out.

Mail the coupon *now!*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
478 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Mail me your offer. I'll look it over. But I don't promise anything more.

Name . . . . . *Age*
Please Print Name and Address

Street

City . . . . . State

(Continued from Page 174)

apartment. He could have no secrets from this *alter ego*, and he talked to him at times, thinking aloud, as a man might talk to his dog.

III

LITTLE JOE was with him when, engaged in lining up the metal-fixture contractors, he called on Mr. Matson in the latter's office. He presented the card of the Metal Fixture Cooperative Association, Inc., saying winningly, "We want you with us, Mr. Matson."

"I'm getting along well enough by myself, thank you," said Mr. Matson stiffly. "You can't do anything for me."

"You're supplying the metal fixtures to that job on Manhattan Avenue, aren't you, Matson? I hear you had trouble up there. And you're liable to have trouble on other jobs. You don't want trouble, do you? Come in with us and you won't have trouble."

"Will you make that a little clearer?"

"This is an age of coöperation in industry, Matson, and we don't want any more of this destructive competition. That's why we're organizing the metal-fixture people, and any contractor that's not for cooperation must be in favor of destructive competition. The way you do now, you keep an expensive estimator and you figure a dozen jobs before you land one, and then you get it so low that there's nothing in it. Am I right?"

"The business is not what it was," agreed Mr. Matson. "There's too many in it."

"The way we do, Matson, our estimators figure the jobs for you, and we tell you what to bid. You know right away if you're going to get the job or not, and you're not losing time and money and taking a job just to keep your shop going. That's coöperation and not destructive competition. Through our efforts, Matson, you contractors have been getting better prices lately, and that is only the beginning; we will have the prices marked up 50 per cent inside of a year, and then you can say the business is not what it was, because it will be a lot better. And there will not be too many in it, neither; there will be nobody but our members."

"What do I have to pay you?"

"Not a cent. Your dues will be 5 per cent of the contract price of the job, but we add it to the bid. Are you with us?"

"I'll think it over," said Mr. Matson.

"Now, Matson, be fair," complained Shapett. "You've been getting big prices lately and taking work away from our members, and we don't want that kind of destructive competition. Don't you want to pay for what you get? Here, I'll demonstrate for you: Tell me what jobs you're figuring now, and I'll use influence."

Later in the day, Little Joe halted Shapett's private car before an unfinished six-story apartment house on Washington Heights and followed his employer up the steps to the roof of the bridge over the sidewalk. They found Pursell, the builder, in his shanty, talking into the telephone and arbitrating at the same time an angry dispute between the boss plumber and boss carpenter. Pursell sent these contractors away temporarily reconciled and nodded to his visitors.

"I hear you're ready to give out the metal-fixture contract for this job, Mr. Pursell," said Shapett, tendering his business card, "and I wanted to let you know that the Matson Metal Fixture Company is a member of our association."

"It is, is it?" said Pursell belligerently.

"I guess you know the objects of our association."

"You're darned right, I do."

"We're working in the interests of the builders, Mr. Pursell, and I can show you where you ought to support us. There are altogether too many shoestring concerns in the metal-fixture business, and that's no good for us and no good for you. They don't know how to figure a job, and they take it below cost; and that would be all right for you, only they can't make good. They start a job and then they fall down, and you not only got liens on your job from their material men but you're held up and other contractors can't go ahead, and you can't get the payments on your building loan, and you got nothing but trouble. You don't want trouble, do you?"

"You going to make me some?"

"Please don't take that attitude, Mr. Pursell. I'm merely laying the facts before you. You know the lowest bid is not the cheapest job in the end. We can certify that Matson is responsible and reliable; he might cost you a few dollars more, but he is worth it, because if you give him the job you will not have trouble."

"You can tell Matson for me," said the builder in a formidable tone that brought Little Joe forward, "that he was going to get the job, but now he won't! That's what I think of him and what I think of your association. If I can't build without squaring a racketeer, I'll quit. Get off my job, and take your gorilla with you."

Shapett struck a match unhurriedly, relit his cigar, said, "I hope you don't have trouble, Mr. Pursell," and descended the steps.

Little Joe drove him down to the Tub, went into the lunch room and brought out the blond man whom Little Joe knew now as Wild Bill Rosher. "There's a job up on Washington Heights that I want touched off," said Shapett, giving the blond man fifty dollars. "It's up near the Medical Center—the old Yankee Stadium—and is called Pursell Court. Can you get Pizzini?"

They found a more tractable builder in the person of one Irving Watsky, who was in his office on West Seventy-second Street and engaged in an altercation with his masonry contractor when Shapett and Little Joe appeared on his threshold.

"Sh-h!" warned Watsky, lifting a hand to quell the mason.

"Don't shush me, Watsky," said the boss mason. "My contract calls for payment in full when I put on the coping, and it's on. I want my money."

"My dear friend," pleaded Watsky, "am I paying anybody else? Not a cent am I paying anybody on that job, so what are you got to kick about? When I get my roof payment, then we will see what we can do. You can't get money out of the stones in that building, and I ain't got none. You ask anybody on the job. Wait outside, my friend, and I will talk to these gentlemen."

He listened with pleasure to Shapett's exposition of the advantages that would accrue to him from giving work to Mr. Matson.

"Fine," he agreed. "He will finish the job and not quit? More I could not ask, gentlemen. Only one little change I will make in his figure: that he will get all of his money when he is finished. Sure he could have the job!"

Shapett referred to this success while he and Little Joe were at breakfast in a side-street restaurant the following morning. "He got the job," he said, "and he might get paid for it too. Well, we're gambling with him, aren't we? If he don't get his money, we don't get ours."

"Uh-huh," grunted Little Joe.

"They're coming better all the time though. This building racket is the new thing, and I'm getting into it with both feet while it's good. I have thirty metal-fixture contractors in my association now, and when I get fifty I will not take any more, and there will not be any more in the building game. That will be a hundred grand a year for me. That's small change in the building racket, but I'm no hog. There's a cold billion dollars spent for building in this town every year."

"Uh-huh," said Little Joe.

Shapett snapped open his newspaper, propped it and began his meal. He opened his mouth; it stayed open while he snatched the newspaper for closer scrutiny:

FIREBUG CAUGHT ON WASHINGTON HEIGHTS

With the apprehension of Alfred Pizzini while engaged in setting fire to the new Pursell Court on Washington Heights last evening, the

police think they have one of the gang responsible for the recent epidemic of fires in new buildings in that section and in the Bronx.

Pizzini was caught by Detective William Lacken as he was setting fire to a heap of inflammable rubbish on the fourth floor of the house, which is still under construction. At a late hour last night he had not yet been admitted to bail. The fire was quickly stamped out.

There has been a series of mysterious fires in new buildings in northerly sections of the city during the last three months, and there are rumors that they were the result of racketeering. Including the disastrous fire of last week on the Grand Concourse, ten buildings have been set ablaze and the total loss is said to have been in the neighborhood of two million dollars.

"Tipped again!" growled Shapett.

"What's up, boss?"

"Nothing for you." Shapett gulped his coffee, pushed back his chair and lit a cigar.

"Mr. Shapett! Mr. Shapett!" intoned the head waiter, pacing toward them. Shapett studied for a moment the burly man who was following the head waiter, and lifted a signaling hand.

"They told me at your office that you might be here, Shapett," said the man who had had him paged. He was a muscular worker gone to flesh, with pouched eyelids and a roll of fat encircling his naturally thick neck; his eyes were heavy and slow, but their glance indicated sophistication and intelligence. "My name is Brundage." Seeing that Shapett did not accept his proffered hand, he reached down, caught Shapett's fingers and wrung them with undisturbed cordiality. "Pleased to meet you, Shapett."

"You're the business agent for the Inside Metal Fixture Workers," said Shapett.

"Right. And I'm here to tell you we don't want any more organizing of our people with baseball bats."

"You're not talking to me," protested Shapett.

"I'm talking to you," said Brundage, twisting forward and tapping Shapett on the breast. "You deny it; 's all right, brother. Only understand henceforth that organizing the workers is my job and not yourn. You stick to organizing the employers, Shapett. And if you have a growl with a master builder, and can't get together with him on giving the metal-fixture contract to your members, you might come and see me, and maybe I can arbitrate. But don't go on the job with bats and gang the workers! That's out, Shapett, and I'm telling you."

"And when I go and see you?"

"Then we will sit down and talk it over like two friends. Here's a thought for you: The Inside Metal Fixture Workers is an outlaw union and we don't have to go to the central body to pull a job."

"You mean you can call a strike without asking leave of the other trades," said Shapett, beginning to like his new acquaintance.

"Not that we'd want to do anything like that, but if it was a matter of helping out a friendly body of employers to establish their rights—supposing they were friends to us, understand. I can tell you now that we're going to want fifteen dollars a day and the five-day week after the first of the year. Will your organization fight us?"

"Certainly not!" asserted Shapett handsomely. "Our association believes in raising the workers' wages and cutting the hours, so long as we get our prices on the contracts. You can help us out there, Brundage, by refusing mechanics to employers outside the Metal Fixture Cooperative Association."

"One hand washes the other," said Brundage loyally. "You get your prices, we get the wages and the hours, and everybody's happy. Why not?"

"Glad to have had this talk with you, Brundage," said Shapett, holding out his hand in dismissal. He was peremptory; Brundage had not yet touched on the most important element in their proposed relation.

The business agent uttered a strangled cough that was part ironical amusement. "I hear you're getting 5 per cent on the contracts, Shapett. Maybe you will have to make that 10 per cent, so that there will be something left for you."

"Something left for me! What are you getting at? See here, Brundage, I like to do things nicely, but ——"

"It's the best way, brother"—leaning forward and pulling himself to his feet—"not but that it helps to be a little rough at times and show people you mean business. Don't get nervous; nobody's going to cut you out. And you done good work in organizing the employers. See you some more, Shapett."

SHAPETT'S enterprise was developing auspiciously. He had entered the building field on sketchy information, moved principally by the instinct that always pointed him toward easy money, and had marked out a domain for himself with the strong hand. His idea had been sound, but his method had been crude, carried over from his experience in illicit industry. Brundage, a technicist in the field, perceiving the value of the idea, had come to him with a fair offer to revamp the method and to make it accord with established and proved practice. He would diffuse its advantages and secure good will for it; the workers should have more pay for less work, and the employers should have larger profits. The boss builders, economically indifferent to the cost of their buildings, so long as it was the same for all, would not be recalcitrant. The tenants would pay a little more rent, but even that would be passed along to the overhead of industry, adding only a straw to the cost of doing business in New York. New York's differential is in constant process of absorption by its citizens; the economic difference between the toll imposed by Shapett's association and that taken, say, by landowners in the form of rent, was that the association's toll was not regulated by the consensus of informed opinion as to how hard the city could be squeezed before it languished.

There are always people, however, who, conceding implicitly the necessity of the motive of private profit, look to it jealously that no man's business is all profit, that he gives something for what he gets. Among such people are the most successful business men; the district attorney of New York County, urged by prominent and successful builders who could have submitted to Shapett's exactions and passed them along without trouble or risk, sent to Shapett a summons that was in effect merely a request to come down to Centre Street. Shapett, attended, as always, by his bodyguard, brought the summons to his lawyer; the latter, a blackguard who had long since ceased to apologize to himself, said:

"Pay no attention to this, Frankie, and let him move to indict. You're sure that he has no evidence of your connection with these fires and sluggings?"

"Unless there's a rat," said Shapett.

"I see that the new police commissioner is sending out a squad of undercover men."

"Yeah! I read about that in the newspapers."

"So did I," said the lawyer, joining in the curt laugh. "He believes in advertising. Well, my boy, if you're going to work with Sam Brundage—get him to come in here, will you?—you'll have nothing to fear in the future, and it's just a question of seeing that they have nothing on you now."

Shapett was irritable and brooding for several days; he emerged from this protracted depression one evening in the apartment and displayed unusual amiability, even exhilaration.

"Joe," he said at last winningly, "will you do me a little favor? I like you, Joe, and I'm going to make you a big man. Will you knock somebody off for me?"

"Sure, boss. Where is he?"

"Joe, you're a right guy," said Shapett, almost with affection. His glass went again to the whisky bottle.

They descended to Shapett's car and the master stood back at a respectful distance

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until the motor was running; marked men have entered their waiting cars and turned over their motors, with the result of exploding bombs that shot them piecemeal into the hereafter. Little Joe drove his employer to a night club in West Fifty-third Street, where they were joined by Wild Bill Rosher. "West Broadway, Joe!"

Shapett put an arm about Wild Bill's shoulders and spoke into his ear, "Billy, I've been figuring who is the rat, and I've got him about right."

"Who?"

"It's somebody mighty close to me, Billy."

"Pete?"

"No."

"Zimmy?"

"No, not Zimmy."

"Who?"

"Well, who do you think?"

Wild Bill was silent for a space, watching the flitting street lights as the car hummed southward. With a growl and shiver, he pulled away from Shapett and faced him, trying to read his thoughts in the darkness. Shapett's hand on his shoulder again quieted him. He yielded to it reluctantly; and then enlightenment and conviction came to him and he breathed a name: "Little Joe."

"Think so yourself, do you?" commented Shapett.

"Listen, Frankie; that's a lot of noise about him being a cop fighter. Listen; what did him and the two cops do up in that speak-easy? They broke up the man's business, that's what they done. They put a slug on Bum Lacey, and then they went and smashed everything up. Fighting, nothing; they were stalling! Listen, Frankie, supposing he did knock off that man on Sixth Avenue—well, what of it? See?"

"Got a rod?"

Odors of coffee and of cheese filled their nostrils as the car swung into West Broadway and ran beneath the Elevated through the still and deserted wholesale food district. Wild Bill, perceiving of a sudden the humor of the situation, shook with laughter; Little Joe glanced fleetingly over his shoulder.

"Frankie"—Wild Bill choked—"he's driving his own funeral."

"I told him," gasped Shapett, who liked a joke too, "that we were going to kill the rat. Let me have the rod and I'll do it myself." He had to talk more loudly, as the thunder of an Elevated train was growing overhead. "Open the door, Billy."

"What for?"

"Open the door!" cried Shapett impatiently.

The explosions of the revolver, masked by the roar of the train, could not have been audible a dozen yards away, but they were deafening inside the car. Little Joe, startled, jerked the wheel about, brought it back in bare time to avoid a crash, and looked again over his shoulder. Shapett, alone in the rear seat, was closing the door. "Step on it, Joe!"

Several blocks were passed when Shapett spoke again, "We're together in this, Joe. Understand that? He was the rat, all right; I figured that out. Could have been nobody else."

"Where's the gun, boss?"

"Out the window."

Little Joe scrutinized an open car that was approaching. "There's a police patrol along here," he explained with an improvement in accent that Shapett did not notice at once. "This looks like it. Yes, this is it."

He swung the car into the path of the oncoming vehicle and halted it.

"What's the idea?" screamed Shapett. "Shove along!"

Little Joe, speaking to the uniformed police officer who sat beside the driver of the other car, held up for his inspection the police shield that he had shown to the patrolman. "Joe Hilah of the racketeering squad, sergeant. From Headquarters, yes—Little Joe Hilah—that's right. This party in back is Frankie Shapett, to whose mob I was detailed. It's time to bring him in. He's just killed a man back there on West Broadway."

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He gashes his name and a silly crude heart
In the tender green bark, and he tears away roots
And treads like an ox with his blundering boots.

"I'll just take a load of this home," says Joe.
"There's loads of it left in my forest, you know."
And when he goes home, why, his car is a bower
Of piteous tendril and quivering flower.

They wither and die at the end of the day,
And he mourns over them as he throws them away;
And little by little, while seasons go by,
His grove disappears and his springs run dry.

Plants that a loving God watered and tilled,
Bloom for posterity wantonly killed,
Selfishly slain, to be loved for an hour—
This is the fate of the Joe Mush flower.

And season by season the killer goes on
Loving the wild till its beauty is gone.
The ferns and the flowers, the birds and the bees,
The joyous green heaven of sheltering trees,

The tinkle of water on cool white sands,
The mosses he mauled with his big hot hands,
The infinite beauty of petals that grew
By the brink of the spring in the shade of the yew.

And season by season and year after year,
Like scourges of Egypt, the killers appear,
With thoughtless destruction and runaway fire,
And careless feet treading the sod to a mire,

With death to the blossom and death to the seed—
The blundering ones of the Joe Mush breed.

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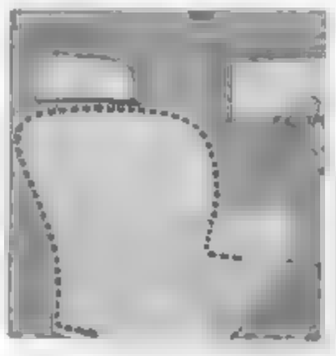

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A NEW WAY TO FLY

(Continued from Page 21)

rigidly, and what would happen if he did. Your skyscraper towers sway perceptibly in a strong wind because their designers purposely allowed for such play.

When steam turbines were new, their axles frequently broke under their very high speed of rotation. The axles are made more flexible and they no longer break. It is a constant aim of the automobile industry to make the suspension of cars more flexible, thereby saving wear and tear on both the passenger and the machine. The nursery illustration is that of a stone twirled on the end of a string; the string does not break, centrifugal force transmitting the stress to the arm of the twirler. And if you will permit me a little facetiousness, is it not the flexible politician who stays in office longest?

But it may be that I can explain it best by telling the steps by which I came to invent the autogiro. Since I first remember, I have been, as you put it, crazy to fly. In 1910, when I was fourteen, I made my first glider, unknown to my parents. It really was a passenger kite, my motor a few boys who pulled the rope for a penny apiece. With me as pilot, it never rose more than four or five feet, but my younger and lighter brother, caught in a gust of wind, shot up forty to fifty feet on one trial. The boys, in their excitement, stopped to stare and let go the rope. The glider went into a spin and crashed. We told our father that brother had fallen from a bicycle.

Next time I made a free glider, a biplane, which we launched from a convenient hill. Another boy, trying it out, was caught in a gust which shot him straight up and dropped him as precipitately. On the way down he let go of the glider. He landed sitting, with a fearful thump, while the wind carried the glider over the hill and far away. That was the last glider. Before and after, I made thousands of paper airplanes for practice, and read everything on aeronautics I could find.

Airplane Reincarnation

Early in 1912, with two companions, one a little older, the other a little younger than I, I built the first Spanish airplane ever to fly. Our joint capital was sixty dollars, our mathematics limited to arithmetic, our knowledge of aerodynamics nil, and we had no engineering help whatever, yet we produced the pioneer Spanish airplane. This was how we did it:

There was a French civilian pilot living in Madrid. He ran a motorcycle shop and gave exhibition flights with a French biplane. One day, at a race course near Madrid, the crowd, strange to airplanes, rushed in on him as he landed. In his effort to avoid them he wrecked the ship, still not without killing several spectators. In his chagrin he dumped the wreckage in his back yard and gave up flying. The three of us waited upon him at the motorcycle shop and made him the astonishing proposition that we would build him a new airplane in return for the débris and his agreement to test the new ship for us. He thought it so good a joke that he assented.

Virtually the only salvageable items were the motor and the wheels; the rest we had to build. One of my colleagues had an indulgent father who was a builder; a large carpentry shop was part of his plant, and he turned us loose in this. The shop owning no lumber suitable for a propeller, we bought the heavy, wine-soaked top of an old bar and carved the prop from it, counting upon the wine to have cured the wood properly. Lacking the money to buy proper fabric and varnish—if, indeed, they were to be had in all Spain eighteen years ago—we bought the cheapest canvas and treated it with glue, adding aniline dye to produce a brilliantly satisfactory red.

An Unprofitable Experiment

Not only did it fly with the Frenchman at the controls but it carried one passenger, which the original French plane had been incapable of doing. True, its wings flapped—quite unintentionally on the part of its designers—and no doubt its safety factor was something less than 1.1, but it never crashed. Instead, it disintegrated; every time rain fell the glue dissolved and the machine came apart.

Our families were impressed, purse strings were loosed, and in 1913 we began building a fast monoplane with a new Le Rhone motor. In our sporting desire for speed, we gave the ship so little wing surface that the motor would not take it off the ground. Redesigning the wings doubled the cost.

Our fathers were balking, and when a landing gear collapsed in taxiing, they used that minor accident as an excuse to shut down altogether.

That year I finished high school, and the next six I spent with books. No school in Spain offered then a course in aerodynamics, so I took the next-best course to be had—civil engineering. Shortly before I was graduated, the army announced an airplane-construction contest for three military types, pursuit, reconnaissance and bomber. No one competing in the latter class, I romantically entered and built what was, so far as I know, the second three-motored ship ever constructed, the first of the modern type; three tractors—one in the nose, the other two in the wings. The pioneer three-motor ship, an Italian Caproni, had two tractor motors and one pusher motor, not in line.

The war still was on and no power was broadcasting photographs, let alone technical data, of its aircraft. The design

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was strictly my own. It had a wing span of eighty feet, carried fourteen passengers and cost my partners and me thirty-two thousand dollars. The army had offered ten thousand dollars for the winning ship.

Hardly a profitable enterprise; and then my test pilot crashed it into kindling. Never having flown a ship of such size and power, he handled it most respectfully at first; then, finding it unexpectedly docile, he grew overconfident and asked more of it than a heavy ship is expected to give. He had only a few scratches when we dug him out.

Here was a highly competent pilot encountering a condition outside his experience. Before he could find the answer he had cracked up. So I came to believe that a new theory of flight, not perfection of the airplane, was called for. Such a theory, as I saw it, would have to start from scratch. That is where I started. To a passionate interest in aviation, considerable experience and a native gift for higher mathematics, I had added an engineer's education. The autogiro principle was worked out by calculations in pure theory.

I first canvassed all known theories of flight—particularly the helicopter—and abandoned all. In the form in which it has been developed, the autogiro is one particular application of this new theory, and the only practicable one, in my opinion.

It is an axiom—if I have to make it one—that we find new things only by looking for them. Most of us either are too incurious, too self-distrustful or too content with things as they are to make the effort. An invention usually is the product of curiosity plus imagination plus technical knowledge. The true-to-type inventor—the tinker—has the first two, but rarely the latter. Because he searches for things, he commonly finds them, though often not just what he is looking for. The engineer, given all three qualities, sets out on a charted course. He finds what he is looking for, if he finds anything.

Having proved in theory to my satisfaction that wings revolving by air pressure and independently of a power plant were feasible and would support flight better than airplane design does, the next step was to prove it in practice. Practice nearly always produces difficulties unknown to theory—"bugs," they call them in Detroit. This was no exception.

Getting the Rotor Spinning

I built the first autogiro in 1920. Neither it nor its immediate successors flew. The first model promptly tipped over when it got under way. The reason was apparent enough, the answer not. The blades traveling downwind had much less lift than the blades going upwind; thus the rotor exerted an uneven force and tipped the machine over. I tried two rotors, one above the other and traveling in opposite directions, with the idea of balancing this inequality. It did not work; it only made the rotor more complex, and simplicity is the secret of a good machine.

In 1922 I built a toy-model autogiro with bamboo wings and a rubber-band motor. It flew properly. It did so because the bamboo wings were flexible. I know that now, but did not understand it then. Reëxamining my theory in the light of practice, the missing ingredient of flexibility suggested itself.

I found the answer in the articulated hinges common in bridge construction to provide flexibility, which I recalled from civil engineering. The next machine had hinged rotor blades, permitting them to move up and down as well as to rotate. It flew at Madrid, in January, 1923, over a closed circuit of four kilometers at twenty-five meters off the ground.

Now began an intense period of improvement and refinement, including the introduction of the universal joint, providing complete flexibility. In this period many machines were built, but it was only in 1928 that the first really satisfactory autogiro was constructed, in England, where I have done most of my experimental work since 1926. The current models are merely refinements.

One important refinement has been added since the first autogiro was brought to America by Mr. Pitcairn one year ago. With that model it was necessary to taxi back and forth tediously before a take-off, in order to get the rotor blades turning up to the necessary speed of rotation. The obvious answer seemed to be some sort of self-starter, possibly a mechanical starter, but that would add weight and would impair the purely automatic character of the rotor. I have found a simpler answer, I think, in an adjustable tail surface specially designed to deflect the slip stream upward against the rotor blades to rotate them at the necessary speed, all while the engine is warming up.

Another valuable refinement is a geared motor. A geared motor, of course, does not mean one with three or four forward speeds and one reverse, as in an automobile. It means that the engine will be geared to rotate the propeller constantly at one-half engine speed.

A Skeptical Announcer

Airplane propellers usually turn at the speed of the engine. Within limits, the slower a prop turns the more efficiently it pulls, because it then can be made larger, while a motor operates best at higher speeds. A reduction gear compromises these differences. In view of the fact that an autogiro takes off at much lower speeds and climbs at its maximum angle at so much slower a forward speed, a geared motor will improve its performance sharply.

The model seen at Cleveland was built in England. It has not the proper undercarriage for a vertical landing, so we did not demonstrate this feat. The new autogiro will be equipped with undercarriages having a shock-absorber travel of twenty-four inches—six inches more than necessary to take up the impact.

When we took the field at Cleveland for the demonstration, the starter, through some change of program, called us back. At once the report spread that the autogiro had broken down. When we came out a second time, the skepticism of the watchers was voiced by the announcer who, by loud-speaker amplification, informed the great crowd that "the autogiro will now fly—if it can."

There was a white circle on the field—a mark at which airplane pilots had been aiming in a dead-stick-landing competition. On my first landing I glided in over the circle, hovered a moment somewhat as a humming bird does, then lazily sat down, tail skid first, exactly in the center of the circle—a bull's-eye.

To explain how this is done I may have to be technical. In the simplest possible language, it is because the autogiro can stop in the air while its wings continue to travel at hundreds of miles an hour, the wings being rotary instead of an integral part of the body. The essential of my theory of flight is that the speed of displacement of the wings through the air no longer is immutably that of the frame or fuselage, as in an airplane.

The pilot may glide in flatly or at a sharp angle. When, a few feet off the ground, he pulls hard back on his stick, the nose of the autogiro goes up suddenly, and the machine stops dead in the air like an automobile with booster brakes. But the rotor continuing to revolve rapidly, the machine falls gently, the tail skid touching the ground long before the wheels.

What has happened to all this energy, this forward speed? It must be expended somewhere, unless this is parlor magic. It isn't. In the first place, the forward speed is greatly less in landing than that of an airplane. What exists is dissipated partially in the braking action; the rest is stored in the rotor blades in the form of increased rotation. The shock absorbers have only to absorb the final retarded settling of a few feet.

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Even more spectacular, perhaps, is the demonstration of drifting vertically down with the engine dead or idling. If a wind is blowing, as usually there is, we keep gliding the machine sufficiently into the wind to compensate for the drift. That done, the autogiro comes straight down like a fairly slow passenger elevator from any altitude. Except that it must necessarily fall faster in the rarefied air of high altitudes than near the ground, its first and last few feet of descent are at the same rate; there is no gathered momentum.

Why? Because when the machine is stopped in the air the rotor blades continue to revolve, first through their own momentum and, when descent begins under the action of gravity, from the upward current of the air. Thus they act as a parachute. The descent is perfectly controllable, since the ailerons and elevators are functioning in the downwash of the rotating wings and can never stall.

Today the only disadvantage of the autogiro as against a comparable airplane is a slightly lower speed, due to the greater parasitic drag. Improved design will take care of that. It should be remembered that the airplane has had the benefit of many minds for twenty-five years, while thus far the autogiro is exclusively mine in design.

Can the autogiro fly if the rotor should stop or fall off, or a blade break? It cannot, unless possibly at such great speeds as that of a Schneider Cup racer. Its fixed wing surfaces, intended mainly as supports for the ailerons and for stability purposes, are too small to support it at service speeds. The rotor cannot stop or fall off, however, and the chances of a blade breaking are about that of a steering rod of a well-made automobile snapping.

In the one instance that a blade has broken, the pilot was two hundred feet up. He landed half on a platform, which turned him over. The machine was damaged and he was bruised.

The great immediate future I foresee for the autogiro is as a flying machine of general utility for private operation—a field now unfilled. It is said that 90 to 95 per cent of the students in American flying schools enroll with the intention of entering some branch of the industry. This is too much like the village that existed by taking in one another's washing.

When I predict that it will revolutionize the industry I do not mean that it will necessarily supplant present airplanes. Rather than destroying what there is, I expect my invention to attract a vast amount of new business.

Which brings up the question of how much instruction is necessary to flying the autogiro. Up to the point of soloing, the same as with an airplane, thereafter much less. A student's first flights in a plane are intended only to give him the feel of the air. Next the instructor teaches him the use of the controls. When he has learned his instrument board, foot and hand levers, he is taught simple air maneuvers, take-off and landing. All this will be necessary in the autogiro, though landing is a matter of less delicate judgment.

Ten to twenty hours' soloing will equip a normal student to fly the autogiro; in an airplane he should have one hundred to one hundred and fifty hours. Physically, he needs no equipment not necessary to driving an automobile except immunity from rapid changes of altitude. If he is made violently ill, faints or suffers heart attacks on rapid altitude variations, naturally he belongs on the ground. The greatly shorter solo period is possible both because an error of judgment is so less serious and, psychologically, because he is aware of this

(Continued on Page 186)

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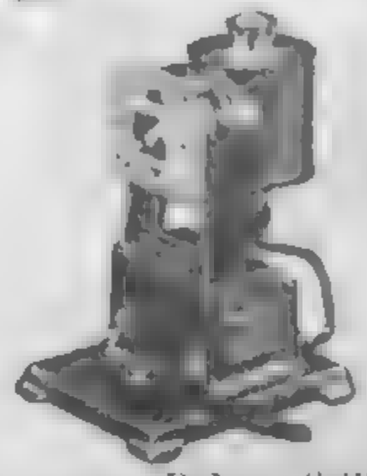

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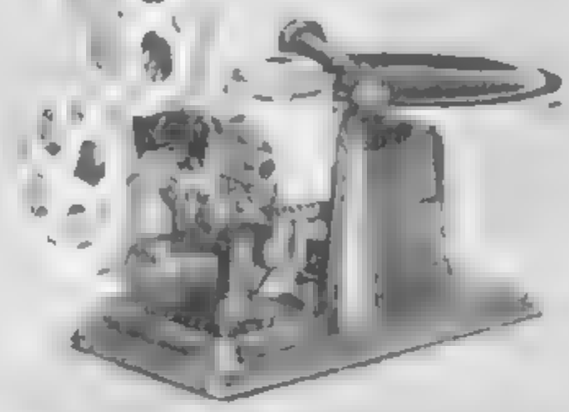

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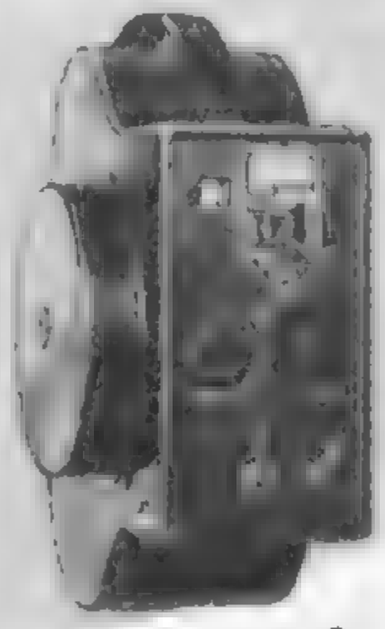

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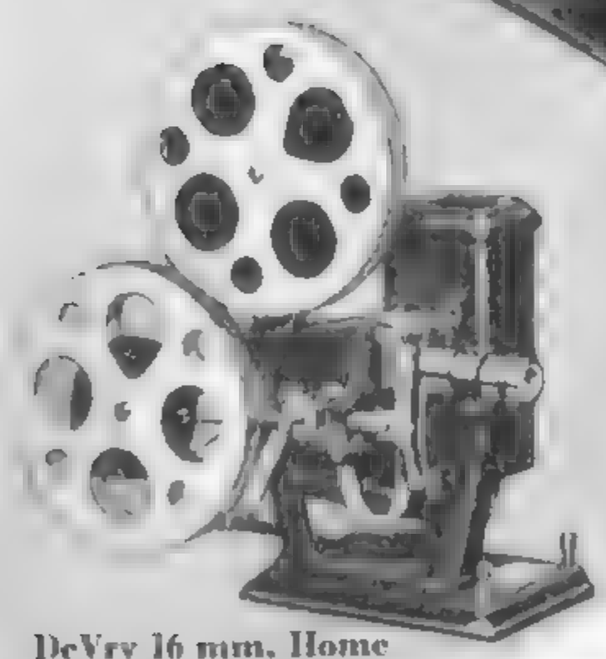

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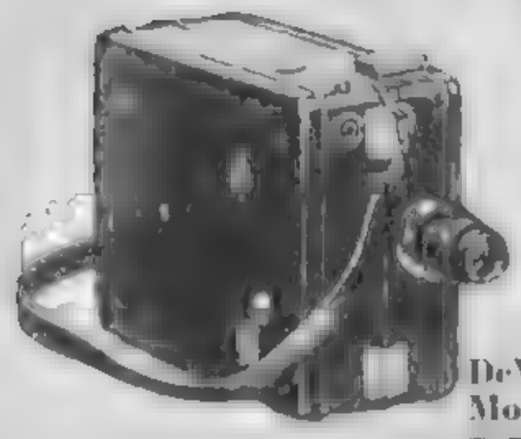

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

Nature's weather never *"good enough"*

so food manufacturers make their own to order

JUST ONCE in a while Nature contrives to make a perfect day for certain food products but never for all food products at the same time. The day that is exactly suited to the fermentation of dough for bread is in temperature and humidity entirely unsuited to the manufacture of candy. To meet these varying requirements, American food manufacturers who maintain world leadership in the purity, quality and cleanliness of their products, *make their own weather to order*. The preparation and packing of these foods take place under conditions of automatically controlled temperature and humidity, and in air cleansed of impurities -conditions brought about by the use of Manufactured Weather, the Carrier name for scientific Air Conditioning.

Carrier Systems create any desired climatic condition indoors by cleansing the air of impurities, automatically controlling its temperature and humidity and circulating it uniformly. Seasonal changes—once a matter of paramount importance to the candy maker, to the baker, and to the food industry in general—may now be entirely disregarded. It becomes possible to maintain an even rate of production and to keep a uniform number of trained employees the whole year through, frequently producing surpluses for approaching rush seasons.

Manufactured Weather plays an important part in the production of dozens of well-known food products and confections. For the Postum Company it has reduced one process in the preparation of Grape-Nuts from twenty hours to less than six. Instant Postum, Post Toasties and Grape-Nuts are all prepared, packed and sealed in air that is cleansed, cooled, and dehumidified by Carrier Systems. In the same way Carrier Systems supply clean, non-humid air in the factories where George Washington Coffee and King Coffee are sifted and packed in their air-tight cans.

Manufactured Weather is used extensively in the control of bakery products and schedules, especially in the dough fermentation rooms and proof boxes. It provides the extremely accurate control of humidity under which macaroni and spaghetti must be cured. For the making of chocolates, in the drying and curing of marshmallows and of gum drops, in all the confectionery packing and storing operations, Carrier Systems provide the exact atmospheric conditions required, and even maintain the proper conditions indoors for ripening bananas.

Manufactured Weather makes an invaluable contribution to the chewing gum and candy industries. Through dehumidifying and the maintenance of exact temperature, gum slices are kept firm and yet not too brittle. The making of candy demands a number of dissimilar temperature and humidity conditions even within the same factory. Carrier Systems adequately meet these unusual requirements.

Air cleanliness and controlled conditions are of paramount importance in the making of oleomargarine and butter, which otherwise have a tendency to acquire not only dust from the atmosphere but also mold spores. The air used in all Carrier Systems has been scientifically freed from impure matter of every character, thus greatly raising the sanitary standards of American food products.

The automatic packing of food products is a most important phase of the industry. Packing, wrapping and sealing by means of automatic machinery has largely replaced hand labor, and has led to standardization and improved conditions of sanitation. But where delicate mechanical fingers are involved, wherever moisture-absorbing materials such as plain or waxed paper and cardboard are being handled, variable weather conditions cause trouble. Manufactured Weather maintains a uniform condition in glue and paper and permits machines to run continuously at even temperatures. Specifically, it has reduced defective packaging by 25 per cent in the case of Post Toasties; in the case of Wrigley's Gum and some food products it has brought about a saving in packing as high as 50 per cent.

More than two hundred other industries have found it profitable to install Carrier Systems of Manufactured Weather. The Senate and the House of Representatives at Washington, theatres—large and small—throughout the world, great department stores such as Macy's in New York, Hudson's in Detroit, Filene's in Boston, and Titche-Goettinger's in Dallas use Manufactured Weather the year round. The Milam Building in San Antonio is equipped with Manufactured Weather from top to bottom—in every office.

Where Carrier Systems are operating they are making industry and workers independent of outdoor weather and seasons—they make "Every day a *good* day."

Carrier Engineering Corporation

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OFFICES: New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland
Washington, Detroit, Kansas City, Dallas, Los Angeles

CARRIER ENGINEERING CO., LTD.
LONDON, PARIS, BOMBAY
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Manufactured Weather *makes* "Every day a *good* day"

CARRIER
LUFTTECHNISCHE GESELLSCHAFT
STUTTGART, BERLIN

4 ASTOUNDING LIGHTER VALUES

$3.50

This model in a sturdy, polished nickel case, is just $3.50, yet it has all the Douglass features!

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Cased in one of many rare leathers this model with polished nickel ends is only $4.

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A Silhouette (thin) Douglass in nickel. Plain or chased case for $5. In leather at $6.

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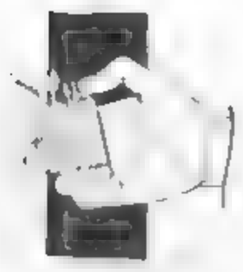
Silhouettes in silver plated cases with interesting lines and a shield for your monogram $10.

GENUINE

DOUGLASS



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(Continued from Page 182)

fact. He does not lose his head. The difference might be compared to driving a racing car on the Indianapolis Speedway and a stock car on a highway.

Should the pilot lose his forward speed, the autogiro goes into no spin; it floats slowly down. If he fails to bank properly on a turn and skids, with a loss of forward speed, the rotor still functions 100 per cent.

Should he misjudge his take-off, he has only to pull back his stick and sit down in front of the power line, trees or whatever it may be, and he can climb at such a high angle that this emergency is most unlikely. The same if his engine fails on take-off.

Admittedly the autogiro pilot must see to it that he flies high enough to avoid earthly bunkers and does not sit down on a steeple, but so does the automobile driver do well to stay on his road.

The lower, the more fun, is a rule of air travel. The novice airplane pilot goes after altitude, but once the novelty of that wears off, he prefers to fly as low as safety permits.

That is because all scenery has a sameness at cruising heights. The first picture is magnificent, but one tires of it. The landscape loses all intimacy, the little wayside details which enliven a journey by road or rail are lost. If the pilot comes down to five hundred feet or lower he takes a chance.

Note your flying-boat passenger services. Flying over open water, which is one continuous emergency-landing field, they have no need of the altitude vital to a land airplane, and you will see them all but skimming the waves, and following the coast line, too, so that the passengers may have something to see.

So the autogiro opens new fields in pleasure flying. At thirty miles an hour, a loafing gait for a motor car, one can go hedge-hopping fifty or a hundred feet off the ground. One flies, but not in cold, aloof space. Doylestown no longer looks like Ambler and Ambler like Perkasie. The farm hand waving his hat at you is a farm hand, life-size, not an ant. If you do not know your way, read the highway markers. Your ears cease to strain for a falter in the all-essential motor, taut nerves and muscles relax. Not that the autogiro is an old lady's carriage; if you want speed you may have it.

From the day of the Wright brothers on, imaginative artists have been drawing pictures of the city-to-be in which airplanes land upon and take-off from platform terminals built upon the roofs of high, downtown buildings. Yet the airplane is not an inch nearer this goal than it was in 1903. But the autogiro opens up the possibility of the city-to-be which will have such roof-top terminals upon which autogiros will land and take-off.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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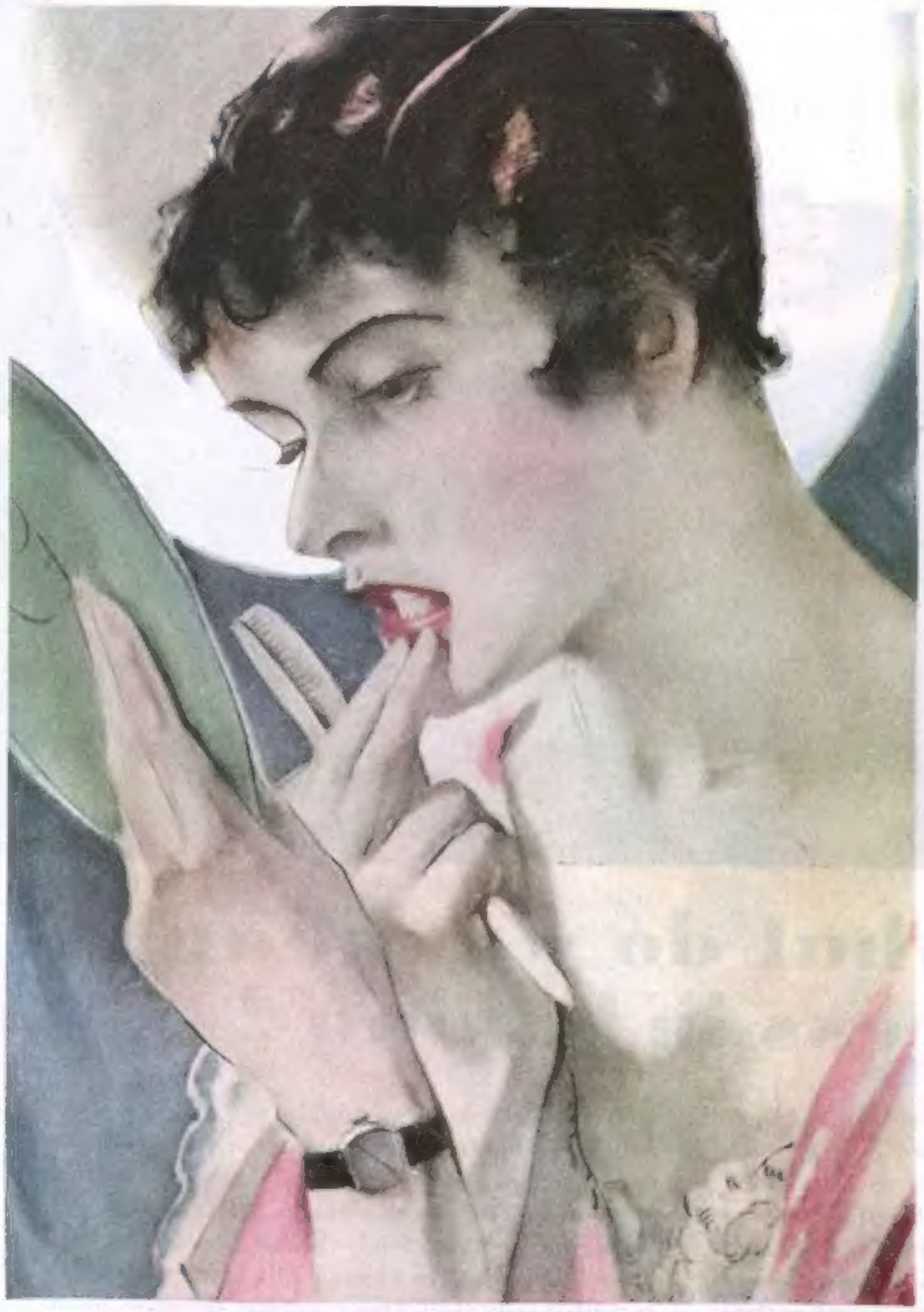
Protect your gums while you clean your teeth
Guard against *"Pink Tooth Brush"*—Use IPANA TOOTH PASTE



THE old ideas of dental care and oral health have changed! And Ipana, more than any other tooth paste, has helped to change them.

For Ipana and massage have revolutionized the care of the teeth and gums. With Ipana your teeth are white. Your mouth has a sense of cleanliness possible with no other tooth paste. Your gums become firm and healthy—free from the menace of gum disorders.

Don't trifle with
"Pink Tooth Brush"

As your own dentist will emphatically tell you, gum troubles are widely prevalent.

"Pink Tooth Brush" is a sign that a tiny soft spot—or several—exists on the walls of your gums.

Not too dangerous in itself—it may yet lead to troubles far more important—gingivitis—Vincent's disease—even the dread pyorrhea.

The soft foods you eat—the creamy sauces—rob the gums of the exercise and stimulation they require. There lies the cause and there lies the danger.

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For Ipana is purposely compounded to tone the gums while it cleans the teeth. It contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic used for many years by the profession in treating gum troubles at the chair.

The Modern Way
to Oral Health!

Ipana, then, has a double protection for you. Even if your tooth brush rarely shows "pink" you need it. For it's easy to use, pleasant to taste.

A few cents saved on tooth paste is small reward for giving up the two-fold security of Ipana. For Ipana not only fulfills the ordinary function of tooth paste—to keep the teeth clean and white—it also insures you hard and healthy gums.

So start today with Ipana—don't wait for the sample. Buy a tube at your nearest drug store. Tonight—begin a full month's test of this modern tooth paste. Whiter, brighter teeth; harder, firmer gums will be your reward!

* * *

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IPANA Tooth Paste

Exactly what do we mean by "success in baking"?

Sometimes when we speak of "success in baking" we mean merely avoiding failures. That's an important matter, certainly. It's so important that Pillsbury spends thousands of dollars testing Pillsbury's Best Flour—testing it by daily baking, by every scientific method known, to make sure that every sack is just like every other sack—that it will work perfectly for any baking purpose, bread, biscuits or pastry.

But there's another kind of baking success which is more than a matter of dodging failures. It is an achievement — *perfect flavor*, that small but all-important improvement in taste which is the mark of real success in baking. Women whose foods have this delicately richer flavor have learned to follow one important rule. They select ingredients with greatest care (flavorings, shortening, etc.)—and they use a flour that is *rich* as well as dependable — Pillsbury's Best. Pillsbury baking chemists have discovered one secret of finer flavor. They have found that there are certain blends of wheat which make a richer flour — and that foods baked with this richer flour have a better flavor. Pillsbury's Best Flour is milled only from this carefully selected, plump, full-flavored wheat. It gives you double value — dependability, *plus better flavor*.

Isn't it worth while to have this double quality? To know that your flour will never cause a baking failure — and more than that, to know that all your foods will have that delicately richer flavor that is the mark of finest baking? Simply be sure to get Pillsbury's Best Flour—all good grocers have it. Ask for it by name—for better flavor and more certain success in all your baking!

ORANGE SHORTCAKE

2½ cups Pillsbury's Best Flour	½ teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons baking powder	1 tablespoon sugar
	¼ cup shortening
	1 cup milk

Sift together the flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Work in the shortening with the tips of the fingers. When flaky add the milk gradually, mixing with a knife until a soft dough is formed. Turn out and transfer dough to two oiled square layer-cake pans and pat down even. Bake in a very hot oven (450° F.) for twenty-five minutes. Put together with sugared orange sections. Cover with sweetened whipped cream and garnish with orange sections.

Recipe furnished by Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen, President of the National Radio Home-Makers' Club. Hear Mrs. Allen every Wednesday morning over the Columbia chain; 10:00 a. m. Eastern Standard time.

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milled for richer flavor in breads, biscuits, pastry

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Cream of Tomato Soup ★

Roast Duck with Apple Stuffing ★ *or Fricassee of Rabbit* ★

Cranberry Jelly *Gravy* ★ *Celery Hearts*

Volcano Potatoes ★ *Corn Sticks* ★

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THERE is now a new and far simpler way in baking. If you have had varying results in your baking—"Good Luck" one time and "Bad Luck" the next—you are urged to try it.

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"Kitchen-tested" means this flour has been *"Kitchen-tested"* in an oven just like yours, for *uniformity of result in home baking*, as every batch comes through the mill.

Most baking failures are traced to lack of uniformity in the flour used; two sacks of the same brand often giving greatly varying results *from the same recipe.*

Thus GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour acts the same way with your recipes, every time you use it. That is why women by the thousands are flocking to its use.

SPECIAL *"Kitchen-tested"* RECIPES: To further simplify home baking, special *"Kitchen-tested"* Recipes have been developed.

These recipes fit *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour exactly, and *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour fits them exactly. Thus they work out to a degree of scientific exactness and perfect uniformity that makes results unvarying. You know exactly what to expect *before* you start your baking.

You will find 12 new and unusual *"Kitchen-tested"* recipes in every sack of GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour. Recipes that cover cakes, cookies, bread and pastry. The one for Blitz Torte, illustrated at left, is among them. Try them. They will prove a revelation.

OF 167 WOMEN BAKING THIS CAKE, 164 HAD PERFECT SUCCESS FIRST TIME, NEW *"Kitchen-tested"* WAY!

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